

TREASURE ROOM

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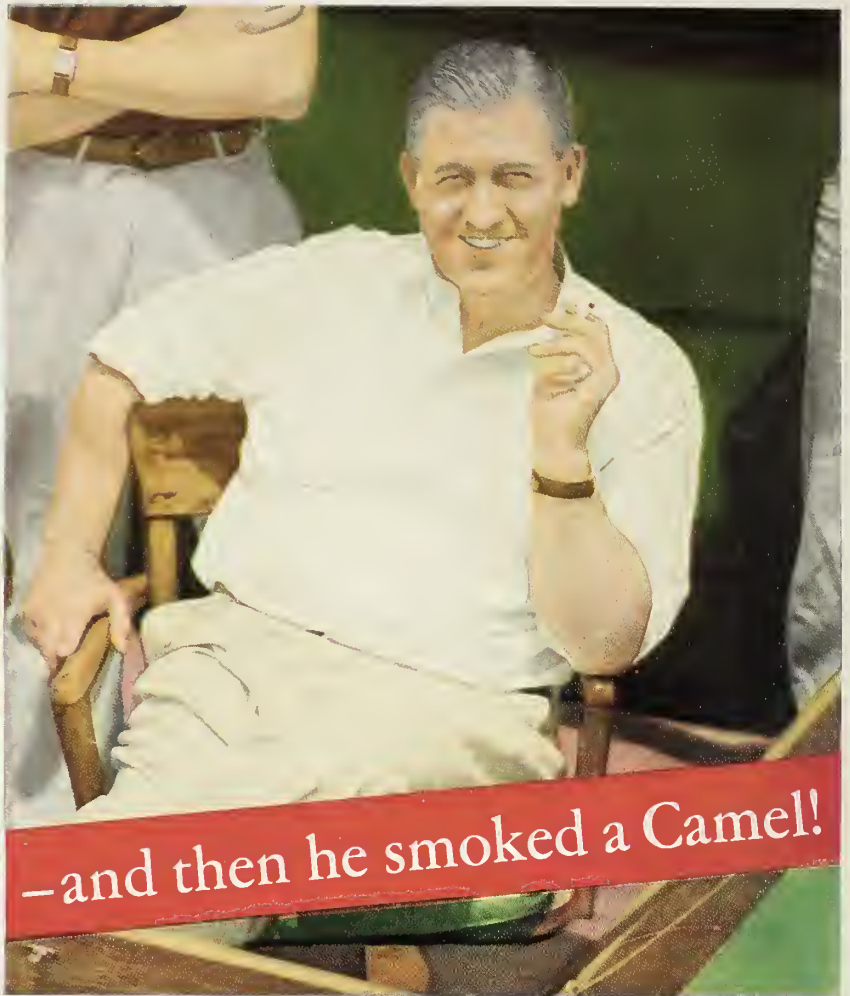
The Archive

October 1934

Edited by
James P. Helm



Energy used up



—and then he smoked a Camel!

FROM LONG KEY TO NOVA SCOTIA, the famous sportsman and writer, REX BEACH, has matched his skill and vitality against the big game fish of the Atlantic! Below he tells how he lights a Camel after fighting it out with a heavy fish — and soon "feels as good as new."

REX BEACH EXPLAINS

how to get back vim and energy when "Played Out"

"Any sportsman who matches his stamina against the fighting strength of a big game fish," says Rex Beach, "has to put out a tremendous amount of energy before he lands his fish. When I've gotten a big fellow safely landed my next move is to light a Camel, and I feel as good as new. A Camel quickly gives me

a sense of well-being and renewed energy. As a steady smoker, I have also learned that Camels do not interfere with healthy nerves."

Thousands of smokers will recognize from their own experience what Mr. Beach means when he says that he lights a Camel when tired and "feels as good as new."

And science adds confirmation of this refreshing "energizing effect."

That's why you hear people say so often: "Get a lift with a Camel." Camels aren't flat or "sweetish." Their flavor never disappoints. Smoke Camels steadily—their finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS do not get on the nerves!

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Costlier Tobaccos
never get on
your Nerves**



Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

**"Get a LIFT
with a Camel!"**

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Phase

How much can I give when all the world is taking

How much can I create when all the world is making

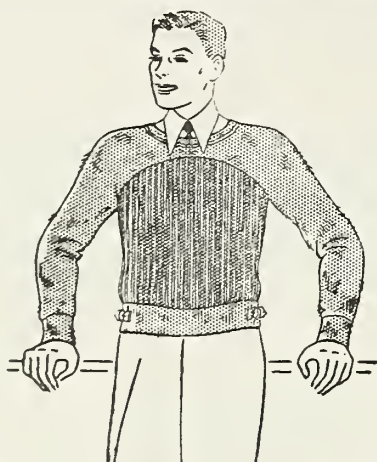
And find no end to progression?

How long can I give, how much can I live,

Taking and living, making and giving,

And sunder no subtle digression?

—MICHAEL McLEOD.



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Grand Slam

When I bid grand slam I think of
you

A queen of hearts and diamonds too

While I the king and your bright
flame

Come kiss me sweet and precious
dame.

The only man I fear the ace

I step aside, he takes my place

And then fair queen of clubs and
spades

Your hero bright begins to fade.

The ace is out and on the make

Quick again my place I take

Beside my queen in greatest glee

I'm ruling now in supremacy.

One by one the cards are thrown

One by one the tricks come home

Five are made two more remain

The king and queen the world do
reign.

The king goes first with golden crown

Three tricks now at his feet fall down

At last the queen a trick does take

Hurrah a grand slam do I make.

Ode to the Close of Day

It is a clear spring evening,
Calm, and free of thought and care.
A tranquil quiet of repose
Tints each breath of scented air.

The children's voices reach my ear,
The barking of a dog somewhere
In the distance, and the full moon
Too pale, and flitting here and there

In courses too swift to follow with
The eye, shadowy bats appear
To disappear in gathering dusk—
And in my heart a rising fear.

What joy to watch silent death
Of day give birth to transient night,
To see the trees withdraw in blend
And each star send forth its light.

I fight my worldly thoughts and all
That's of the human kind in me.
I would merge my heart and soul
With sight too beautiful to see.

Last strands of sky-tinged, fading pink—
A bank of clouds before the moon,
Timid stars—a vanishing earth,
Ah, that it should change so soon.

A noble voice, a noble touch,
A cry of joy within my heart!
The trick is done—the day is dust,
And I—disrobed—have been a part!

By PIETRO

Jesus, the sheep-herder

DORRIS FISH

Toni sat in the kitchen by the big range, his sleek black head in his hands. A late March wind and sand-storm were biting against the outer walls and the window panes of the ranch house, and it was good to feel the sullen warmth of the kitchen and to hear the burning wood crackle in the stove. But it was not good to hear the voices from the next room as he heard them now.

This was not the way that he had planned his last night at the ranch: he had thought of a big fire in the adobe fireplace of the living room; of the Señor sitting in his chair by the coal-oil lamp, reading a several-days'-old paper from Pueblo; of the Señora sewing the last stitches on Señorita Jane's Easter dress; of Señorita Jane and Señor Paul lying in front of the fireplace, eating oranges that the freighters had brought and studying their lessons. Toni would have an orange too, and perhaps if it were the red book that Señorita Jane must study tonight, she would read a story aloud to him and explain, patiently, what it meant. Then later in the evening, they would all go over to the rosewood organ. The Señora would play a hymn that belonged to the white frame church up the road, not to the windowless marado to which Toni was accustomed and not to the queer chants that were sung there. This hymn was different, and the words appealed to Toni:

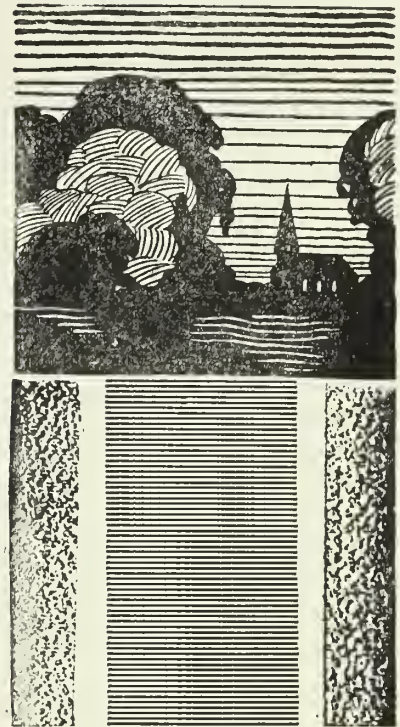
"Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb tonight. . ."

The Señora had explained to him what it mean. It was that he, Toni, was a lamb to Jesus and that Jesus took care of him, just as his cousin, who was a sheep-herder, took care of lambs grazing in the foothills. There was something so clean about the Señora's Jesus; clean, like the white church to which she took her family each Sunday; clean, like the picture

the song brought to him of all the white woolly lambs he had played with when he was younger. He was an entirely different Jesus from the one Toni must worship each week-end when he went home. His Jesus was always making demands of torturing sacrifice as a payment for sin. Toni was a Penitente. Nevertheless, the Señora's Jesus was kinder to His people. He wanted young people to grow tall and straight like green cottonwoods, and He wanted them to be good. He did not ask that the finest of them each year hang on a cross till he was quite dead. . . .

So Toni had planned that once more he would hear that hymn and have the Señor and Senora send him to bed in the camp house with their pleasant, "Good night." The next morning his father would come to take him back home for his Easter. This time he would not come back to the ranch. The Sñnor and Senora would never hear of him again. He had wondered what they would think. Perhaps even they would agree with the Señor's brother who would say surely, "Just another damned Mex. None of them are dependable." They would never really know what had happened.

Yet Toni himself had changed all of that plan. Sometimes he wondered how he had dared to do it. But now he knew that it was all because of the Señor and Señora, their gentleness and goodness. It was because of the fire horses in the barn, the horses that the Señor had taught Toni to care for so well. It was because the Señor had said only a few nights before that he wanted Toni to go to school. That was the greatest joy of all: no longer would Toni drive Señorita Jane and Señor Paul to the school and then sit in the spring wagon and envy them when the bell had rung and the school door was closed to him. He could learn to read



from a red book like Señorita Jane's. He could still take care of the horses and do the chores early in the morning and early in the evening. And he could grow old there on the ranch. But he asked nothing more. Perhaps he would marry some girl who could cook and clean for his white gods. He would never leave them. And every night he would hear the organ and about Jesus, the sheep-herder. Even when lambs grew into big ewes and bucks, the sheep-herder took care of them. All this he could have yet, if only the Señor would understand.

Toni heard the Señor's brother raise his voice above the rest.

"Of course he stole it! The wonder to me is that he admits it. Any damned Mex will steal but they usually lie like sixty to get out of it."

Then he heard the Señor.

"But he couldn't have stolen it. In the first place, I don't think he would. In the second place, I had that watch when I rode over to the Williams place. I didn't have it when I got back. I know I lost it myself.

What puzzles me is why Toni wants to take it upon himself."

He heard Señor Paul.

"Maybe he thinks I took it, Father. He'd do anything for me."

Then Toni heard the sound of a chair scraping on the floor as the Señor must have pushed it back. He heard the Señor say,

"I'll go have another talk with the boy."

In a moment, the Señor came into the kitchen. He drew a chair up beside Toni and placed one of his strong hands on Toni's knee.

"Toni, why do you say you took my watch?"

"I wanted it. I took it, Señor. I did take it!"

"Then where is it now?"

"It fell out of my pocket into the ditch."

"Toni," said the Señor, kindly, "you didn't."

"Señor, this time when I go away, will you let me come back?"

"Of course I will. But—"

Toni interrupted him.

"And when my father comes in the morning, you will tell him that I stole it?"

"No—"

"But you *must*, Señor! Please, Señor! It *had* to be *me*!"

The Señor got up, slowly. There was something wild and fearful in the boy's face.

"All right, Toni. I'll tell him."

Toni was left alone again. After a time he heard the Señor's brother tell them all good-night. The sand-storm had subsided, and he was going home a few miles up the road. When he had gone, the Señora came to the kitchen for Toni. Toni went into the living room with her, his head hanging and hot blood surging in his face and neck beneath the bronze skin. He stood by the organ and listened to the other four as they sang, "Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me. . ."

Next morning when Toni left the camp house, he saw the Señor talking to his father out in the corral. As

Toni reached them, his father did not speak, but the Señor told him good-bye with the same old pleasantness.

"We'll see you next week, Toni."

Toni smiled and climbed on his horse.

"Adios, Señor."

Yes, they would see him next week. In his heart he said, "Gracias, gracias, Dios!"

He rode out through the gate with his father, but no word was spoken. His father had become speechless with anger. Toni shrank inwardly. There was terrible pain, terrible torture before him. But at the end there would still be life, the Señor's ranch, the Señor's family, the Señor's horses, the green valley, the little red book, and (did he dare hope?) the white church with Jesus, the sheep-herder.

At last his father spoke.

"I could kill you! You have dishonored us. We were so proud, and now we must be ashamed."

Toni said, "I'm sorry, father."

"Why did you steal that watch when you knew that because you had grown finest of all, you were to have the greatest honor? Now it is lost—all lost. And the son of José Garcia will have it in your stead."

How, thought Toni, could he say that? Had he no love for his son that would cry out against death? Surely the Señor would fight to keep Señor Paul from death—even as the Cristo. Then Toni thought of the son of José Garcia, the boy who had obviously hated the sight of Toni since the selection of the Cristo. He wanted it: now he could have it. Perhaps Toni would have wanted it too, would have been willing after the frenzy of worship, if he had believed in it as the son of José Garcia did—if he had never known of the Señor and Jesus, the sheep-herder.

"Can't you speak, green pig?" asked his father.

Toni winced under the insult.

"No . . . No, Father. I didn't really know what I was doing. I swear I didn't."

It was true. How had he dared do what he had done?

"You shall pay for it. You shall pay tonight and tomorrow. You have not had to know the greatest pains because you were young and good. But you will know it now. If you live, you will be cast out from us. And in hell's fire when you are dead, you will burn forever."

I *will* live, thought Toni, new strength entering his whole being.

"Yes, Father, I have sinned. I will pay."

When he thought of not seeing his mother again, he knew a quick hurt, but he knew too that his mother's heart was like the Señora's. She had cried all night when they had told her he was to be the Cristo, and his father had stormed and cursed at her. But his mother would be glad in the depth of her heart that he could live, even if she could not see him again. Jesus, the sheep-herder, wanted people to live, and live good lives. The Señora had told him so. He would live a good life. He would serve the Señor well and faithfully.

They rode on. His father broke into a rage once and struck him in the face with the rawhide quirt, but Toni did not cry out. At last they came to the foothills where the small Mexican town was almost hid from the rest of the valley. When they reached his adobe home, his father sent him into it and went up the street. Later he came back with three or four men, among them the padre, and he heard what he had known he must hear. He had been chosen to be the Cristo because he was nearest best of the Penitente youth in the colony. He had broken faith by stealing a watch. Now he could not have the supreme honor of crucifixion, but he must pay for that broken faith as the older men paid for their sins. Through all of it, Toni was silent. He must not betray himself and his eagerness to live, so he seemed mortified and ashamed. Once he broke into unmanly tears, sobbed like a woman, and they looked more satisfied. They thought he was realizing his great

sin, but it was only because the strain of knowing all that he must endure before he could go back to the Señor was beginning to bring fear to him. And what would the Señor say when he went back with his body bruised and torn? Toni knew: the Señor understood why his father had insisted that he be home each Sunday. The Señor knew why his father's arms were scarred as if from smallpox. The Señor would realize what had happened, but he would never know why Toni no longer went home.

Still half-dazed, he repeated his sin to the Hermano Mayor and heard his punishment prescribed. The words in his ears had no meaning, but they penetrated his subconscious mind and gave him a strange feeling of dread. Suppose after all of this that he were not permitted to return to the Señor. Suppose that he should be kept in the little foothill town. Toni would never let that happen. He would run away and go back to the ranch. They would have to drag him away. If only he could see his mother; but she was not permitted to come near him, not even to bring him food. The fast of the Crucifixion had begun.

That night in the silent procession from the town to the marado, he knew even greater fear. He could not find as much strength in his thoughts: his body was too weak from hunger. The lanterns swung back and forth, and the shadows of the grim-faced men were grim too. After they had reached the marado, he seemed to remember nothing distinctly. The close heat of the many bodies jammed into the room, the fear of pain, made his brain thick. Once in a while the thought of the peaceful ranch back in the peaceful valley revived him like a cold shock, and he knew that for it he must endure all the rest. The Cristo they were telling him about, the Cristo and the God that must surely hate him, meant nothing. Surely the real Cristo had nothing to do with this. The real Cristo was Jesus, the sheep-herder, who brought kindness and peace and goodness to

those who loved Him more than they feared Him. Suddenly, consciousness left him.

When he came to his senses, he was lying in a corner of the room, and the rites were still going on. How long they would continue, he could not estimate, for he had no way of knowing how long he had been unconscious. But one thing he knew: there was much to endure. He must



be strong. But his hunger-weakened body trembled.

The chanting about him ceased, and he felt himself jerked to his feet. He could not quite stand at first, and he was half-dragged. His head ached and whirled. When he regained his footing, he walked heavily, but the jar of his steps set his head aflame. He tried to walk lightly, as if he were treading on something soft. The arms which supported him were not gentle and soon they relaxed hold. When he found that he could walk alone, he took

new courage. The procession left the marado behind, crossed the road, and began the sloping ascent through a cold mountain dawn.

Many hundred yards up was the cross. Toni remembered that he had seemed to sense its presence there always, as if he were living in the shadow of it. He had seen it many times. It had never been anything but cruel to him. It was rough-hewn from a pine tree, and it would be hard and rough and cold. Once when he was a small boy and had thought of the cross as something miles and years away from him, something that had happened long ago, he had awakened one moon-lit night to see this cross on the hill. The sky behind it was washed white with moonlight, and it stood out clearly to his sight. He had screamed for his mother, afraid of the nearness, the actuality of something that had been only a story to him. On this morning, the sky behind was gray with dawn, but he felt now as he had felt on that night long before.

Before the group had gone very far, they scattered into the underbrush to unclasp themselves, till they wore only loin-cloths. The women stayed a little behind, tossing their hair, crying their prayers. Toni was motioned forward with the rest who climbed to a low ledge and halted, for there, piled high, were the long ropes into which cactus thongs had been fixed securely. Some of them had the split lobes of cacti tied to them with leather strings. One by one, beginning to cry out their great sins of the past year, the men went to the pile and drew forth the spiked ropes. When Toni started forward to pick up his, his father held him by the arm and indicated that he was to be last. Then the men advanced up the hill, lashing their naked bodies as they went.

Toni turned his head from them. Below him he saw the light of early morning tracing the length of the road back to the valley. Although he

(Continued on page 31)

The Redeeming Earth

SHELDON HARTE



It was an hour before daybreak. The early morning sky reflected its somber hue upon a sleeping village, bathing its deserted streets and clustering houses in the uncertain light which precedes the dawn. The stillness which held the little town wrapped in its folds was broken only by the shrill clatter of the birds. The night was fast fading—the day silently approaching.

From somewhere in the distance came the whistle of a train, born upon the tepid air, full and clear. Piercing and commanding, its importance was lost upon the unagitated solitude of the streets. Again the approaching train shrieked its need-less warning into the quiescent dawn.

A few minutes later the train itself passed to the north of the city and approached the station. The engine, with its long trail of cars, rushed by a green sign at the far end of the platform which bore the name of Neirad in bold letters of white paint. With a sudden jolt and rattling of couplings, the train came to a stop.

Worn faces with sleepy sunken eyes were poked out of the windows.

Some of them wore khaki army hats perched on top of their heads, others still wore steel helmets held in place by a leather band passing under their chins. Some were bare-headed. All were sleepy, and gazed without interest upon their drab surroundings.

Two men stepped out of the last car. They had knapsacks strapped to their backs, and one of them carried a package wrapped in newspaper under his arm. They walked up the platform silently; stopped and turned about as the train started up, returning farewells and waving to those whom they knew.

"Cherrio, *private* Jones!" cried a stout, red-faced captain.

"Go to hell, you lousy ——!" retorted the soldier with the package under his arm. He snapped his heels together and saluted (for the last time, he thought) with a broad boyish grin which did not belong on the same face with his stern gray eyes.

The two stood looking after the train as it disappeared around the bend.

"A damn fine bunch as there ever was!" muttered Jones.

"I once knew a better bunch," his companion replied.

"Yeah?"

"Yes, they left this station over three years ago—you and I were among them. Fifty in all."

Jones made no answer. The shriek of the whistle receding in the distance reached them. They turned about and left the station. They walked through the deserted streets with their own footsteps ringing in their ears.

"Some reception we got, huh?" mused Jones.

"To say the least."

"Remember what a crowd they had when we left? Lord, the whole damned town turned out. Flags and



music and everything. Well, they didn't know we were coming back. . .

"They knew we were going!" his companion interrupted.

Jones looked into the other's face, puzzled and somewhat embarrassed as he had been of late when alone with his friend. They continued in silence until they came to a large white house set back on a rich, green lawn just outside the city.

"Well, good-bye, Jones."

"So long, Paul."

They gripped hands, Jones shifting his package under his left arm. They looked at each other in silence for a few seconds. Jones felt the color rising to his face under the penetrating gaze of his friend. He dug the toe of his army boot into the loose gravel.

"You going to come out and see us?" he asked in a husky voice.

"First chance I get, Bill."

"Well, so long, then."

Paul turned up the path of blue gravel with its neat grass border, and walked slowly toward the house. Bill pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his nose.

The sun was just bursting through its scarlet blanket of morning clouds in the eastern horizon as Bill Jones turned down the dirt road to his farm. He was chewing the tender tip of a blade of grass, and humming snatches of a tune he once knew. He carried his army coat over his arm, and had opened his shirt exposing a brown, weather-beaten neck and a hairy chest.

He glanced from one side of the road to the other taking in a host of minute details. The elm on the left side of the road was dead, and would have to be taken down later in the summer. A grove of young oaks had sprung up on the right. They would have to be thinned out, leaving the strongest ones to grow. The stone wall had been knocked down at one place. A pair of orioles were constructing their sac-like nest from a high limb of a towering beech.

He walked more and more slowly as he approached the bend in the road from where he would be able to see his home. His heart pounded against his chest like a hammer. He wanted to drop his coat and package and run. Run anywhere—just run. He walked slower and slower, however, and finally stopped. What is the matter with me, he thought, what in the world is the matter with me?

He thought of his wife as he had last seen her. He thought of the baby—good Lord, three years, she must be quite a kid now! I wonder if much has changed around the house and the barn and. . .

"Lucy," he cried, "I am back—I am home again!" And he ran forward scarcely able to breathe.

He rushed around the bend and came to an abrupt stop in full sight of his farm. The first rays of the sun fell upon the broad rolling fields, glistening and fresh in a sea of dew. Some were partly cultivated, others had been freshly plowed, the rich brown earth standing out from among the acres of green. The big, whitewashed barn with its weather-cock perched on top gently turning

to the voice of the shifting spring winds, the close cropped pasture, the tool house—all were as he had left them. And in the background stood the line of trees which marked the beginning of several acres of wooded land—a wall of quivering green. And his little two storied house with red shutters—just as he had left it—smiled from amongst the fields of beauty.

He drank in the loveliness of the early spring morning. The corners of his mouth twitched. Tears sprang to his eyes and blurred his vision. He brushed them away with a quivering fist. He breathed deeply. The air was so sweet, so clean! Everything was so clean and fine!

He walked swiftly along the path to the house with a step that was firm and sure. He stepped silently through the rows of flowers as he approached the door. He heard someone moving about inside. A child's voice reached his ear. And then the voice of a woman. A clatter of china. The woman's voice broke into song. He held his breath and listened. No longer able to endure the suspense he ran up the steps of the porch and flung open the door.

"Lucy!"

"Bill!"

They stood staring at each other, neither able to move. She was holding a dishpan in one hand, and clung to the table edge with the other. A young woman with an attractive face which was neither hard nor soft, but which possessed that rugged beauty of the country, she filled Bill's heart with a passion that longing had scored to an overwhelming emotion for three long years.

He still held the doorknob in an iron grip, and crushed his coat and package against his side with his arm.

Her hair was cut short now, he noticed, and she wore it behind her ears. She had on a simple calico dress, low enough in front to expose the dip of her bosom, and short enough to show a pair of brown, bare

legs beneath the knees. Her sleeves were rolled above the elbows of muscular, yet womanly arms. Her face was a picture of happiness—bright eyes, with a radiating smile of joy and surprise.

She is as beautiful as ever, he thought. Her arms and face are brown—she has been working in the fields. Her hair is bleached a shade lighter—the sun is strong.

He is so thin, she thought. Oh, Bill, you look so tired and worn. His eyes are gray, but such a cold, cruel gray! He looks much older. Even older than he should look. Bill, you are only twenty-six, why don't you smile? Throw back your head, Bill, and laugh. Why don't your eyes light up? Why do you stare at me that way . . . ?

"Bill, Bill, dear!"

He could not speak. He could not smile. His grip relaxed on the doorknob. The coat and package slipped unnoticed to the floor. She was in his arms, pressed close against him. Her lips tasted of all that was fresh and green. Her hair smelled of the fields and the wood. Her body was firm and supple against his.

"Lucy, Lucy, darling!" he whispered in mingled joy and relief.

The sun was mounting the heavens when Bill opened the door and walked down the path to the barn. A pair of creased overalls had replaced his uniform. Soft leather moccasins had replaced his army boots. And he wore an old tattered straw. The soldier had disappeared, the farmer returned.

He walked around the barn once before entering, subconsciously taking in the many little changes that had occurred since he had left. The stalls within were none too clean, he noticed. The whole building was in need of a painting. He opened the feed box and dreamily ran his hands through the grain. He walked over to the hen house and slipped in, careful not to let any of the chickens out. The air was dusty inside and the floors and walls needed a clean-

ing. The chickens scuttled to either side with a noisy clatter as he walked about. He picked up an egg from a nest and turned it over in his hand, gazing at it intently as if it were some curious object he had never seen before. He carefully replaced the egg in the nest and stepped out into the sun again.

Without being fully aware of where he was going, he wandered into the fields. There was much to be done about the farm and he had intended to start right to work. But as he walked through the house and the barn, and looked out upon the fields and the cattle grazing in the pasture, he felt his energy leave him. He felt dizzy and weak. It was as if some overwhelming force was rising about him and drawing the strength from his limbs. For several months he had lived in acute anticipation of his home-coming—and now he was home. It was hard to realize. So much loveliness and beauty after so much filth and ugliness was almost too much for him.

Bill Jones was not a poet, neither was he the temperamental sort. Bill Jones was a hardy New England farmer, born of farmer stock. And without means of expression he loved the land and all that was beautiful. Now his heart was full and overflowing with love and beauty. The passion that he could not comprehend surged through his veins filling him with an emotion that tingled in every fibre of his body. He wanted to shout. He wanted to sing. He wanted all the world to know . . . what it was he did not know himself.

He stepped carefully through the fields of young corn. He picked his way through the beets and tomatoes.



He brushed past the poles of blossoming beans. He walked slowly out upon the fields that were yet to be planted. The fresh turned earth gave under his feet. He walked over the small ridges and along the shallow gulleys where the plow had passed. The sun was warm on his back. The sweet, rich odors of the fresh turned earth rose to meet him. And a longing swept over him that he could but obey.

He sank to his knees and filled his hands with brown lumps of dirt. He gazed into the distance with vacant eyes and an empty mind. He rubbed his hands together crumpling the lumps and letting the loose soil slip between his fingers. Above him a hawk glided on outstretched wings, guided by shifting currents of air. Before him lay the woods, behind him the little white house with a thin ribbon of smoke rising from the chimney. And on all sides extended his fields awaiting the farmer's tread and the prongs of the cultivator.

Bill flung himself face down upon the ground. He dug his fingers into the earth. He felt that he ought to get a hoe and start work, and not give way to himself. He lay quite still, however, and felt the warmth of the sun and the light spring winds. And a calmness of peaceful repose filled his heart.

He thought of his war friend, Paul. They had been born and raised in the same town, but never had met until they entered the army. A friendship of warmth and sincerity had sprung up between them which mutual hardships and sufferings had strengthened to bonds of love. They had entered the army with the same fire of patriotism. Paul had returned to his wealthy home in the town filled with bitterness and disappointment. He had expected so much, and had found so little. The glory that had lured him into the army before he had been drafted had soon lost its brilliance. Questioning and wonder had first commanded his thoughts. Horror and fear filled his soul. And



death lived in his mind to guide his body unrestrained. And all that he had held as beautiful and sacred had been uprooted and smeared with the filth of reality. He had come to realize how trivial one frail human body is, even if that body should belong to the son of the richest man in Neirad, Connecticut. He had come to realize that ambition and ability are of little consequence in the path of a force that is too great to perceive the individual. He saw civilization as a change of human motive and custom—a bloody change for better or for worse; a perpetual evolution of society from which no life was safe. Life—what was a life? A warm body perhaps, to be torn to bits by another body of equal unimportance and smeared upon the earth that gives it sustenance and—life?

And what was worse Paul knew that his sense of proportions and values was utterly warped and twisted in a tumult of hate with the fear of death and an equally bewildering fear of life.

All this Bill realized without comprehending its cause or significance. He had seen Paul change. He had felt the hatred that had been brewing in the heart of his friend. And he had felt the presence of an unknown force drawing them apart. For all he could do, however, Paul had grown more and more cold, living apart and within himself, although they were together in the trenches and on leave as much as possible. Paul had seemed to enjoy Bill's presence in silence, lost in his own thoughts and grievances. Bill had come to understand this, and they had often sat

(Continued on page 29)

Escape

JAMES P. HELM, III



Jan looked down at his plate to hide the angry tears that had sprung into his eyes.

"Listen here, young man," his father was saying, "How many times must I tell you not to contradict me? Just what do you know about it anyway?"

"Don't scold him, Charles," said his grandmother. "After all he's only sixteen. And at sixteen one knows so very much."

Jan wanted to say "I'm old enough to know my own mind," but when he looked up and saw that they were all watching him, it only made him feel awkward and more pathetically young and helpless. "Why," he thought to himself, "can't they treat me like a man, and not like a child?"

He heard the half-contemptuous laugh of his younger brother. Bruce knew how embarrassed and awkward he felt, and was gloating over his own superiority. "The insolent young pup," thought Jan. "I'd like to stuff that laugh down his throat!" But he knew that he couldn't. Although Bruce was two years younger, he had proved more than once, to his own immense satisfaction, that he was the stronger. Jan resented him because he was so much like their father. He hated them both for their smug self-assurance, and for a deeper reason that he had tried to explain to himself. It was too subtle for him to understand.

As he looked around the table, he realized, bitterly, that he hated them all. His Aunt Martha sat opposite him, white, pudgy, like dough before it is cooked. His grandmother sat next to her, irritatingly wise and maternal. At the foot of the table, opposite his father, was Aunt Jane, President of the Women's Christian Aid Society, hawk-nosed, gimlet eyed, bony to the point of emaciation. He watched his Aunt Martha reach slyly

for another pickle. It was practically all she ate at the table. She would flutter her white, pudgy hands, and say that she only wanted a bite, but they all knew that she went to the ice box every night after they had gone to bed, and had a midnight feast all by herself.

"Martha," said his grandmother, "that's the eleventh pickle."

Martha simpered. "Why, Momma," she said, and giggled a little hysterically.

His father was roaring with laughter. Jan shivered. He dreaded that laugh. It was so loud, so powerful, that it seemed to sweep everything before it, and to crowd the little room until there was no place for anything else.

"Sister!" His Aunt Jane's shrill, precise voice rose above the din. "You will ruin your digestion. I can't see why you don't try to eat wisely. At your age I should think—"

His father had unbuttoned his vest, and pushed his chair back from the table. "Now, Jane," he said, lighting a cigar, "you know by this time that you can't reform *her*." Martha giggled.

Jane sat very straight in her chair, and glared at her brother. She bristled with indignation. "Like an old alley cat," thought Jan, but it didn't seem funny to him.

"Don't laugh, Charles," she was saying in her crisp, brittle voice. "I am a reformer because it is the work that the Lord has chosen for me to do. We are all born of sin, and we must help each other to overcome the weakness that is within us."

"Tommyrot," said his father, heartlessly. "What do you know of being born in sin?" Jane had never married. "How cruel," thought Jan, and for a moment felt almost sorry for her. His sympathy was short-

lived, however, when he saw the contemptuous sneer on her thin lips.

His father laughed again, and Bruce laughed too, imitating his father.

His Aunt Martha, taking advantage of the argument between her brother and sister, nibbled contentedly on another pickle. The cook came in, and began to remove the dishes from the table.

They all began talking at once then, and the insistent clamor of their voices jangled in his ears. "How they love it," thought Jan. "This stupid, petty squabbling." He knew that he could never be a part of them, that he never wanted to be. He was so completely different from them that he would never be able to understand them. A sudden, unutterable longing to escape filled him. The room was filled with heavy, acrid smoke of his father's cigar, and the air was hot and stifling. He felt sick.

"Jan," he heard some one saying, "stop sulking, and eat your supper, before the cook takes it away," and Bruce saying, scornfully, "Let him sulk, who cares," and his father saying, "What the devil is the matter with you, boy!" and his Aunt Jane's high rasping voice saying, "Eat your supper."

Hot, blinding tears filled his eyes again, and stung his cheeks. Trembling, he pushed his chair back, and rose from the table.

"Leave me alone, all of you," he screamed. "Why can't you leave me

alone?" And he ran out of the room. He heard his grandmother saying "Just like his poor, flibbertigibbett mother," and he knew then why he hated his grandmother, too. He wanted to rush back to the dining room, and tell them all what he thought of them. He wanted to tell them never to mention his mother's name again, and to show them that he was a man even if he was only sixteen. But he heard his father's voice commanding him, angrily, to come back, and the old feeling of sickening fear crept over him. "I don't care," he told himself, fiercely. "I won't go back, even if he beats me," and he walked out on the porch.

The night was cool and refreshing, after the hot room. Jan sat down on the steps, and brushed the tears from his eyes. He thought of his mother then. He remembered how he had adored his mother, and how she had always been a haven to which he could escape. She had understood him, loved him, as his father never could. He had always known that he was like his mother, and between them there had been a bond that kept them close together. He remembered how beautifully she had played the piano, and how he had loved the stories she had told him, and, when he was sick, how cool and soothing her hands had been on his forehead. He had never thought of her as being really dead. She had been so very dear to him, so very real.

Suddenly he was startled. A rabbit had bounded from the bushes near the porch, and scampered away across the grass, a tiny, furry splotch in the moonlight. Seized by a sudden impulse, Jan ran after it. Before he had gone very far, he realized that the rabbit had vanished. But Jan continued to run. It made the blood warm in his veins, and the night air

was soft and cool against his cheek. He loved the swish of the green-black grass beneath his feet. His long legs were strong and untiring. He thought of himself as a wild deer, running and leaping for sheer joy. He was free! Free of everything!

Apprehension

My heart is like the withered leaf

That Winter leaves behind—

The lifeless leaf that it forsakes,

And leaves for Spring to find,

For scented winds, whose sweet
caress

Once set it wild with joy,

To lift again, and then discard

Like some long tired-of toy.

I fear the Spring—its beauties will

But start old pains anew;

A thousand wonders, every one

Reminding me of you.

By PIETRO

And there was no one to watch him, and laugh at him, no one to make him feel weak and small.

He flung himself panting on the grass, and dug his fingers into the earth. It crumbled in his hand, and the smell of it was sweet. He drank deep of the night and turned his face

toward the sky. It was filled with a million stars, and his eyes danced as he saw them. They too, he thought, are free. Ebony and diamonds. And it seemed to him that the heavens were a part of the earth, for they were broad, and deep, and calm, and they seemed to meet far away beyond the clump of trees. And Jan felt that the throbbing of his soul was one with the throbbing of the earth, and the sky, and the moon, and the stars. They were a part of him. The night breeze brought him the song of a nightingale, a thrilling song of ecstasy, and that too, was a part of him. And Jan pressed his body close to the earth, and drank deep of the world.

He did not know how long he had lain there, but he suddenly felt cold. A dark cloud had obscured the moon, and the lights of the house seemed far away. He rose to his feet, and began walking towards the lights. He glanced over his shoulder, fearfully. Was something following him! Didn't something move over there beyond the trees! He began to run, and cold fear laid chill fingers upon his heart. His face was cold with sweat. His legs were heavy, and held him back. Strange shadows seemed suddenly to take life, and reach for him with greedy claws.

He was gasping for breath when he reached the house. They were still at the table, talking. His father called to him as he ran up the stairs, but he did not answer. Jan undressed quickly, and crept into bed. The covers were rough and cold against his skin, but he drew them close about his neck, and lay there shivering. When he looked out of the window, the night was no longer vividly black, but dull and gray. He saw that the stars were chained in their places. He buried his head in the pillow, and sobbed.

Blindness

Ah nature why didst thou make man
To break the spell of pure serene,
Or give the rise to worldly sounds?
To break the spell of noiseless reign
Thus shortening the life of time?
Can man be but a no'sy pause
In life's vast span of earthly-things?

A man, the creature bless'd by God,
Who lays to waste the blessed thing
Must neither see himself nor these.
His character, insane, has placed
His far apart from nature's realm
So that no longer he becomes
A part of nature, therein all
The rhythmic grace in life is lost.

By MICHAEL McPHARLIN



THE FAR EAST



Far to the east of the Chapel's spires,
Free of the sound of its noisy choirs,
Perched on a wooded grassy pampas,†
Stands the far-famed Duke East
Campus.

Wandering through its classic halls,
Sprawling contentedly 'gainst its
walls,
Aristocrats, Commoners, Patricians,
Churls
All of them, without exception, girls.

Six hundred strong they're gathered
there
Most of them fair, but only fair
(I hope you understand the play
On words in this yere roundelay.)

The north, the west, the east, the
south,
The nasal twang, the drawling mouth,
Each can you find in this region
dense,
And you'll look, if you're lacking
in common sense.

And if by the co-eds you abide,
And are taken for the well known
ride,
You'll come to your classes wan and
thin,
And minus that pretty jeweled pin.

"But you are a cynic," I hear you say
"You think of naught but work, not
play,
And you'll die a lonely old man
With no light of love on your homely
pan."

That the former is true I must deny.
I or no one is proof 'gainst a sparkling
eye,
And the best of resolutions wither
When opposed to a glance that says
"Come hither."

But how can a man spin a dream of
night,
When his partner's reply is "Let's get
tight,"
When the paint on her face is as thick
as her skin,
As fondly you gaze on her extra chin?

And when to the gym you go to
dance,
With a date made a fortnight in
advance,
Your girl is surrounded by fools and
wags
Of that lonely species known as stags.

And, if by chance you should get
stuck
With an ignorant, homely, left-footed
cluck,
She's sure to have legs like a Baby
Grand,
And dance like a trolley through
misty sand.

But what can you do for some social
life
Cooped up in school, without family
or wife?
Why you'll join the rest of the pigs
in the sty,
And drown your grief in synthetic
rye.

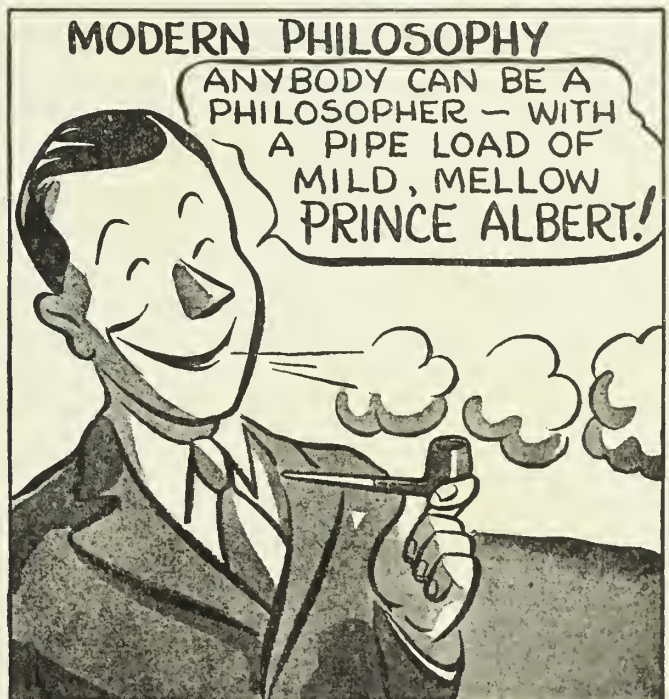
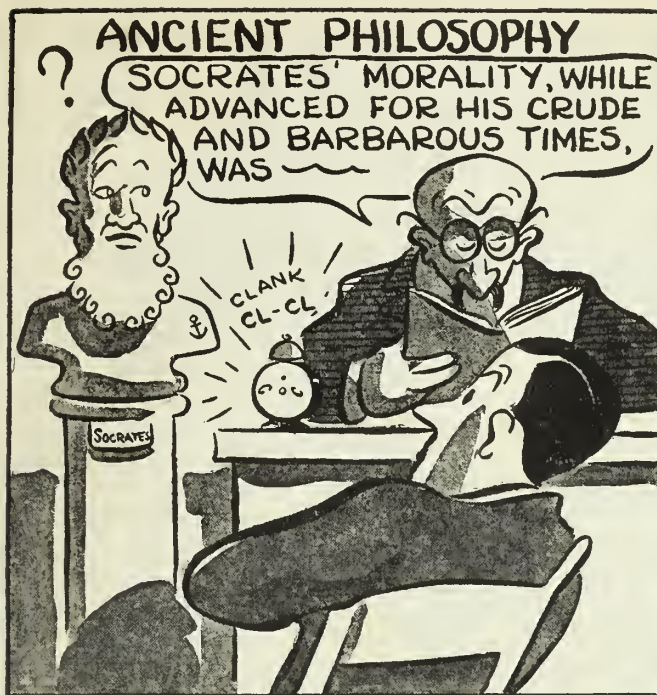
And you'll think of the girl with the
raven tresses
Smartly attired in Best's best dreses
With somebody else who is beating
your time
Who can make love in person while
you do in rhyme.

My lads, it's too much for a sensitive
soul
I even nurse envy for Byrd at the
Pole,
For when loneliness drives all his men
to despair,
At least they're no co-eds to bother
them there.

EPILOGUE

I feel I must apologize,
For have written in this wise,
About a lot of girls I like,
From buxom lass to timid tyke.
I hope you know it's all in fun.
I cherish malice towards no one.
You see, without much contemplation
That all this gross exaggeration
Was written in a kindly vein,
And only meant to entertain.

DON McNEIL.



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AFTER EVERY CLASS IT RINGS THE BELL!

PRINCE ALBERT earned its title, "The National Joy Smoke" by being a blend of the choicest, top-quality tobaccos—tobaccos from which all the "bite" is removed by a special process. That's why Prince Albert is such a cool, mild, and mellow smoke. Try it! One pipe load of Prince Albert will open up new vistas of pipe pleasure for you!

PRINCE ALBERT

*the
national
joy smoke*



THE DUKE

DUKE UNIVERSITY, DURHAM, N. C.

HAM SANDWICHES

Board Of Trustees Allows Union To Have Gala Feast

University Grants Legal Holiday As Students, Professors, and
Grinds Dance With Joy

At a special meeting of the Board of Trustees, it was officially decided that the Union could serve him sandwiches on Monday, October 20. Thus ended the long controversy over the advisability of serving this delicacy in the Union.

On the evening of October 1 there was wild confusion in the Board Room as the members met for their conference. Fiery denunciations and impassioned pleas rang out in the hallowed quiet of the room. Venerable members grew red in the face as they argued ham sandwiches pro and con.

Originally scheduled to last only three hours, the meeting dragged on until four the next morning as new evidence upholding the demands of the members approving the move was submitted. At four in the wee hours the final vote was taken. Strained faces anxiously watched the chairman as he counted the fateful votes. A cheer shattered the silence as Chairman Ringdelowdehi announced that the vote was unanimously in favor of a Ham Sandwich Day for the Union.

Authorities of the university have announced that there will be an official holiday October 20 so that no one will be prevented from attending the holiday event.

Several devotees of Mahatma Ghandi have already started fasting for the epochal day. Professors are pleading with the students to leave some of the sandwiches for them. Members of the Chemistry Department are hard at work compiling charts of the various elements present in a ham sandwich. The Physics Department is staying up nights calculating how long it takes a bite of ham sandwich to travel from the mouth to the stomach and the impact received by the walls of the stomach when the bite finally arrives.

BULL DURHAM IS MOBBED BY STUDES

Irate Mob Ends Foul Career of
Ignominious Writer of Scandal Sheet. Victim Goes Mad

A mob of students, wild with fury, invaded THE BARNACLE offices last night, and refused to leave until Bull Durham was delivered to them. They were armed with knives, hatchets, blow-torches and tar and feathers. The "Bull" himself, suspecting something was wrong, hid behind one of his fence posts, but not completely. (You know what we mean). A freshman, who seemed to be the leader of the mob, espied him immediately, and with squeaks of delight they dragged him into the open. The Bull pleaded for help, but what could we do? THE BARNACLE staff couldn't have held off two of the invaders, let alone 4,365 of them, so we let them take him, though somewhat regretfully. We also chipped in five cents (\$.05) each to buy him flowers. The mob dragged the Bull, bleating pitifully, to the offices across the hall, but naturally we thought nothing of it until we heard the exultant laughter of the ARCHIVE editors. Then we lowered the BARNACLE flag to half-mast. Those fellows just can't take a joke.

We saw the Bull the next day. His spirit was broken and his mind completely gone. When we attempted to question him, he only wept softly, and turned away, but a horrified spectator swears he heard the Bull saying over and over to himself: "Why did they blame me for that lilacs, moonlight and oblivion?"



The Barnacle Staff Members

This excerpt is reprinted from the BARNACLE at the request of the editors of that worthy publication.

P.S. They wanted to make certain that their journalistic efforts would at least be read.

Patr

Hang

Meet N

—in Our

Our Clie

Cream

Our Motto: J

Even

BARNACLE

WEDNESDAY, REMEMBER 42, 1492

S TO BE SERVED



the
Inn
People
te Rooms
e is
Durham
dent Under
ble

NEW DISCOVERY ABOUT PENGUINS

College Professor Finds New
and Startling Way of Manu-
facturing Shirts

Professor Lyttle Krazee of the Zoology Department has just issued a startling announcement to the less popular papers of the world. In collaboration with Professor Oxy Atom of the Chemistry Department, he has perfected an epoch-making process.

Our special reporter No. 328 reported that Doctor Krazee was delirious with the joy of success after the long years of patient experimenting and searching. His eyes gleamed with demoniacal fire as he related the story of his quest and final conquest.

But to keep you in suspense longer is not our plan, *THE BARNACLE* must uphold its record for truth. Doctor Krazee has discovered a process whereby he can manufacture dress shirts from the white fronts of the famous penguins.

By means of a complicated formula wherein X is multiplied by the component of Z to the nth power and then divided by the product of pi times the circumference of the moon, these two learned members of the faculty arrived at a point where they could successfully transform the glossy front of a penguin into both tuxedo and full dress shirts.

When questioned as to his plans for manufacturing his product, Doctor Krazee stated that he intended having a load of penguins shipped to the campus for breeding purposes. Students will be employed to care for the penguins. In order to approach the temperature of their Antarctic home, the penguins will be housed in the vacant rooms of the dormitories.

Special detectives have been hired to protect the valuable formulas and notes until they can be patented. One of *THE BARNACLE* staff members has already been jailed for attempting to filch the priceless samples.

Staff Needed

THE BARNACLE finds itself in dire need of staff members. Only students who can write the name *BARNACLE* forty-six times in an article need apply. Applicant must also be able to imitate a chicken minus its head, appear diligent without working, and assume a defensive position at the sound of a gong. Seekers of staff position must use the proper awe and reverence when speaking of the editor. Persons fulfilling these requirements will be made assistant editors with all privileges. Ability to use good English is immaterial.

YEARLY EDITOR VICTIM OF THUGS

Editor of *Cantbecleer* Attacked
by Masked Men in Sanctum
of His Office

The Editor of the *CANTBECLEER* reported to he campus chiefs that two masked men entered his office last night, and locked him in the drawer of his desk. Unable to extricate himself, he decided to eat two apples and a chocolate bar which had been left there by the last year's Editor.

The next morning, being still hungry, he began to call for help. A member of the *CANTBECLEER* staff, who for some unknown reason happened to be in the office at the time, finally opened the drawer and released the prisoner, although he didn't know him personally. (Or the Business Manager either for that matter). When interviewed by the *BARNACLE* reporter, the Editor said nothing of the desk drawer incident whatsoever, but did go so far as to say that he had no plans, no pictures, no ideas, and no hope for the coming edition of the *CANTBECLEER*.

Mr. Strongarm, the gentleman who effected the rescue, was in tears over the whole sordid affair. He kept sobbing something about opportunity knocking only once.

Gay Social Life Among Barnacles

Lucia Van Swearengine Entertains *Barnacle* Members at Her Lavish Mansion

Miss Lucia Van Swearengine, Society Editor of *THE BARNACLE*, entertained members of the staff at her palatial residence in Tenement Three last evening. Guests were received in the very charming hallway of the tenement.

Miss Van Swearengine was gowned in attractive gingham of grease-spotted design. A gray apron covered her ample waits. The majority of the women guests were clothed likewise, while the men guests wore the formal overalls typical of *BARNACLE* staff members.

Children's games and barn dancing were enjoyed with gusto by the guests. Later in the evening a tasty lunch of hash and boiled potatoes was served.

THE BARNACLE considers itself quite fortunate in having Miss Van Swearengine as Society Editor. The power and prominence of the Van Swearengine lineage in American society is well known. But for those of our readers unacquainted with the family history, we shall attempt a brief history.

Hector Van Swearengine, Miss Lucia's father, was born in Poland and named at birth Joe Spqrmptsinr. Hector or rather Joe started out poorly when he first came to America, but in a few years rose to be a highly successful pushcart merchant. In order to push his cart through traffic it was necessary to use strong language to blast people out of his path and he became known as "Cursing Joe."

Joe grew fat and short of breath and in desperation invented a cursing machine which emitted strong language whenever needed. The success of the machine was instantaneous and Joe Spqrmptsinr became fabulously rich. He married and changed his name to Van Swearengine in honor of the machine.

The Moment Passes

BETTY KNIGHT

The low hills of northern Jersey rushed rapidly past the windows of the train, and I sat, with the crumpled day-letter I had not sent, in my pocket, and wished miserably that I had not come. I had not seen Mary in years—not, to be exact, in the ten years that had passed since we had gone to the Academy together. Yet surely, even after such an interval, she would be glad to see me. She would not realize how much of her life's happiness she owed to me, but she would still be glad to see me. What I had not counted on was David. I had forgotten that I would see David too, and only by putting David forcibly and completely out of my mind for the last ten years had I gotten along as well as I had. But now memories of David came rushing back. The familiar countryside was bringing back every minute incident I had so painfully forgotten.

Staring out of the window again I was suddenly glad that I had not sent that day-letter. There would be no fresh and charming Mary to meet me at the train, to see me dusty and bedraggled from my trip. In a few minutes I would arrive at Sayreville, and I would go to the Mansion House on the Square to freshen up. And then, trim and smart once more, I would not feel at such a disadvantage meeting Mary. I wondered if she still possessed the blithe girlish beauty that had been hers; the tawny hair and hazel eyes, the warm skin and vivid lips. It was not easy to forget Mary, not easy to forget the helplessness and inferiority I had often felt in her quiet, shining presence. I had grown quite accustomed to sharing everything with Mary. Perhaps that was why I had not thought that I would mind sharing David.

The train jerked to a stop before the Sayreville station and I groped for my bag and gloves and stepped out on the platform. Why, I thought excitedly, it has not changed much.



But as the train pulled away leaving me alone with my luggage and clearing my view I saw that it had changed. The old hack-stand before the station was filled with gleaming black-lacquered cabs, and as I stared, a self-assured driver came up and took my luggage.

"Where to, Miss?" he asked.


"Take me to the Mansion House," I said, preparing to follow him. He looked at me a trifle curiously.

"I'm sorry, Miss, but the old Mansion House has been torn down about six years. How about trying the Belmont? It's about the best place in town."

"That will do, then," I assented. I was confused. Seated in the cab, I

leaned forward and peered out of the window. The town *had* changed. The small park with its informal flower beds and drooping shade trees had always seemed a quiet splotch of green from which the town took its cue. But now the aspiring buildings of a small town hemmed it in and its edges were fringed with dirty parked cars withdrawn from the channel of traffic. It looked desolate and I knew that if I went in and touched them the maple leaves would no longer be cool and green and glossy but limp and coated with dust. I turned to the other window and my heart gave a jump. "Day's Colonial Restaurant" said the swinging sign.


(Continued on page 26)



*"All clear
they Satisfy"*

"To me a cigarette is the best smoke. It's a short smoke... and then again it's milder.

"I notice that you smoke Chesterfields also. I like them very much."



"I HAD A BERTH in the ninth sleeper. It was a heavy train and a cold night—snowing—and I thought about the man with his hand on the throttle. I admire and respect those men."



observation in color

passion is a great brood eel
coiled tightly about
a fishing stake

one goes to great pains
to pull the stake up
for reconditioning
in the sweet sun

and the eel is still there
at time of the mighty
upheaving

and if you think you can
pluck the coilant
and do it down
then you know nothing
about eels
proverbially
or by chance
you know proverbs
potenter than the one
now in mind

and when one is too old
for hooking nets
out of the colored seas
quickly the eel
divining this
goes to another stake
and annoys one's uncle's son

and thus passion is always
cousining one
until finally
all one can do
is to laugh toothlessly
perhaps knowingly
at the chipper young men
racing unheedingly by one
flippantly off
to their own fishing

some worldworn men things
do their cakkling
quite nicely
especially in
toddlie shade

—MICHAEL McLEOD

Bound West from Home Port

WILLIAM HOLLER

Characters

MONK, Seaman
JOE, Seaman
BOATSWAIN'S MATE
COXSWAIN
CHIEF PHARMACIST
RICHARDS, Corpsman
HIRSCHFORD, Corpsman
DOCTOR
SAILORS

PLACE: Brooklyn Navy Yard.
Aboard ship.

TIME: December 23; 4:30 p.m.

WEATHER (outside): Gale wind.
Temperature: about zero.

SOUND-EFFECTS: Gale screaming through rigging and around deck-house, now and then, also rattling of blocks and ropes, etc., on mast, which is just forward of deck-house. Blast of tug whistles on East River in distance once in a while. All sound-effects must cease four minutes before play ends.

SCENE: Operating room, in deck-house, and Dispensary, right. The dispensary bulkheads are done in cool pea-gren; medicines are in bottles in shelf-racks around compartment, shoulder-high. Desk and swivel-chair forward; lounge and file cabinet rear. Operating-room steel bulkheads and tile deck are white; lights so bright that the whole makes a glare. Sterilizer and apparatus cabinet are nickel. Operating table is kind that anchors to deck; has no wheels as ordinary. Portholes are extra-large, 18-inch, and have brass rims and dogs; porthole rear will have upper left rim of setting sun to be seen by audience towards middle of the play. Steel wire stretcher and blue pea-coat on deck, extreme left. Doctor is dressed in operating gown. Everybody but doctor and CH. F. M. has white sailor hat; corpsmen in white sailor suits with rating and red cross on sleeves of jumpers; men are dressed

in blue jumpers and heavy blue pea-coats and dungaree trousers.

CURTAIN RISES: Injured man is on operating table in center. A number of sailors are crowded in large door to sickbay rear. Two men are slightly inside of door with hats in hands. All are watching the sailor, on operating table, who is unconscious. Three corpsmen and ship's surgeon are bending over MONK. Nobody is in small dispensary right.

DOCTOR (to Chief Pharmacist Mate): Johnson, go tell the photographer to develop those X-ray pictures and get them back to me as quickly as possible. Also check back on that last call and see if the Naval Hospital has an ambulance on the way over.

CH. PH. M. (Starts towards hatch-door backstage in bulkhead right): Aye, aye, sir.

CORPS. RICHARDS (with Hirschford): No bones broken in legs, sir.

DOCTOR (after listening to heart with stethoscope through blue jumper): Good. No rib fractures that I can feel from above. Careful, there, don't move his body. Check up on his arms. (Doctor and two corpsmen test arms for fractures. Doctor continues): Hands are mighty blue; didn't Monk use gloves—Boatswain's Mate, how did Monk happen to fall off the mast rigging? (Man just inside the door answers.)

B. MATE: Monk was coming down the rigging, sir, and slipped through that gap where there's a missing rung. Only about thirty feet above the deck. Couldn't use his hands, Doctor; had his arms folded around the stays at the elbows.

DOCTOR: Couldn't use his hands? (Corps. cont. examination.)

B. MATE: No, sir. He had been up at the top of the mast clearing a fouled halyard. It looked like his hands was frozen; we couldn't tell exactly—the gale was blowing so hard



we couldn't shout up to him—must have been though; with the weather around zero, that wind blows right through you high up on the mast where he was.

DOCTOR: Frozen? I thought so. (looks at Monk's hands again) Hirschford, bring crushed ice, two basins of cold water—use the regular frost-bite routine.

HIRSCH.: Aye, aye, sir (goes out through right bulkhead rear).

DOCTOR: Good God, wonder a man wouldn't use his gloves in weather like this. (Richards picks up surgical scissors and begins cutting sleeve off Monk's jumper at the shoulder. Dr. does the same with other arm. Monk's naked arm facing audience exposes tattoos from elbow to shoulder. Dr. cont.) Slight contusions on the inside of his elbows. Swab them down with Scott's Solution, Richards. (Corpsman comes back with basins of ice and water; picks up empty basin and divides up ice and gives one to Hirsch. Each takes a hand and begins rubbing briskly in ice. Doctor, seeing that corps. are working efficiently, turns to Boats. Mate at door): Tell me more about Monk's fall, Boatswain's Mate; what was he doing up the mast?

B. MATE: The Commander's orders for the afternoon, sir, was to hoist those Christmas trees up to the fore and maintruck right after dinner. Since tomorrow's Christmas Eve, he wanted the masts dressed for the holidays. That freezing gale set in while we were eating; and since the Commander had gone ashore, I could not find anybody who'd belay those orders on account of the changed weather condition. The wind had fouled the maintruck halyards so bad I had to send Monk up to clear 'em for running, as nobody else could make it up to the cross-tree platform. Monk's always been able to handle the dangerous work aloft better'n any other sailor on deck. Ain't that right, Coxswain?

COXSWAIN (*in doorway*): Yes, sir. Boats sent me and Bradway aloft to unfoul the halyard at first. That zero wind up there blew the tears out of my eyes until they was bloodshot and smacked me against the blocks and stays. It was hell. Every time I turned 'loose one hand to reach up to the cross-tree platform, the wind near slammed me down on deck. Them halyards was fouled all the way to the top. When we lowered the topmast and the topgallantmast to sail under the Brooklyn Bridge and get into the yard this morning, and then raised them again, all the lines naturally had to have plenty of free play. Ain't that the way it was Boats?

B. MATE: That's how it happened, all right. When we came alongside the dock and raised the masts, we left everything loose until after dinner, not knowin' this gale would come along. So that's how the line got tangled in such a mess. When Monk finally got up to the cross-trees, he had to take off his gloves so as to climb out on the starboard breasting spar to clear the halyard at that point. He almost fell right there—it would have been all over for him if he had. The wind was howling and screaming so bad I couldn't tell him what to do.

I guess it took him more than half an hour to make his way past the crow's nest and up to the top of the topgallantmast, clearing the halyard as he climbed. That freezing wind was so powerful he had to drag himself up the ladders between gusts. Monk cleared it up to the truck and stayed up there till the Christmas tree was hoisted and secured. He had his arms and legs wedged in between the mast and the ladder, resting. It was when he was ready to come down when he found out he couldn't use his hands. Of course the only way for him to climb down then was for him to hook his arm around the outside stays of the ladder and lower one foot at a time, dragging his arms after him. I didn't see any more after he got down to the cross-trees, as I went up to the wardroom to find you when I saw something was the matter with his hands.

Cox: I'd've gone up myself to help Monk, but them ladders and the upper part of the rigging are so narrow two people can't get on it together. So he did the best he could. We didn't notice he had to come past that gap in the rigging until he was almost on it. He couldn't see it himself. He went up on the windward rigging and came down on the lee. We yelled, but he couldn't hear us for the wind. His foot went through and his arms was torn away just like all his strength was gone. Poor ol' Monk kinda doubled up in the air and landed on the middle part of his back. Gar-rump. And that was all. You don't think he's hurt bad, do you, Doctor? Couldn't-a been more'n thirty feet.

DOCTOR: Not so high; it's all according to the way a man—(*Monk begins to moan pitifully and move his arms restlessly. With the throbbing of the renewed circulation of blood in his hands, consciousness is returning.*)

MONK: God! God! My hands, my hands! God. I must save my hands!

(*The corps. change process from cold to warm water.*)

DOCTOR: There, there, Monk, old scout, your hands are going to be O. K. again. (*to corpsman*) Richards, hypo. About two c.c.'s of morphia. (*takes syringe and injects morphia in muscle of Monk's arm.*) How's that, Old Boy? (*no answer*) Nope, he's out again; perhaps for the better. (*listens to heart with steth.*)

CH. PH. JOHNSON (*in hatchway*): The X-ray negatives will be ready shortly, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Good. See that the X-ray apparatus is carefully stored in the case while you're waiting.

JOHN: Yes, sir.

DOCTOR: That's well for the frost-bite treatment—grease his hands down with a little ointment-A and dress up that bruise on the back of his head. Hirschford, change the hot blanket treatment, carefully. He probably has several broken ribs, too, but it will be safer to wait on the exposures.

B. MATE: You don't think he broke his—

DOCTOR (*looking up*): Cannot tell yet—if you men insist on asking bothersome questions, I'll have to send you all below.

MEN: Aye, aye, sir. (*Doctor and corps. busy themselves quietly about table.*)

B. MATE: Jesus, I hope he ain't bad off. After arguing with Monk about belaying the order before he went aloft sure makes a guy feel damn responsible.

Cox: Can't be helped. If his back ain't broke, he'll be on deck in a couple of days. You can't keep a guy like Monk down, Boats.

SEAMAN (*Joe, in doorway*): What a damn shame. Monk was going home on a twenty-day leave with me at noon tomorrow.

ANOTHER SEAMAN: Damn tough.

JOE: He was countin' on spendin' Christmas Day with his mother in Winston-Salem. First time we been

home in two years. Goddam tough, I calls it. A square shooter, too. Monk sends two-thirds of his pay home to his mother and sister who's sure a sweet kid too.

COX: You don't know half how tough it's going to be yet.

JOE: Monk had a date with his Brooklyn girl-friend to-night. Sure gets the tough breaks when they come. He's gonna give her those two parakeets he got in Corinto, and that pretty Chinese kimono he picked up in Panama. He's been ravin' as to how she's been asking for those parakeets for a whole year, and how he's gonna knock her dead with that silk kimono.

COX: There you go towin' in the skirts when a swell shipmate like Monk's high up on the skids—maybe for good for all you know.

JOE: I ain't towin' in any skirts! She's his fian-see—or what you call it—anyway they're gonna get married in June when he gets paid off and she gets a job—don't be a wiseguy all yore life.

B. MATE: You guys pipe down before we get thrown out.

JOHNSON (*comes in with X-ray neg. in hand*): The pictures are ready, sir.

DOCTOR: Thank you. (*Everybody becomes quiet. The Doctor pulls off rubber gloves and throws them into lavatory and wipes talc off hands with towel.*) Dampen the patient's face with a cold wet cloth: he'll come around. Let me know if there is any change in his condition.

RICHARDS: Aye, aye, sir. (*Dr. goes through doorway in right bulkhead upstage into little dispensary and sits down at desk. Johnson cuts on lights for Dr. The corps. keep themselves busy doing something, and the men talk among themselves in undertones.*)

JOHN: The ambulance from the Naval Hospital is waiting on the dock, sir.

DOCTOR: Very well. (*The Dr. holds negative up to light and fol-*

lows down the spine with a pencil, then stops, raises forward in his chair, and examines lower part intently, and slowly shakes head. He drops negative and picks up the other one and examines it, also shaking head. Ch. Ph. looks over his shoulder and whistles softly.)

JOHNSON: It's a damn shame. Pretty bad break, isn't it? And only two ribs broken besides.

DOCTOR: The ribs would have been easy. (*points with pencil*) See at the base of the upper side of the break—only part of the cord left. Pressure from the bone at this point of the cord will kill him. He'll never get to the hospital alive. He may have a secondary shock in transferring him to a bed even; then it will be all over.

JOHN: It's hell to lose a swell kid like Monk. How long do you think he'll last?

DOCTOR: Can't tell; you see, there is already too much pressure on the cord—he may live perhaps two hours, perhaps twelve. (*heatedly*) All over their damned Christmas decorations.

JOHN: Somebody's going to get their rating busted for this. (*Dr. and John light cigarettes.*)

DOCTOR: Get Monk's medical records from the files and take a letter—Bureau Navigation. (*The Dr. leans back and watches the smoke curl upwards and meditates in silence. Later, they confer in undertones.*)

(*Corps. are bringing Monk back to consciousness.*)

....JOE: Look, he's coming to.

COX: By gar, damn'f'e ain't.

MONK (*his hands move about restlessly as he regains con.*): My hands, I gotta save my hands.

RICHARDS: Take it easy, Monk. There isn't anything the matter with your hands—they're O. K. Give a look. (*He holds Monk's hands up in front of his face for him.*)

MONK (*looks at hands and wiggles fingers; his voice is weak and he thinks and talks slowly—the spinal cord and morphia both help to make*

him groggy): Damn if they ain't. Judas Priest, was I scared.

JOE (*pushing others aside and stepping up to the operating table*): Hello, Monk you ol' windjammer, how's the sea runnin' out your way?

MONK: Hi, Joe. All hunky-dory. Thought that job just about had me sewed up in canvas.

BOATS. AND COX: How-yah feeling, Monk?

MONK: Fitten to fit. (*to corps.*): Say, you blinkin' bone benders, I gotta get out-a here; I got big business ashore tonight.

RICHARDS: You got a pretty good shakedown this afternoon—better wait see what the Doctor says.

BOATS: Monk, you landlubberin' old dandy; I hear you're gettin' married in June—tryin' to fox yer shipmates, eh?

MONK: What, married? You, you wouldn't spill the beans on a shipmate, would you, Joe? Just a pal from home, eh?

JOE: Sorry, Monk, it slipped out.

MONK: Sure I'm gettin' spliced in June—with one sweet baby. I ain't shippin' over for this piece of pig-iron. No, sir-ree. My next cruise is gonna be on the U. S. S. Matrimony. I been waitin' on this for six long years. My uncle's got a job waitin' for me down in Winston—no more of this bucket for me after May the thirty-first. Shipped in this outfit on the first of June six ages back. (*looks at men in doorway*) Come here, fellas; bring the rest of the ship's company in—I'm gonna tell Joe a secret. (*everybody laughs*) The reason I shipped in on the first of June was because I got the air—my girl was gonna marry me in the first week in June—ran off with my buddy—that's how I happened to ship—this is the first gal I've had the guts to believe since that time—but she's true blue as the sky, she is. My uncle's gonna lend me enough of the sheckels to build a little cottage for us.

... BOATS (*attempting Southern accent*): Hyah comes mah beeg fo'-

stacker sailor bo'! Congratulations, Monk.

COX: Monk, the Rebel Kid from No' Caaalina. Feelicitations, ol' top-pee!

BOATS: Say, Monk, you wouldn't hold it against a shipmate for sending you aloft the way I did—you know how orders are; they gotta be carried out.

MONK: That's O. K., Boats; when you gotta clear a halyard, why, you gotta clear the halyard. I've worked up on the cross-trees in a damn sight worse weather than that. Did that Christmas tree stay up there all right?

BOATS: You bet. That little Christmas tree is up there now rollin' and buckin' like a destroyer in heavy seas. The public can now view Uncle Sam's Navy in the proper spirit.

MONK (*as Richards feels his forehead and starts taking his pulse*): That reminds me, I've gotta pack my bags if I'm goin' home tomorrow—I gotta make that three o'clock train—how about it, Joe? Will you pack my bags for me if the Doctor don't let me out-a here tonight?

RICHARDS (*after taking pulse*): You fellas will have to cut out all the gab. Monk's temperature and pulse have taken a big drop. (*nods to Hirsch, who goes for the Dr.*)

MONK: Say, whose party is this? Go somewhere and fix a bloody nose. (*smiles at Rich.*) O. K., you big bone bender; dyah think Doc will let me out tonight—I know damn well he can't keep me here tomorrow—I must go home—Mom is expectin' me—Doc wouldn't let a sailor disappoint his mother on Christmas morning—when she ain't seen her own sailor boy in two years—how 'bout it, Bone Bender?

RICHARDS: You must quiet down, Monk, and not talk so much. Now take it easy, old shipmate, take it easy.

DOCTOR: Apply more hot blankets immediately. (*rises abruptly and*

snuffs out cigarette stub, and re-enters operating room, walking over to table and attempting cheer.) Hello, Monk, old shipmate, how are those hands?

MONK (*his voice is feebler, but obviously happier*): They're much better, sir. I was plenty worried at first, but they're O. K. now, sir. (*they apply more blankets.*)

DOCTOR: Mmmmm. That's fine! Those burns on your elbows and the bruise on your head, and your back—how does your back feel?

MONK: Don't hurt a bit. My back? Let's see—why—I don't feel anything. Did I—

DOCTOR (*cutting in*): Don't let it bother you—thought it might be ruised and was hurting you a bit.

MONK: That wasn't such a fall—not half as bad as when I tumbled off the poopdeck. Judas Priest, I was so damn worried aout my hands—say, Doc, it's warm and stuffy in here like in dopey alley 'round the engineroom—I was trying to get down the rigging fast—I didn't know where I was stepping—I was in the thought of losing the old paws when suddenly I realized I slipped and was falling—and that's all I remember—must have bumped my noggin plenty hard. Say, Doc, can I smoke a cigarette?—Haven't had a smoke since two o'clock.

DOCTOR (*clears his throat*): Now, let me see—perhaps I can break the rules for once. Any good shell-back deserves to be able to break rules once on a cruise, eh, Monk? (*lights cigarette and puts between Monk's lips.*)

MONK: Thanks, Doc—hope I live to tell this one to my great grand chillun. (*coughs slightly at first then seems to enjoy it; pulls arm nearest audience from under blanket to remove from his mouth.*) God, that's good. (*pause*) By the way, Doc, I gotta go ashore tonight—big date ashore—will it be all right for me to anchor up after supper?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid not; not tonight, Monk, my boy. Later, perhaps.

MONK: But I must! (*suddenly putting hands to the table and trying to get up, succeeding in lifting his chest about two or three inches. He heaves a groan as the doctor and the corps. thrust hands out quickly and firmly push him back.*) Judas, I'm weaker than I thought.

DOCTOR: You should never have done that, Monk.

MONK: No? At least, I gotta get in a bunk out in the sickbay. I can't stay here all day. (*his voice is much weaker and his words come more slowly. The upper rim of the sun can be seen in the lower sides of the bulkhead porthole left rear.*)

DOCTOR: Don't worry about the bed; what do you think we're here for?

MONK: Judas, I—say, Doc—the ship's dynamos—the lights are getting dimmer—the dynamos are going on the blink, see? The lights look like they're going out—maybe Sparks, the electrician, is playing poker—just like that red-headed, freckle-faced, mug from Missouri to let the dynamos stop. Maybe Sparks fell asleep—that's an idea, if the lights go off—think I'll take a nap myself—tired—need some horozontal drill—they're getting dimmer—all right with you, Doc?

DOCTOR (*takes his pulse and feels his forehead*): Sure, Monk; do just as you like.

MONK: Speak louder, Doc; can't hear you good. The lights are so dim I can't see you anymore. Don't stumble over each other in the dark, fellas. (*The faces in the operating room are pale in the glaring lights from the bulbs. The men instinctively take off their hats. Monk's cigarette has slipped out of his fingers on the dangling hand, and the smoke is curling lazily up from the tile deck. The silence is intense.*)

CHIEF PHAR. Do you want a syringe of adrenaline, Doctor? (*The doctor shakes his head and waves him away with free hand.*)

JOE (*Realizing the situation fully for the first time, loses control of himself and screams*): Hold fast, Monk! Hold fast! Don't go to sleep! For God's— (*Cox. and Boats. clap hands over his mouth and jerk him back.*)

MONK (*In almost a whisper*): What-yah say, Joe?—come again—

tiring bit of work this afternoon—it's growing darker—just a faint glow in the lights—g'night, mates—they're going—g'night, Doc. (*Doctor puts Monk's arm under blanket and applies stethoscope to his heart, listening from several positions, and finally breaks silence as he pulls strings behind neck to loosen operating gown.*)

DOCTOR: Men, go below. Tell the ambulance driver to report back to the hospital, Johnson.

(*Curtain*)



Aint It the Truth

By a Barnacle

There's one thing that occurred in my young but romantic life that I just can't hardly seem to forget. A little over a year ago, when I wuz in my early teens, I somehow or other pumped up enough courage to ast a racy little blue-eyed blonde for a date. This sister had been places and saw things (no tellin' whut) whilst I wuz just commencin' to campaign amongst the Amazons, so anyone can see whut might happen on a busy evening of this sort.

I borrowed my brother's car, as I'd been unable to git aholt of one myself as yet, and started for the hangout of my pretty baby. Her mother left me enter in, but I had to wait quite some time before my fair damsel had put on enuff rooge to look natural, she bein' a very light blonde.

After a short weight we left the house and started to Rome. The park was free, so I headed her for that. Conversation wuz few and far, feeble bursts, punctuated with blanks of silence.

We finally set down on a bench amidst the flowers and trees, with a full moon swingin' acrost the sky. I was asettin' at the far end of the bench from her, but she kept movin' over closer towards me. She said, "Whut a night for love!"

I said, absent-minded, "Whut?"

She repeated whut she said, and I said, "Uh huh," kinda casual not knowin' whut to expect.

After she'd moved to a few inches uv me, I began to feel kinda panicky. So I said, "I guess I'd better be goin'."

She said, "Ain't you forgittin something?"

I said, "Whut is it? I got my hat."

Then all of a sudden she jumps on me, and kisses me. When I got my breath, I hurried home, my feet not touchin' the ground, only here and there. I got into bed, but I didn't sleep much. These women is hell, ain't they?

*This work of genius was submitted by a Barnacle member. We publish it in all its simplicity and hope it is the last of the flood of manuscripts which members of the Barnacle staff have submitted to the ARCHIVE.

K.O.'D BEFORE HE LEFT HIS CORNER!



STAGE-FRIGHT? No, sir. Dirty work in the dressing room? No, sir. Two or three whiffs of that over-stale pipe and heavyweight tobacco did what fifty-seven opponents couldn't do . . . floored him!

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The Moment Passes

That was where I had met David. The old colonial building still preserved its chaste simplicity of line. I remembered that night, ten years ago, when I had emerged from Day's into a snowy Christmas twilight, had stepped out of the warmth and light to find that all of the small fleet of taxis the town boasted had been commandeered to take David and his twenty small charges back to the prep school where he was a master. I had not know what to do for I had to be back at the Academy, four miles out of town, by nine o'clock, and it was snowing. I stood there, watching the little boys pile in the taxicabs, shouting, and wondered what I should do. And then David sensed my predicament and came over, removing his hat in the snow, and said,

"I'm David Kane, from Sayreville Prep. And," with a comprehensive wave of his arm, "these are my freshmen form, completing their Christmas shopping. We seem to have taken all the cabs, but can't I offer you a ride home? I've seen you at the Academy, and we go right past it."

I hesitated, thinking of Mrs. Lanning's face if she should see me drive up with a young man, and then he smiled, and I knew that I wanted to go, badly, and I said to myself, "Why, even Mrs. Lanning will admit that it was the sensible thing to do, and if you don't you'll be late." So I nodded and he took my bundles and I found myself in the last cab with David and two little boys, overwhelmed at first by riding with their master but soon lulled into surreptitious pokings and giggles.

I turned and looked at David and noticed that his hair was dark and thick, and that he had a beautiful, sensitive mouth and fine eyes.

"Don't you find your charges rather wearying?" I asked.

"No," he said slowly. "They're not so bad, amusing at times, and really awfully good kids. And when they *are* provoking it's usually only a vent for homesickness. Poor kids! They're only about eight or nine." He looked at me and smiled. "I don't believe in sending children away from home at such an early age. Why, half of these kids aren't even excited over going home Christmas. When I was their age I looked forward to Christmas for weeks in advance. There's something wrong there somewhere."

I did not answer and he looked at me more closely.

"Don't you agree?" he asked. "Aren't you thrilled over going home?" I hated to answer him, because I knew it would embarrass him and I really did not mind, myself, because I'd gotten quite used to it.

"I haven't any family," I said. "I'm going to stay here at Mary Stanley's for the holidays."

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said quickly. "I always blunder into things like that. Please forgive me."

"Of course," I answered. "I *am* excited over Christmas though, because this year I'm not going to spend it in a dorm. I hate dormitories at Christmas."

"When do your holidays start, Miss—?" He stopped in surprise. "I'd forgotten that I don't even know your name. Do you mind telling me?"

"Virginia Morton," I told him. "But everyone calls me Ginny."

"Thank you, Ginny," he said gravely. "And now here we are at the Academy. Pile out, boys. You're in Miss Morton's way."

The little boys scrambled out, dropping packages in the snow and scurrying after them. David came with me to the door and filled my arms with my packages after I rang the bell.

"Have a merry Christmas," he said, and I watched him climb into the cab before I entered to meet the

disapproving eyes of Mrs. Lanning.

I was glad that Day's, at least, had not changed also and become unfamiliar and strange.

The Belmont Hotel was blatantly new, red brick and ornate marble already stained gray. I registered at the desk and the single bell-boy escorted me to my room. I scarcely noticed the room, but changed hastily from the navy blue suit I had worn on the train to a soft green that was more becoming. I remembered that Mary had always advised me to wear green—that David had like me in it too. I had worn that shade of green the last time I had seen David. That casual meeting at Christmas had developed into a friendly intimacy by spring. Walks in the snow had been replaced by walks along the river, ice-skating by tennis, lamp-lit teas in Day's by picnic suppers in the cool twilights. And then one Sunday David and I had dined at Stanley's. I don't know why Mary and David had not met before. Certainly I was always alluding to David when I was with Mary but she did not find my accounts of him interesting. And David was frankly skeptical when I described Mary's attractions.

"She's your friend, Ginny," he had remarked. "*You* always see perfection in your friends."

But I had been very happy when my efforts to bring them together had succeeded. Mary had liked David. She had exerted herself to be gracious to him and if David had been a little quiet I thought nothing of it at the time. As we walked back to school I asked him about Mary and he agreed with my enthusiastic praise. Mary said little about David other than that he had been more interesting than she had imagined he would be. I thought nothing of it when our hilarious picnics for two became quiet and formal picnics for three. I was too foolishly young to

think about the matter at all until one fatal Sunday afternoon two months later.

The three of us sat beside the river; Mary, cool and serene, regarding David, David, sullen and morose, regarding the river. I stared first at the two of them and then at the daisies I had picked, without much curiosity about either, I admit, because I was sleepy. And then I flopped over on my back and stared up at the sky lazily and finally felt myself drifting off to sleep. When I awoke it was suddenly, abruptly, and at first I did not notice that David was sitting nearer Mary and that he was no longer glum. Mary looked startled, but she came over and smoothed my rumpled hair and said, "Ginny darling, you don't look a day over twelve when you wake up. Does she, David?"

"Oh, no," agreed David. "Ginny's very young." It was impossible to tell what emotion colored his voice. It was late and we started back to school quickly. When we came to the narrow back path that led up to the dorm we all stopped, and there was tension in the air that I was suddenly aware of. David stared at me and then down at the ground confusedly.

"I think I'd better carry these things home for Mary," he said, indicating the pillows and baskets in his arms. "She can't carry them by herself. I'll see you tomorrow, Ginny."

"All right, David," I said. Naturally, Mary, who never carried any-

thing, could not be expected to carry an armful of pillows. I turned to say good-night to Mary and then quite suddenly everything was made clear. She was gazing at David with a look of quiet satisfaction in her eyes. "Goodnight, Mary!" I gulped, and turning, fled up the path.

I saw David but infrequently after that and then always by accident. I met him occasionally, strolling along the road with some of his little boys and once or twice I stumbled across him leaning against the Academy gates in the dusk. He was probably waiting for Mary.

Then, on the very last night of school, when the undergraduates had all left and the seniors were wandering around trying to stamp favorite corners on their memories, I was surprised to have David call on me. I told the maid that I would be down shortly, and as I dressed, I thought how very considerate it was of him to call to say goodbye. When I had finished dressing I regarded myself in the mirror. The queer green of my dress, the dark chestnut of my hair were all blurred before my eyes. No, surely here there was nothing to cause Mary worry. I was not being disloyal to Mary.

I went down the stairs slowly and David sprang to meet me.

"Let's walk outside, Ginny," he said. "It's stifling in here, and all I've been doing is witnessing tearful goodbyes."

Nicely put, David, I thought, but you needn't have worried over my goodbye being tearful. I took his arm and we strolled out, through the garden and down the familiar river path. Our talk was meaningless and light. David took out his handkerchief and spread it on a rock for me. I sat down carefully and stared through the moonlight, at the narrow channel of the river, uncoiling blackly through the silver water. David sat on the ground, hugging his knees.

"What are you going to do now, Ginny?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said. "I've got some cousins in Maine and an aunt in Texas and one in England. But I've got to spend some time in New York first and consult my guardian." I wanted to impress David. I was determined that he was not going to feel sorry for me.

"I think I'll go to London," I said. "I'd *like* London. My aunt has lived there for years and she'd love to have me."

"London's a long distance away, Ginny," said David soberly.

"I know. But I have nothing to keep me here. I have no friends but you—and Mary."

"Yes," said David, almost savagely. "You have me—and Mary! We're a fine pair of friends, aren't we, Ginny? What have we ever done but make you unhappy?"

I thought almost frantically that I could understand David's being in love with Mary, but I could not

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stand his being sorry for me because of it. I could not stand hearing him talk about it. So I said quickly.

"You and Mary are both swell, David. You've never failed to give me everything I would have asked of you."

"Never?" said David, and his voice sounded strained. "Isn't there anything else you'd ask of me, Ginny?"

For a wild instant I had hope. I looked into his eyes and imagined I saw what I wanted to see there. But then the moment passed. The remembrance of Mary came rushing back and I knew that David only wanted to make sure. He wanted to be sure he was not hurting me, and I wanted him to be very sure, so that the thought of it need never worry him again. So I pressed his hand and said quietly, "Never, David. You've always given me everything I wanted. You've been my friend and you'll be my friend and that is enough." He stared into my eyes for a moment, and then he was apparently convinced, for he dropped my hand and his next words were elaborately casual.

"When are you leaving, Ginny? Is this to be goodbye?"

Say goodbye to David! I had never faced the thought before and I did not want to face it then.

"No," I said carelessly. "I hate to pack in a rush, so I'm staying over until Sunday."

"Well then, I'll see you again," said David, relief in his voice.

We walked back to the dormitory quietly and said goodnight at the door, and the next afternoon I took the New York train without the necessity of saying goodbye.

The chiming of the clock in the square brought me back to the present and I hurried down to the gilded lobby, where the bell-boy secured me a taxi.

"Meredith Road, the first house on this side of Sayreville Academy," I instructed the driver.

I noticed on the way the great number of band-box houses that had

sprung up on both sides of the road since I had left. It seemed only a few minutes before the driver pulled up in front of Stanley's. It was the same old house, huge and rambling, the drooping wisteria vines shading the wide front porch.

"Come back for me at five-thirty," I told the man as I paid him. Now that I was actually there, my trepidation vanished as I started up the gravelled path. I could hear the old-fashioned bell twang sharply through the house but no one came to answer it. I was growing impatient and excited with the anticipation of seeing Mary again; Mary, cool and beautiful, whose aloof serenity life could not touch. What a gracious life must be hers, I thought. She had never felt selfishness for all her desires had been gratified before she had consciously felt them. Life would always lay its gifts at Mary's feet. There was, somehow, a consolation in this thought of Mary, lovely and protected, living her life here in this quiet place, free from anything sordid or petty or cruel. Mary was a hostage held by fate against my illusions.

I rang the bell again sharply and this time there were hurrying footsteps audible in the house. The front door opened and a woman stood there, blinking forth into the afternoon sunlight, regarding me with uncertainty in her face.

"It isn't—" she faltered. "Why, it is! It's Ginny Morton!" Her voice was shrill. She reached forth and drew me into the musty living room. I stared at her, shocked into silence.

"I hardly recognized you, Ginny," she gushed. "How have you ever done it? You look as young and slim as you ever did!"

I sat down slowly, pulling off my gloves, and gradually found voice.

"Ten years. It hasn't seemed that long, has it, Mary? How have you been? And what have you been doing?"

She drew a chair up closer to me and her eyes moved swiftly and discontentedly over me as she talked.

"I've been well enough," she said pettishly. "But I haven't done a blessed thing. I'll probably live here in Sayreville for the rest of my life and stagnate. That's what I was telling Mama, that staying here I've just lost whatever talent I had. Of course, I could only play the piano a little but everyone said that wouldn't have made any difference, with *my* looks. You seem to have done pretty well for yourself, though," she concluded. "What have you been doing?"

"Not much," I said. "I stayed in London with my aunt until she died, about seven years ago. She only left me a little money, so I came back to New York and got a job. I've been working ever since."

"What have you been working at?" asked the unpleasant voice. "You're certainly pretty well dressed for any ordinary job."

"I handle the publicity and advertising for a small chain of dress shops," I told her. "I can buy my things almost wholesale."

An awkward chill fell on the conversation. All the conventional things had been said about the past, and since the old intimacy had vanished, it was impossible to reminisce easily.

"You never can tell about things, can you?" said Mary, suddenly, malice in her voice. "Ten years ago, to look at you, little and skinny and dark, a regular mouse, no one would have thought you'd get ahead the way you did." She smoothed her hair complacently. I stared at her. The vision of Mary, serene, beautiful, untouched by the common-place, was fading from my mind, and its place was being filled by this woman, tall, unlovely in spirit, unlovely in body. And this caricature of Mary, with her lack-lustre hair and sullen eyes and irritable voice, had no idea that she was not the beauty she had once been. I was glad of that much, for her sake, anyhow, but this changed atmosphere repelled me. I could not speak of David here. I had to leave.

"I want to re-visit the Academy grounds before I go," I excused myself to Mary.

"Oh! You're not staying for dinner then?" she asked. I detected the note of relief in her voice.

"No," I said, "I can't. Send my taxi over after me, will you?"

"I'll go to the door with you," said Mary, in a belated effort to be cordial. She rose with me. There seemed to be something of the old Mary trying to break through the shell, I thought. I opened the door and the cool breeze streamed in. The pale, late sunlight fell on Mary's face, exposing the dark hollows under her eyes and the unhappy droop to her mouth. I took her hand and felt suddenly sorry for her.

"Have you been happy, Mary?" I asked softly.

"No," she said. "Not very. But I've often thought about you, and known that you were, and somehow that made me feel better." She turned her face away, and I could not restrain myself. I knew that, somehow, for the preservation of my peace of mind for all the years after, I had to ask the question that had been trembling on my lips all afternoon.

"Mary," I said slowly, "how is David?" She raised her head, her eyes dark and suspicious, and then, when she saw that I was in earnest, an expression of pity I could not understand flooded all her face.

"Ginny, darling," she said gently, "don't you know? He left the day after you did. Hasn't he *ever* found you?"

The Redeeming Earth

(Continued from page 8)

or walked together for hours, never a word passing between them. And when Paul did speak to him about these things which were in his mind, things that his companion never tried to understand, Bill would feel embarrassed and out of place as if he were speaking with a superior whose presence required stiff respect and attention, and not with his buddy, Paul.

I wonder what he will do, Bill thought. He thinks too much. He is always thinking. He would be



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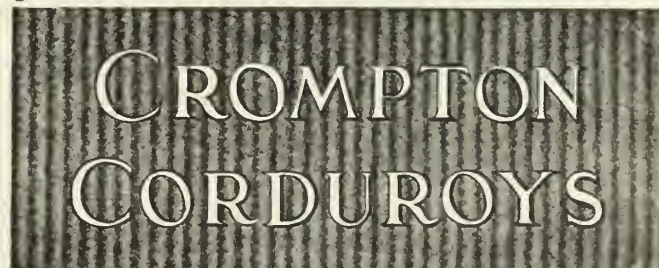
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happier if he just let things happen. The war was hell—it was hell for all of us, but he suffered more than any of us. You would think he was responsible for the whole damn mess the way he mopes around. He said he won't go into his father's business, or any other capitalist concern. I'll be damned if I know why, although he did try to tell me a couple of times. I wonder what he will do.

Thoughts of Paul drifted from his mind. Weary from travel and emotional unrest, he dozed off as he lay stretched out upon the earth. Suddenly he felt the ground tremble beneath him. A deafening roar filled his ears. A searing light blinded his eyes. And all hell broke loose about him.

He dug his fingers deeper into the dirt and buried his face in the mire and filth of no man's land. The nauseating stench of blood and rotting flesh filled his nostrils. He pressed himself ever closer to the earth, ev-

ery muscle and fibre of his body tense and strained. He heard the shriek of a shell. The split second of terrifying silence followed by the roar of a thousand explosions. He felt himself lifted from the ground, his limbs and body pierced by burning shrapnel. Sprayed with dirt and rock and steel, he lay in a heap, gasping and sick. He felt that the end had come, but the war went on about him. Feeling the warm blood oozing across the neck and chest, he rolled over on his back, and clutched his throat in a frenzy of fear. He heard a half human shriek from somewhere near him above the thunder of the cannon, as the slimy entrails of a man were spat-tered across his face. He thought he had died as the incessant roar of the battle grew distant and blackness obscured his vision.

He felt a hand upon his shoulder and heard voices about him, and knew that he still lived. Months between white sheets amongst moaning shat-

tered bodies, with white-clad nurses hurrying to and fro—months packed with physical agony and pain beyond endurance.

And a few fleeting seconds of love in a world of hate—of beauty in a mire of ugliness—of warmth in a drift of piercing chill. Arms and lips that longed and filled a longing. Dry, wide eyes that at last found expression in tears. A heart numbed and chilled found warmth and hope close to his own. Too soon gone—too soon gone.

He was marching side by side with Paul. The night was dark. The guns in the distance. Love behind him. Death before him. And thoughts of Lucy—reproaching, hoping, praying thoughts and thoughts and thoughts. The advance. "Advance!" Marching, weary and marching. Trucks and guns. Daughters of death in a sky that had long since ceased to be beautiful. And hell claimed the earth, the sweet fertile

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earth in all its beauty, and robbed the weak, writhing soul of a man with a gun.

The ground trembled and the heavens were split in blinking brightness. Bill leaped to his feet with a roar in his ears, and a fear that was to visit his heart again. He covered his face with his hands, trembling in the sunlight, with the sweat dripping from his body. His legs shook under him, and he slipped to his knees. He took his hands from his face and looked out across the fields to the edge of the wood.

"It's over," he muttered, "it's gone for good. I'm home. Good God, I'm home! My home! My fields! My land! I am alive! I am a part of all that is living, and . . . and . . . nothing else matters."

He dug his hands into the soil once more. He pressed his body close to the pliant earth and inhaled the sweet vapors that rose from it. Visions of war and the battlefields drifted past as do the clouds following a summer storm. Thoughts of his farm and the pursuits of peace filled his mind. The pungent smell of the fertile earth left the stench of poisoned fields in a hazy background of fading memories. The warmth of the sun penetrated his body, filling him with strength and a surge of physical power. And in-

wardly he rejoiced once more in all the beauty and loveliness that was his.

He fought to his feet as his wife and baby approached him. Lucy's hair shone with a golden luster in the light of the sun. His little girl ran up to him chattering happily. He picked her up in his arms and buried his face in the softness of her neck.

"Daddy, you're tickling me. Dad . . . dy!"

His eyes lit up with delight.

"How she has grown, Lucy! Golly. I'd never have recognized her!"

"She has grown, Bill, and a healthier child you've never seen. Isn't she pretty, Bill?"

"Pretty as a picture. Almost as pretty as her mother."

"Oh, Bill!"

He put his arm about his wife's waist and drew her toward him. He looked from one happy face to the other. In each he detected a trace of shyness. The baby hardly knows me, he thought. Lucy might almost have forgotten me; three years . . . three years.

He took Lucy's hand and they started across the field to the barn.

"She can walk, dear, why don't you put her down?"

"Indeed she can walk, but I'd rather carry her!"

He carried his child across the fields holding his wife's hand loosely in his own. He felt a strange, joyous sense of exaltation. Lines he had read somewhere as a child flashed through his mind: "And I am master of all I survey." He looked down into Lucy's face. She smiled up at him, and pressed his hand ever so lightly. Could she understand? Did she know?

"Lucy, dear."

"Yes, Bill."

"Everything is so . . . so clean and. . ."

"Clean? Our home is always clean, Bill."

"Yes, Lucy, of course. . ."

"Oh, there comes John, Bill, it must be eight. Time we got to work. We'll have to take in the first hay on the north acre this morning. It won't take us long now that you are back, dear. Oh, Bill, I . . . I . . ." Tears sprang to her eyes, and choked with sobs, half crying, half laughing she rested her head on Bill's shoulder. He let the child down and put his arm about her. She understands, he thought, she understands in her own way. We're together again—together on our land.

"No more war," he whispered, "no more! No more! Love and peace, Lucy, darling. Love and peace together!"

Jesus, the sheep-herder

(Continued from page 5)

strained his eyes, he could not see distinctly. He knew, however, that the valley was there, that to the last the Sangre de Cristo range kept morning watch, and that to the north the Crestones stretched their pointed finger through the mist. Some morning, standing in the door of the camp-house at the ranch, he would see them clearly again, feel their strength, their quiet peace. Once he had heard the Señor say, "God lets us forget physical pain. It is good that He does." Some day, then, he would for-

get what was yet to come, as he had forgotten the pain of five years ago when a kicking horse had broken his arm.

His father, chanting and screaming his litany, had gone ahead, but there were still two men standing beside Toni. One was the celador, the man who usually scourged the others to help them in their penance. The other was his cousin, the same who tended the flocks of sheep. They picked up two ropes and motioned him to take the last one. The first touch of it

stung his palm and stuck into his fingers, but he clenched it, closing his eyes as he did so. Suddenly two cactus quirts sang through the air and embedded themselves in his flesh. With horror, he realized that he was to know a triple lashing: his own and that of the other two who walked beside him. The two were chanting now, alternately lashing their bodies and his. He braced himself, gave a quick twist of his wrist, and brought the cactus quirt around his torso with a

hard cut. The thorns bit like a thousand-fanged rattlesnake.

The last climb had begun. For a few minutes, the newness of the pain halted his thinking. He felt the warm blood trickle from the fresh wounds. He was faint, and his stomach gnawed against his ribs. There had been no meat, no drink for a full day. He watched the men ahead of him and heard their cries for mercy. Every year they went through their scourging, begging forgiveness, promising to make amends. Then Toni wanted to cry out against them, for they did the same things over and over again: like Miguel who beat his wife, and Bernardo who was sodden with drink. Suddenly he thought that it was not their devotion to the Cristo that made them beg forgiveness and inflict torture upon themselves. Their frenzy seemed to make them enjoy it. Oh, how could they? He was weak

and faltering. His physical anguish, his wild wish to leave all this behind and be again at the ranch with the Señor, his constant repetition to himself that he must endure this and live soon tore all other thought from him again.

The morning mist seemed to melt. At first only a few drops of rain shocked his heated body, and then the rain beat down like shot. Hot blood and cold rain mingled in the gashes on his body. In some places the blood was clotted in ugly, black stripes. In others, it was flowing freely, too freely. He slipped on the earth which was turning to mud quickly, and he fell with a sharp stone cutting its way into an already raw wound in his chest. The two men beside him jerked him to his feet. One of them lashed the quirt about his head, and a cactus thong stuck in the corner of his left eye.

Then his mind began to whirl into spirals that scarcely left him breath. He was cold and shivering from the wind and rain. The ascent was growing steep and rocky. It was difficult to move, but men *did* live through it and grow hardened to it, as his father had done. The rest were barely noticing him now, for they were too deep in their own rites. He had not opened his mouth to chant the meaningless phrases he had been taught. But suddenly, in the midst of the wailing about him, he found voice to cry out between his swollen lips, "Jesus, tender shepherd—"

He fell to the rocky ground. The men tried to jerk him to his feet again, but his body was limp and weighty. He did not move. They paused a moment, and when they saw that he no longer breathed, they began anew their chanting and self-abasement and continued up the mountain-side.

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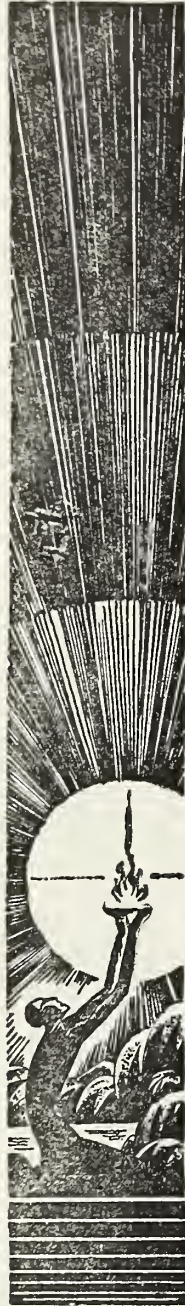
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NIGHT MEDITATION

G. E. HEWETT



Silently the night descended
 Silently the day was ended
 Silently my way I wended
 Through the darkness of the forest
 Deep and restful, where the tree-frogs
 Peep in melancholy chorus
 When the peace of night has fallen

Quietly and softly creeping
 I listened to the lonesome peeping
 Listened long, but Nature, sleeping,
 Sent no other sound of music
 Save the chuckling of the coon
 Save the mourning of the owl
 Beneath the silver of a moon

Hushed whispering of maple leaves
 Rustling gently in the breeze
 Till music rippled through the trees
 Then sang a silent lullaby
 Sang of life, love, fear and death
 As I sat, and sitting listened
 To that secret-telling breath

What monarch of the ancient wood
 Defying life, death, bad and good
 Upon this very spot had stood
 Stricken mortally, and waited
 While the blood ran painfully
 And the breath of life abated
 As he died,—disdainfully?

I whispered question in a prayer
 Whispered into mist and air,
 And felt the answer living there
 Around me on the forest floor
 The answer to the question "Life?"
 The Goddess answered thus, no more;
 "Pain, death, pleasure, love, and strife"
 And left me puzzled as before.

Strange Penury

WILLIAM L. HOLLER

On the mezzanine floor of the Horn & Hardart automat cafeteria at 104th Street, away from the din of clattering dishes, and opposite the wide window which gave me an extended view of Broadway, my favorite street, I got up in the middle of my breakfast of ham and eggs and went down stairs for the usual second cup of coffee.

When I returned to the table with the steaming cup, to my astonishment, I discovered a roll of bread missing, caraway seed and all. On further examination, I found that a fairly large piece of ham was also gone. This was not an altogether agreeable surprise. Could I have eaten this roll and ham unconsciously? Easily. However, I could not convince myself of this for the simple reason that if I had eaten the roll the little seeds from which the Russians make that delightful liqueur they call kummel would have been spread all over my side of the table without fail.

I surveyed the small army of my fellow breakfasters about me in a definitely questioning manner. Either I had subconsciously eaten that ham and roll with the skill and precision of a Park Avenue debutante, leaving no trace of the caraway seed, as only a canary can do, or someone had lifted it; and I had no intention of insulting my own intelligence on this fine morning. Not twenty feet away, seated alone at a table, was an old woman. There, perhaps, was my victim, or rather, the *victim*. On her table was a brown paper bag. She was removing a roll from it. It was an Automat roll. Why else would she be removing an Automat roll from a paper bag? No one else in my vision looked like a person who would steal somebody's breakfast. She was the thief all right, and I, somehow, felt vaguely compensated for my loss, and forgot it. My coffee had ceased

to steam, and I hastily finished the remains of the breakfast.

As I did so, I kept a weathery eye on the old woman. With her dirty stringy gray hair she looked to be about fifty-five years old, which may or may not have been correct. Roughly, she did not look quite like one I would picture as a hag; yet, neither did she look as though she had taken a bath in recent months. How to find what had been the quality of the wine in her life before the filthy dregs was a problem. How then? Could I befriend her? No; decidedly not. Character seldom runs that way; neither does my pocket-book.

I then tried watching her without doing so much worthless thinking. Her clearest feature were her sharp gray eyes. They looked somehow as though they were peering about her in a state of semi-darkness. Out of the bag came more scraps—and, ah, my ham. She looked about her craftily, but, strangely, she did not look in my direction. She did not seem in the least concerned about anyone in front of her. As she ate her face bore a strange expression. There was a sort of fierceness in the way she went about it.

Her sallow skin was plainly dirty, and the dirt seemed to make the deep lines in her face stand out. As she opened her mouth for the next bite, her lips, which looked as thin as tan shoe strings, slid back, revealing the three decayed teeth left in the upper jaw, and two more on the opposite side in the lower jaw that were in the same condition. Although she did not look skinny and starved, the bony sections of her features were prominent. Each side of her narrow and comparatively high forehead seemed to pulsate as her jaw moved up and down. Her nose was somewhat aquiline, yet not Roman; the lower side was sluggish, and the nostrils large.

She had on an old black dress that was worn and faded in spots and shiny in others, which looked more like filth and dirt than the original sheen of the material. And there was a spotted brownish trimming around the collar which might have been white at one time. The further I examined, the more wretched she appeared; so I did not look at her stockings and shoes.

There was distinctly nothing friendly about her face, and for that reason, I suppose, I faintly imagined that the old dame might have been, what we used to call, a lady. She might have come of good family. It was odd that she did not at any time seem conscious of my rude staring. Suddenly a man to the right of her left the table with hat in hand. Her eyes darted around like those of a hawk. She arose swiftly and scooped up the scraps. Her speed was admirable. Now, those mezzanine waitresses are famous for removing one's dishes before one is half aware he has finished. They often pounce upon a table like spirits out of the modernistic frescoes and disappear towards the dumb-waiter before you can get your hat from the rack under your chair. But this old forager had the scraps out of sight before they could comprehend the situation. Once again, I say, it was admirable. It was when she went over to the table and returned that I noticed that she walked with a slight limp. What could have caused that? Had she fallen over something in a dark alley, or was it a permanent injury from childhood?

When she sat down, giving me a side view of her face for the moment, I got the faint impression that she was Jewish. I re-examined the features thoroughly; then I became fully convinced that she was a Jewess—rather stupid of me—but she had not the features of the ordinary

Jew. Then, for the first time, I felt pity for this poor woman. What circumstances could have made this pitiable woman so hopelessly lose sight of the fundamental creed of her people as to reduce her to the depths of stealing ham from a Gentile and eating it? Now I was truly sorry for her, but it was time for me to go.

Several mornings later I discovered her again on the mezzanine floor, and, with interest, I took a chair two tables away from her. She looked the same as a few days before—in the same dress and still dirty. Why did they not discover the nature of her patronage and throw her out? I did not dare ask, as I had no desire to see her removed in this gentle metropolitan manner. And if she were, she would not come back. After I had drunk my coffee and eaten some, I descended for the second cup; only I crossed the main floor and climbed the opposite stairway to the mezzanine and watched her from behind the drinking fountain stanchion. She did not move. The open brown bag was beside her on the table. Was she not hungry to-day? I waited longer; still she did not stir, or look around. Was she getting particular? Then I stood on tiptoe and looked over on my table. One roll and a small piece of liver were missing. God, what swiftness! I went below and got the coffee and a lettuce-tomato-and-egg sandwich and returned.

She showed not the slightest sign of guilt. She still stared at me with those sharp gray eyes as though she were peering into semi-darkness. I missed nothing from my plate, and finished what remained, but did not eat the sandwich. Then I lit my after-meal cigarette, and puffed away enjoyably. I could not find a scrap of paper in my pockets; therefore, on finding a friend's card, I penciled over the name and scribbled on the back of the card: "Dear Madam: Try some vegetables for a change. Could I help you in any manner?" I found a fairly clean toothpick in the bunch I carry for the purpose of cleaning my fingernails when bored,

and pinned the card to the sandwich. After behaving so romantically, I left.

A week passed, but I saw nothing of her. I was disappointed. Another week passed, and I practically forgot her. As I came out of the subway exit at 103rd Street and Broadway one afternoon, I happened to catch sight of the Jewish forager on the sidewalk in the middle of the block, walking towards 104th Street. I followed slowly. She still had her limp, and the filthy black dress. She passed the Automat but did not look in. She turned at 104th Street and limped east. Staying half a block behind her, I followed her across Amsterdam Avenue and continued towards Columbus. I crossed to the opposite side of 104th to be sure and see what number she turned into, if any. A quarter of a block from the intersection, she turned and disappeared down the basement stairway of the building in 117 West 104th. I recrossed. I was determined on doing something, although I did not know what to do.

I descended the stairway, went into the basement hallway, and knocked on the first door I came to. There was a rustle and a step; then the door swung open. It was the old forager. She looked at me with those cold sharp gray eyes. There was not even a question in them; she made no sign that she had ever seen me before. "Yes?" she asked. Her voice was old and coarse. It sounded as though it had lived in a damp cellar all its life. While asking her which was the janitor's door, I looked past her into the room, making an effort to photograph everything mentally in one quick glance. She pointed to the next door. She still stood there, watching me distrustfully. I knocked, and she closed her door.

In her room, I had seen nothing but a lot of cast-off junk. It was not a real room, being boarded up on one side and partitioned off on the other by scraps of old beaver-boarding. In one corner were several pieces of dirty quilting—the kind used for packing furniture in trucks—on the

springs of a rusty, broken-down iron bed. Near the bed on that side was a heap of worthless articles, cardboard boxes, old shoes, and household trinkets. A broken armchair and a dilapidated old sofa were on the other side of the room. Derelicts all, all evidence of abject penury.

A negress came to the door. The janitor was out, but she was his wife. So? "Ahhh—" I began, "do you know if there is a woman living in the building by the name of Mrs. Rose Hurley?" I asked, using the first name that popped into my head. She was positive there was not. I told her that the last time I had heard from Mrs. Hurley was three years ago, and that I was very anxious to get in touch with her, as her father had died recently. "Well," she said, "I wouldn't know for sure where she moved to. We ain't been here no more than two years and a half." I leaned closer and spoke in an undertone: "She may be sick. She may be living under an assumed name. Who is the woman living in the next room?"

"That sounds like her all right, but that's Miss Stein."

"How long has she been here?"

"Oh, almost two years."

"Has she any children?"

"No, sir, she ain't got nothing."

"How did she come here?" I asked, hoping to find out everything she could tell me. The negress went on to relate that her husband found the woman sleeping in the hallway of the basement and out of compassion offered her the partitioned-off section of the cellar. He befriended her frequently. She had no money and made no effort to get any of the ordinary comforts of life. He gave her the old clothing that was thrown out in the trash. At her request, he gave her the left-overs from their dinner table quite often. Finally, in an effort to get rid of her, he demanded seven dollars a month as rent for the so-called room. To her surprise, she paid it, and had been doing so ever since. Whether she had got the money by begging, or by other means,

they could not determine. All she knew was that Miss Stein came around with seven much-crumpled one-dollar bills on the first of every month.

"Isn't she Jewish?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," she answered, "I *think* she is."

"Then she couldn't be the woman I am looking for. Mrs. Hurley is Irish." With that I thanked her and walked out.

As I passed the old forager's door, it opened, and she stood there giving me one of her expressionless stares. Feeling conscience-stricken by this time, I tipped my hat and bowed to her as if I had never seen her before, either, and walked out, feeling those cold gray eyes on my still chillier spine.

I did not see her at the Automat the next week, nor the next, nor during the week after that. She must have changed her foraging hours. On my way home about two o'clock in the afternoon of August 2nd, I stopped in the Automat for lunch. I cast my eye about the mezzanine for the old forager. She was not there. My search was interrupted by a middle-aged man who crossed the floor and took a place three tables from me. I got the immediate impression that he was very nervous. He kept looking about as though he were looking for someone whom he did not want to meet. On his tray was only a cup of coffee.

When he sat down, he thrust his hand in his pocket and brought out a small package. It contained a white roll and a cinnamon bun. He scrutinized the mezzanine nervously; and when he saw me watching him, he turned and looked at me twice to be sure he didn't know me. It was too late to look away, staring as I was, so I pulled out a cigarette and lit it. After all, I had no business looking at him; he was only one of many who bring their lunches in the Automat with them and purchase nothing but a cup of coffee.

With a hiding-ostrich feeling, I literally puffed up a smoke screen and

continued watching him through the haze. His hand shook and the coffee sloshed over into the saucer as he picked it up. The man took several gulps of it, ate half of the roll, and followed this with several more gulps. Suddenly he got up, looked around the room, and walked past me. His face was pale. He looked sick. I looked back at the half roll and cinnamon bun, thinking of Miss Stein. As he began to descend the stairway, who but the old forager brusher past him coming up! I resumed smoking.

Her staring eyes surveyed the mezzanine and came to a stop on the man's table, and she made for it swiftly. Coming towards the table from the other direction was a waitress. It was difficult for me to suppress a chuckle. Miss Stein reached the table, put the bread in her bag, and came back to the table next to me before the waitress could guess what it was all about. The forager took the half roll from her bag, looked at the contents for a moment, and ate it.

Wondering what the man would do when he found that someone had taken his lunch, I looked uneasily at the stairway behind me. Miss Stein tore off a piece of the cinnamon bun and began eating it. She stopped eating. For once she stopped staring; the sharpness in her eyes faded into dullness. Her chin suddenly dropped down to her breast, and she swayed forward and crumpled up on the floor. A faint grin worked itself into her features and out again. I went downstairs to get the manager.

The cashier told me that there had been an accident in the basement and that the manager could be found there. An ambulance came to a halt outside. The white-clad interne bounced in breezily and followed me downstairs. The manager was bent over a man lying supine on the floor. The ambulance surgeon pushed me aside and began examining the prostrate figure with a stethoscope as I informed the manager of the forager's plight.

"The man is dead," announced the doctor. On closer examination I discovered that he was the man I had been watching on the mezzanine. I told the interne quickly how I had seen the man eat half a roll and get up looking ill, and how I had seen the forager eat the other half of the roll and fall on the floor in a faint. The interne grabbed up his little black bag and started for the mezzanine. A policeman came in and joined us as we crossed the main lobby.

Miss Stein was still lying on the floor. One of the waitresses had sprinkled water on her face and was in the act of trying to force some water into her mouth when the doctor pushed her aside none too gently, telling her never to do such a thing unless she knew what she was about. He examined the forager with the stethoscope and sent the policeman down for the stretcher. She was alive, but her pulse was very low.

The manager did a lot of talking but said practically nothing—all to the effect that it could not have been the Automat food. When the policeman returned with the stretcher, he spent the next minute getting the crowd out of the way while the interne and I transferred the pitiable form to the stretcher. As the patrolman walked ahead, elbowing people out of the way, we carried her downstairs and out to the ambulance. On the curb the officer and the interne pulled out their little notebooks and commenced the red-tape by firing questions. I told them that I had never seen the man before, but knew Miss Stein and where she lived quite by accident; other than that, I knew nothing. The interne saw that there was no more information at hand, closed the notebook, and examined her heart again. She was dead. He reproduced the little notebook.

I went back to the mezzanine with a cup of coffee. As I sipped it meditatively, I gazed at the spot where Miss Stein had lain on the floor. Fate had let the old forager beat the waitresses to the remains of the poisoned

(Continued on page 27)

Love Sits For a Portrait

RUBY FOGEL

It was a great day for Ashley Park when Lois Leghorne returned from New York. The town was a little breathless with the arrival of its only celebrity, its only claim to distinction. They looked with unfeigned wonder upon this poised and brilliant person. The *savoir faire* which Lois had developed (or assumed) in little more than a year bewildered them.

They remembered Lois simply as a pretty girl. They remembered her as a child carrying a grimy portfolio to art classes. And they remembered that her symmetries were never quite symmetrical.

Lois, too, was a little breathless about her return. As she stepped off the train's threshold at the railroad station, she knew there had been no thrill which exactly equalled this—not the winning of an international art award nor the loud acclaim that famous critics had given her work.

And yet there was something about their greeting which she regretted. Something about the humble manner in which they greeted her made her scorn them. They had become too painfully conscious of her—too anxious to please.

The first night at home there had been distinguished callers, reporters, old friends. The second night there were distinguished callers and old friends. The third night there were old friends. The fourth night there was Don.

Strange that she had forgotten him during the crowded events of the past year. Strange that she had remembered how handsome he was, how devoted he had once been to her.

As he sat there at the opposite end of the old-fashioned sofa, Lois looked at him intently. With faint wonder in her heart, she also remembered she had loved him once—what she called love, anyway. She wondered if she really knew the meaning of the word. Theoretically, perhaps, she did.



She knew that subconsciously she had dreaded seeing him alone again. She had always looked upon him as the epitome of desirability. She decided that all girls knew some man who seemed to them that strange epitome.

Always she had been "little girl" to him . . . but now she knew he was aware of her maturity, of her ability, her poise. As she looked at him from her maturer eyes beneath carefully groomed eyebrows, she was certain.

She answered his questions, made mechanical observations upon topics about which he spoke . . . and yet, she was not thinking of their con-

versation. She was remembering. No. Scarcely remembering anything which was so vivid in her mind. . . .

It seemed incredible now that he had once put his arms around her and told her that she was beautiful, and had carefully planted several mock-passionate kisses upon her young lips. She had lived for him after that. She had been morbidly self-conscious in his presence, wary of her actions, her speech.

He rose suddenly from the couch and toyed with the radio dial. "Lovely scherzo they're playing," he said carefully.

"Yes," she said. He would have preferred George Olsen last year, she

considered. She lay her head back upon the stuffed sofa, pretending to be listening to the music.

So easily she could remember the night she had been seventeen. At that time she had loved him for a whole year.

And now these violins recalled a mood—a mood so gay and carefree, capricious and daring—that she marveled that such a mood had once been hers. She remembered how reckless they had been—how low the stars had hung against the sky—how dark the moon had been (when they had looked at it)—how hard his teeth seemed when he kissed her. What a mad night it had been. He had whispered against her mouth that he loved her.

She remembered also having slapped him that night. It seemed even now she could feel the swift sting of her hand upon his cheek, and the swift sting in her heart for having been so yielding, and then so suddenly sane—and cold.

Now he was listening intently to the scherzo. Perhaps he was wondering what she was thinking. She wondered too if he remembered.

That slap had hurt him. He had become sneering and derisive. Against the low-hung stars he had snarled, "That's right . . . go ahead and save yourself for your husband."

She wished he might have realized that because her love for him had been exultant and ecstatic, she had wished to keep it always exactly so. She had wanted to crystallize the mood of that night at the point where it seemed most beautiful to her. Later she realized that emotions do not crystallize.

The strange emotions expressed on her canvasses were different. They were static at whatever point she desired. That seemed enough for her.

The psychologists, perhaps, would have called it a sublimation of instinct. Lois read a great deal, and drew beautiful sketches of calm fields—and clouds, pregnant with storm.

The scherzo stopped. Don was speaking again. She had always

admired his suave intelligence, his nonchalant way of impressing people with his clever mind. But now it seemed that she had lost her awe of him.

"That picture of yours," he said, "the one with the well and vines . . . it really had a poignant atmosphere about it. Quite clever."

"Thank you," she said, wondering that she felt so pleased because he liked it. She had only shrugged at the praise of worthy critics.

The Glutton

The night is heavy and black,
It creeps thickly over the earth,
It is filled with smooth and vile
smells.

Tall buildings are eaten up by the
glutton,

Horizons become miscellaneous
and forgotten.

But—far above I see a field of
blue sky

In which a thousand suns are
hurling

Their unknown yet chartered ways
—Could I breathe easier up there?

The night is heavy and black,
It creeps thickly over the earth.

—By DOROTHY STICHT.

"It's really wonderful," he said. Then thoughtfully, "I expect you to go far."

Usually she disliked anyone's expecting things of her. If she accomplished them they felt smugly satisfied that their predictions had been correct—and if she did not, they were only disappointed.

Don sat there at the end of the couch, obviously enjoying talking to her and merely being in her presence. And she sat there talking back to him, letting her words flow automatically when he ceased.

"Lois," he said, "we have grown up." He said it with the air of a judge passing sentence.

"But we are both very young," she hastened to remind him. "We are——"

"I mean," he explained, "isn't it strange that I should be attracted to you now? . . . not because you are young and lovely . . . but because you are intellectual, and I enjoy sitting here and talking to you."

From the opposite end of the couch it was safe for him to say that, she considered.

Suddenly she realized she resented his saying that at all. All right for New York to resound with news of her brilliance, all right for the critics to laud her ability—but never him. She had not first attracted him with her mind; she had attracted him with her large green eyes and soft curving lips.

"It's late," she said eventually. "You'd better go."

He murmured something and rose from the sofa. He was big and attractive. Her head whirled with remembering, with reminiscence, with low-hung stars on a long hot night. . . .

She rose also. She wished suddenly to throw herself into his arms, to feel his lips hard against her own, her body quickening with the excitement of his nearness.

She said good-night instead. Calmly and without emotion. She shut the door behind him.

Laboriously she walked up the stairs to her room. He had offered her his love once, and she had refused it, and she had told him about art and canvas and paint and ambition.

A darkened moon shone through the window, full on a canvas left lying on the desk. She did not turn on the light. She took the canvas to the window and gazed at it intently. It was so real—it had so cleverly captivated the mood it personified. An old well, around which dark vines grew—and overhead clouds, pregnant with storm.

She understood then. From those clouds, rain would never pour. Those vines would never bear fruit.

All Right Again

CECIL PEEK



Going up?

Characters:

HENRY MARTIN, a business man
DOROTHY MARTIN, his wife
AN ELEVATOR BOY

SCENE. *The interior of an elevator in a large office building. As elevators sometimes do, this particular one has become stalled between floors.*

Just before the curtain rises there is a muffled sound as of a high voltage short circuit. When the curtain is rung up, John Martin, a middle-aged business man, is leaning insecurely against the wall, left, and his pretty wife, Dorothy Martin, is sitting indecorously in the middle of the floor. The elevator boy, having the support of the controls, is in an up-right position. The elevator gate is at the stage right; the controls, down-stage, right. Mrs. Martin speaks first.

DOROTHY: Heavens! What was that?

ELEVATOR BOY (*cooly*): Don't know, ma'am. Guess it's that motor again.

DOROTHY: What motor?

ELEVATOR BOY: The elevator motor.

DOROTHY: Where are we?

ELEVATOR BOY: Between the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth floors.

HENRY (*as if he was glad of it*): And you can't start it?

ELEVATOR BOY: No, sir.

DOROTHY: Is there any chance of crawling out?

ELEVATOR BOY: No, ma'am. Not a chance.

DOROTHY (*to no one in particular—she seems to be almost in tears from vexation*): Of all times, why would it be now?

(*She starts to get up.*)

HENRY (*solicitously*): Dorothy, my dear, let me help you. (*He comes over toward her.*)

DOROTHY (*curtly*): I can manage very well alone, Henry.

HENRY: But, darling—

(*Henry stretches out his arms to her.*)

DOROTHY (*sharply*): I'll thank you to keep your hands to yourself, Henry Martin.

(*Henry falls back, and Dorothy slowly gets up.*) (To elevator boy): How long will this stupid machine be out of order?

ELEVATOR BOY: I can't say, ma'am.

DOROTHY: Can't say?

ELEVATOR BOY: No'm.

DOROTHY: Haven't you some idea of how long it will take you?

ELEVATOR BOY (*slowly*): Well, last time it was working again in about a half an hour.

DOROTHY (*distressed*): Good Lord!

HENRY (*pleased*): Thank God!

DOROTHY (*glaring at Henry*): You are glad!

HENRY: Yes, I am.

DOROTHY: You brute!

HENRY: Now, my dear, I will have the opportunity to explain.

DOROTHY: Stop! Not another word.

(*She turns to elevator boy, who has been looking on*): Well, aren't you going to do something?

ELEVATOR BOY: No, ma'am—that is, there ain't nothing to do.

DOROTHY: Nothing to do!

ELEVATOR BOY: Y'see, I've done all I can.

DOROTHY (*surprised*): All you can?

ELEVATOR BOY: Yes'm.

DOROTHY: What have you done?

ELEVATOR BOY: Why, I punched this emergency button.

DOROTHY: What does that do?

ELEVATOR BOY: It lets the house electrician know the elevator is out of order.

DOROTHY: And he'll fix it?

ELEVATOR BOY: Yes'm.

DOROTHY (*after a pause*): Well, how are we to know when it's ready?

ELEVATOR BOY: Oh, after a while the electrician will flash this little white light.

DOROTHY: Where?

ELEVATOR BOY (*showing her*): Here.

DOROTHY: And that will mean?

ELEVATOR BOY (*promptly*): That will mean everything's all right again. (*Pause.*)

HENRY (*clearing his throat as if for a long speech*): And now, my dear, since we are forced to remain here for some time—

DOROTHY: Henry, I told you never to speak to me again.

HENRY: But, dearest—

DOROTHY: If you hadn't followed me into this elevator, I'd have been rid of you now.

HENRY: I just wanted—

DOROTHY: Wanted what?

HENRY: Wanted to explain.

DOROTHY (*icily*): I don't think there can be any explanation at all.

HENRY (*smugly*): Well, anyway we'll be here together for a half an hour—

DOROTHY: Wretch!

HENRY —and you'll have to listen to me now whether you like it or not.

DOROTHY (*breaking into tears*): I won't! I won't! I won't! I won't!

HENRY (*changing his tactics—in a self-pitying tone*): What have I done to deserve this?

DOROTHY (*flying into a rage*): What have you done?

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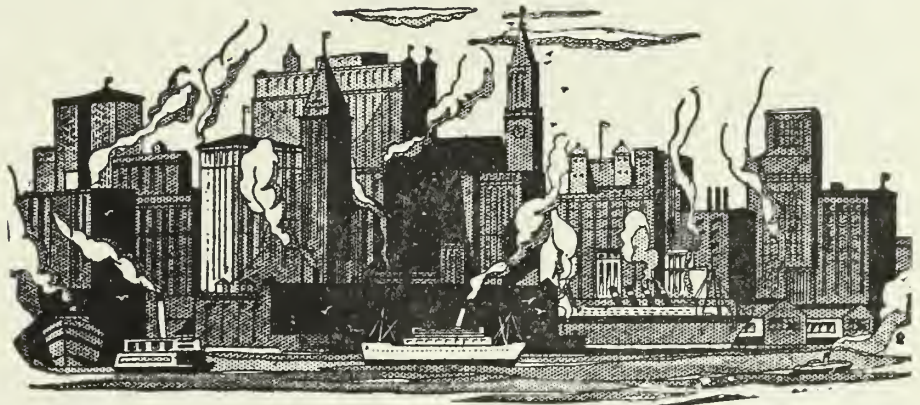
Art and the Author

NANCY HUDSON

I'm a good writer, and I got a certificate to prove it, too. If you haven't ever heard of me, just read this story—you'll see. I went to Glade Valley High School for four years and then I began looking around. "Ben," I said to myself, "Glade Valley is all right for a bunch of farmers, but it is no place for a person with your abilities. Why, you've got ambition, you wanna get somewhere; you better go to New York where you'll be appreciated."

(I was wrong about that; but then, it is ever the lot of genius to be misunderstood!) Well, I noticed a correspondence course for writers offered in a magazine advertisement, and I saw that that was just the thing for me. "Do you feel a secret urge to create?" read the ad. "Do you long to express the soul-filling emotions that swarm inside you? Do you seethe within your breast with turbulent passions you cannot express? Would you like to be a master of English in five easy lessons? If so, address the Chicago College for Development of Authors, 1149 Penn St., Chicago, Ill. Price, \$2.00 a lesson." The more I studied this ad, the more I realized that it fitted my case exactly. In fact, it was practically written for me, although I had never realized it before.

"A secret urge to create"—that's what I had had all the time, and didn't know it. Yes sir, I must have been wanting to write all my life. Take that time my family used to tell about when I was a baby: I was playing ball like any normal kid, when I saw a pencil lying over on the floor. Say, I dropped that ball and grabbed the pencil and wrote all over the lower part of the wall. Of course, it didn't make much sense, the writing didn't—I was just about two and a half—but the idea is that there I was, even at that age, burning with suppressed desires to create, to set down my soul-filling emotions. That's



the way all great writers are—take Shakespeare, Sinclair Lewis, Milton, Poe, Eddie Guest—birds like that, they all felt that way; they wanted to write all their lives too. All great artists do; they're born to it, see? It's something born in you, and you can't get rid of it. That's how it was with me; here I must have been suffering all my life from the seethings of turbulent passions within my chest, and being perverted by fate. But fortunately at last I had found myself—I took the correspondence course. That's how I got the certificate to prove I'm a good writer. They gave me a certificate with a seal on it. It said I was now well prepared to go into any form of writing, and that I was very talented and had much personality and strength in my works, and would I be so kind as to recommend the Chicago College for Development of Authors to my friends? You bet I recommended it—a college that could recognize real ability like that must sure be above the ordinary run of colleges. After I finished with the College I saw I had outgrown Glade Valley, so I set out for New York. (This was again a mistake, as it turned out. New York was not what I expected of it; but then, in this vale of tears, one must always be disillusioned, especially if one is deeply sensitive, such as I am.) Well, as I have already intimated, I was deeply disappointed in New York.

It just wasn't up to me, that was all. (But now I am really going somewhere where they will realize that I have talents that will benefit humanity.) Anyhow, my disillusionment about New York (I'm glad I found out the truth before too late) came about in this way:

I had been in the big city about a couple of months. I had bought me a typewriter and rented a garret, and then I had bought a lot of smocks and shirts with big flaring collars open at the neck—that's the way artists work, see? Atmosphere. During that time I had written two mystery stories modeled after Van Dine only with more plot, more drama to them, a story about my impressions of New York, and a kind of autobiographical story about a small town man who comes to a big city—impressions and all that—psychological, they call it. Aside from that, I was beginning to think about my book; it was time I was starting to work on it. I was going to write a book that would revolutionize humanity. I was going to lead the people out of the depression. It would take a long time, and it wouldn't be easy, I knew—I had read all about what a tough time Noel Coward and Benjamin Franklin, and Homer had. However, I was prepared; I would fight until my dying breath to help my people. It was hard; but I stuck to it. Incredible as it seems, during those two months,

I did not sell a single story. Most of the magazines I sent to, though, sent me back little slips saying that they couldn't take the story, but to please feel free to send them any future material I had, and they would be glad to inspect it. That encouraged me, because I know how busy these magazine men are; and I thought that if they really wanted me to send them more material—and they asked for it—then they must think me pretty good. At the end of that two months—that was last week—I was getting tired of not taking in any money. Getting discouraged, too, but I said to myself, "Never mind, Ben, old sock, you just go right on and work on your book. That's gonna panic 'em." Great men always say things like that in time of crisis; we can take it.

Well, I decided about the first thing to do on my book was to get color—studying characters, that's what I needed to be doing. I ought to go out and mix with the common herd, be one of them, and learn to know them like brothers. I ought to get their confidences, and trace down their stories. That's the way great writers do—take O. O. McIntyre; where would he be if he didn't spend a good deal of his time just slumming around and watching the human race? So I got me some magazines and read lots of stories about men that sought their material in the gutters, in order to get kind of an idea what to expect. Then I put on an old suit—for disguise, see?—and went to the tougher part of town. The first place I went to was Mike's clip joint. I stood there in the doorway, looking over the company to see if there were any possible material lounging around. "Well, if it isn't bouncing Benny," shouted a crooked friend from across the room, "Old Benny Leveret! C'mon over, Benny, and join in the fun!" I nodded curtly and stalked out. I was in pursuit of my art. . . .

The next place I went to was a pretty fashionable night club. I hoped to find a mysterious head-

waiter there who would turn out to be a Russian prince in disguise, or something like that. I wasn't disappointed; the headwaiter was very mysterious. (I have since noted that they are always mysterious.) I signaled him to come over. "My good man," I said benevolently, "sit down and have a drink on me."

"Sorry, sir, but we aren't allowed to drink with the clientele," he answered in a crisp voice. I was perplexed. I had never come across anything like that in my reading. In such unexpected crises as this, great men are always on the alert. I kept calm, mustered up my ingenuity, and said, inspired by a brilliant inspiration, "Then oblige me to talk to me a moment standing." He was perfectly obliging and stood there, looking politely surprised. This was indeed annoying. In some way, I had expected him to vouchsafe his history of his own accord, such as sobbing over a gin bottle, "You would never know it to look at me now, but there's a little gray-haired mother waiting for me out in—," or, "Sir, I want to tell you how much I appreciate this kindness you have shown me. You cannot know what it means in my lonely life. Never have I known a kind word from human lips since—"; at any rate, I did not expect him to be perfectly silent and leave it all up to me. After all, it was his story we were getting at, not mine. I supposed I had better say something, though, so, with a strong inclination to shout, "One gin-rickey and the bill, please, *and* my hat," I jerked out, "Where were you born?"—"Harrisburg, Virginia, sir." You can imagine my disappointment. (Another illusion gone. Ah, illusions, sweet illusions! Whither so fleeting in this little world of ours!) Nevertheless, I tried again, "Tell me about yourself, waiter. Go ahead, just tell me about yourself."

"Very good, sir. I was educated at the Harrisburg grammar school and the business college night school, and then obtained a small position at the Greenway delivery station. As it

proved, this was merely temporary. Following it I came to New York to make my way and procured a position in this place. In 1927 I was raised to headwaiter. Is that all, sir?"

"Y-yes," I said weakly. I wandered out of the place feeling a little indignant at the waiter. What right did he have being a plain waiter from Harrisburg, Virginia when the headwaiters that all of the other writers had questioned had obviously been fallen gentlemen of mystery?

After this experience, I decided that what I needed was probably the study of the lowest class, so I went to Jim's hot dog joint. Sure enough, there in the corner was just what I was looking for—a beefy looking thug of the lowest order. From his face alone I could see that he had been through terrific gun battles and fistic encounters, and as for his body fistic encounters, and as for his body—it was colossal! Quickly I figured out a strategem to use on him. I wouldn't let him know who I was, because he mightn't be so willing to divulge his gangland history to a stranger. With the versatility, therefore, of a true artist, I decided on my attack and approached his table. I swaggered up to it, my hat pulled down over my eyes, as I was pretending to be a gangster too. (That was part of my strategem.)

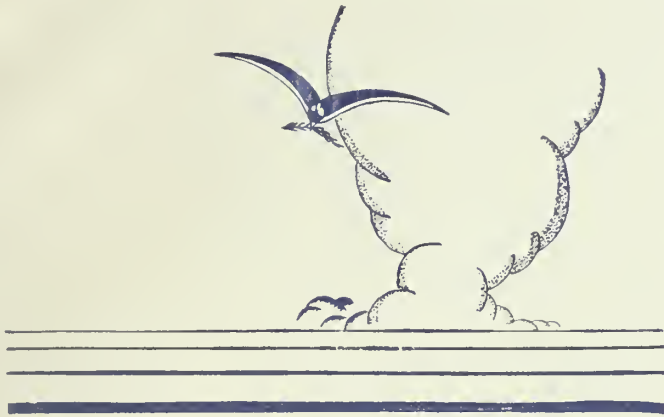
"How 'bout a drink, Buddy?" I snarled out of the corner of my mouth. "On me." I added hastily as I saw his face assume an expression of outraged indignation. The indignation faded to suspicion.

"What does a nice little boy like you want with a guy like me?" he asked sarcastic like, narrowing his eyes.

I was a little offended, as I have always prided myself on my acting, having once taken the lead in *Preston's Predicament* at our high school. However, I did not show my hurt any. "Naw, Buddy," said I, "you got me wrong, see? I'm one of you."

"You are, huh?" said the thug, looking surprised.

(Continued on page 18)



TO
A
BIRD
AT
EVENING

Ah to sleep, to sleep—for the evening light
Is deepening now into somber night
When earth's daylight creatures are abed.
And it's only the clouds are stirring overhead—
No friend of yours, in solitary flight,
To make you soar and seek him thus, despite
The growing slumber that everywhere
Creeps to distill and fill the moist night air.
Oh come down, come down, you lovely flying one,
Soaring so madly against the dying sun!
For night is meant for rest to such as we—
Not for this solitary ecstasy.
Come down—and you and I, like all the others
Shall fold our wings and lie as brothers
With quiet stars and moonlight at our head,
And to our breast the earth, our great, good bed.

—NANCY HUDSON.

We Nominate for Infamy Hall

Professors who give pop quizzes, because they betray a weakness in their own character, because they have been outmoded, because they are unfair, because it makes no difference to them, because it is a sneaking way to find out if "little boy has studied his lesson."

Student "leaders" who are overcome with their own importance, because they really believe it, because they appear foolish in trying to impress others, because after three years of careless dressing they suddenly change and wear coats self-consciously, because they think people are looking at them, because people aren't.

Students who take courses in abstract thinking, because they have no interest in it beyond semester hours and quality points, because they sleep in class, because when they are awake they ask questions which they read verbatim from the book, because they think they are clever when they do it, because they don't understand, because we don't ourselves.

The "food" in the Union, because for ninety cents a day the students deserve better, because if they went elsewhere they could get it, because some meals are fairly good and others are horrible, because you can't have another piece of meat ("Oh my, no!"), because there has been no improvement in four years, because something ought to be done about it.

School politics, because for the most part the wrong men are elected, because it is absurd to load an incapable man with five, six, or seven offices, because political leaders are very often prejudiced, because "politics" and "combines" in college are the products of egotism, because the whole thing is stupid.

I'm no dirt farmer
but I was brought up on a
tobacco farm and I know
mild ripe tobacco . . .
have a Chesterfield

*Down where tobacco
is grown folks say . . .*

"It's no wonder that so many people
smoke Chesterfield cigarettes.

"To begin with they buy mild ripe
tobacco . . . and then they age it.

"It costs a lot of money . . . but
it's the one way to make a milder, bet-
ter-tasting cigarette."



Hurrying, stumbling feet on their many ways
 Pass me unseen, tinkling my cup for a coin,
 On shuffling, running, leathered feet my gaze
 May fall— but never higher than the groin.

REQUISITION

Bustling, trousered legs and fluttering skirts,
 High heels, low heels, tramping the pavements of life:
 Lovers, paupers, thinkers, and loitering flirts—
 The march of time and people in endless strife!

For there is no harmony in clicking heels,
 Only a violent struggle of mortal fear.
 Each heart above a stumbling foot but feels
 The presence of death, ever impending and near.

Why hurry, oh mortal slaves, where can you hide?
 None can elude the groping fingers of fate.
 Shoving and pushing you rush in frenzied tide,
 And crippled I, placidly sit and wait.

SHELDON

But the cannons distant roar may reach me still,
 As I gaze steadfast at the maze of crossing legs;
 My body trembles without strength or will,
 And I pity the soldier boy who sits and begs

ROBERT

HARTE

When I behold mere children in a mob
 Lined along the curb three deep to see
 Soldiers with guns and cymbals and drums that throb
 And chant in military ecstasy!

And bitterness fills my heart—What was it for,
 This Hell on earth, this hatred bred in blood?
 “Enlist!” they cried. “A war to end all war!”
 Great Christ, return my legs splintered in mud!!

I gave my strength, I gave my life for peace.
 Do you so easily forget? Just live—
 Let others live—these war-like gestures cease—
 There's one whom you destroyed, would yet forgive!

I tinkle my cup from morn 'til night.
 I watch the shadows creep across the street.
 Resigned and at peace, I linger 'til the light
 Of another day recedes with the traveling feet.

All Right Again

(Continued from page 10)

HENRY (*meekly*): Yes.

DOROTHY (*furiously*): As if keeping that low woman wasn't enough!

HENRY (*hurt*): Dorothy!

DOROTHY: And sneaking off here to meet her.

HENRY: That's not true.

DOROTHY: Oh, yes it is.

HENRY: No, it isn't.

DOROTHY: Don't be a hypocrite.

HENRY: I deny it all.

DOROTHY (*confidently*): Well, I have proof enough—plenty for any jury.

HENRY (*now genuinely alarmed*): No, you can't have!

DOROTHY: Yes, I have; and I'll ask for lots of alimony too, just for spite.

HENRY (*mention of alimony distressing him more than anything that has been said before*): Oh, Dorothy! I can't—just can't afford—

DOROTHY: Yes, you can, and will. (*In fine sarcasm*): I see now why you wanted that private room back of your office for "resting."

HENRY: You know very well that the doctor ordered rest and relaxation.

DOROTHY (*slyly*): And recreation?

HENRY (*pompously—he does not appreciate the last remark*): Your insinuations are as odious as they are untrue. I am entirely innocent.

DOROTHY: Then why did she sneak out of the side door into the hall, instead of going through the front offices where the secretaries are?

HENRY: Darling, let me tell you that—

DOROTHY: Oh, don't deny it. I saw her back out of that door as I was stepping out of the elevator next to this one. That was just before I came in the office.

HENRY: You see—

DOROTHY: It was that door into the hall that you said you didn't have the key for. The one that was never used by anyone.

HENRY: It never is.

DOROTHY: Except on special occasions.

HENRY: Never.

DOROTHY: No?

HENRY: No.

DOROTHY: Well, why—

HENRY: My dear, as I tried to tell you when you came in the office, but wouldn't let me—you just came in and said you were leaving me, and that without even giving me a chance to explain, (*raising his voice*) without even letting me—

DOROTHY (*interrupting him—he is starting off on one of his long-winded talks*): Come on, come on. Why did you have her use the side door if you weren't ashamed of meeting her?

HENRY: As I was trying to say, I didn't even know she was coming.

DOROTHY (*seizing this as an admission of the truth of her charges*): So! You don't usually see her at this time of day, eh? But you do know her. (*Exaltingly*). Now at last I've trapped you. You admit it yourself.

HENRY (*realizing his mistake*): No, No! I don't admit anything of the kind. You are drawing false inferences from simple mistakes.

DOROTHY (*triumphantly*): Yes you did admit it.

HENRY: I did not! Listen to me. I was there in the back room sleeping when suddenly I—

DOROTHY: I'll not listen to a word you say.

HENRY: Give me a chance.

DOROTHY: I did.

HENRY: It wasn't a fair one.

DOROTHY: I've talked too much with you already.

HENRY: It's only fair that you—

DOROTHY: I said I wouldn't speak to you again, and I mean it.

HENRY: You are jumping to—

DOROTHY: If this were the first time, it wouldn't be so bad.

HENRY: It is the first time—I mean it *isn't* the first time. (*After reflecting*). And there *hasn't* been a first

time. (*Angrily*) Will you stop putting words in my mouth?

DOROTHY: I'm not putting words in your mouth.

HENRY: You are!

DOROTHY: No. You're just telling the truth before you have time to think up lies.

HENRY: I resent that.

DOROTHY: I don't care.

HENRY (*angrily*): *Look here.* We've just been wasting time. I'm going to tell you everything I know about the whole affair, and you're going to listen while I tell it.

DOROTHY: I won't

HENRY: You will.

DOROTHY: No.

HENRY: You'll have to. We're both here together—can't get away—and I'm going to talk.

DOROTHY: No, no, no!

HENRY: Yes, I am. (*Beginning again*) I was in the back room sleeping when—

DOROTHY: Stop! I'll scream. I won't listen. (*Raising her voice to a high pitch*) I'll scream! I'll scream! I'll scream!

(*Henry stops trying to talk, Dorothy stops screaming, and there is a short pause, then*

HENRY: All right darling: you win. (*Pause*) Will you answer me one thing?

DOROTHY: No.

HENRY: Would you believe a third, an entirely disinterested party if he were to tell you the whole story?

DOROTHY: Who?

HENRY: Would you?

DOROTHY: Who is it?

HENRY: One who saw it all, and has no interest in the matter either way.

DOROTHY: Well,— (*Pause—then doubtfully*) I might.

HENRY: All right. He's here with us.

DOROTHY: (*Puzzled*): Here with us?

HENRY: Behind you.

(Continued on page 21)

Art and the Author

(Continued from page 12)

"Yeah. I'm working right with you."

"You are, huh?"

"Sure. Have a little drink now?" Seeing that I had somewhat mollified (as they teach us to say back in the good old correspondence school. Ah, I have departed from its portals forever! Alas, never will I enter its hallowed halls again!) having, as I just remarked, mollified the gent, I sat down. I ordered two beers (which, as it turned out later, was, on top of the gin-rickeys, another mistake) and we drank. The thug softened up enough at this to ask, "What you mean, working along with me, huh?"

I felt a little at a loss as to what exactly I did mean, so I said, with clever camouflage, "Well, I just am, that's all."

"What job you on, huh?"

"Oh," I said easily, "I'm working on the Fordice place. Ought to be a pretty neat haul."

"Yeah. Huh. Nice place."

I felt I ought to be getting at my object. "Listen," I said, "you been in this racket long, huh?" (I used the word "huh" to make him feel more comfortable, and thus perhaps to divulge more information—just another of the many little devices that should be at the finger tips of the more alert authors.)

"Oh, round fifteen years."

"You lay 'em out all right, don't you?"

"Sure. That's my job."

"Find it pretty exciting, huh?"

He looked surprised. "Huh?"

"Exciting! I do, don't you?" (Again to make him less cautious.)

"Well, not exactly exciting."

Tough baby, I thought to myself; he's probably so used to it it doesn't even phase him to knock off a customer.

"A few accidents, though?" I asked knowingly.

"Well, I wouldn't say accidents exactly. Never had but one, and that wasn't bad. Just had my finger bruised with the trowel, packing down too hard."

"What's that!" I almost shouted.

"Yeah. Bruised the end of it when I got mixed up with the mortar I was spreading between the bricks, and mashed it down along with the rest."

"You mean, you mean you're a—a brick layer?" I asked incredulously.

"Sure. What'd you think, huh?"

As I walked away I heard him muttering to himself, "Dumb guy. . ."

I guess you think I was pretty discouraged after this. Well, I was, I admit it, dear reader. I guess you think too that I'd of given up right then? Well, reader, you're wrong about that. Other birds would, I know, but not me; I was sticking right to it for my art's sake. After all, I had to have human interest. I couldn't just content myself with putting plain ordinary eggs like a waiter from Harrisburg and a brick layer in my book. I had to have true character, the real thing, like a couple of Russian princes. I decided to try an opera house next. You've heard of the old charwoman of the opera houses, haven't you—them and the janitors? they're always old opera stars who have once been world famous, but due either to the sudden loss of their voice or the fancy of a fickle public, have ended where they are. Now, if I could only see one of them and get her story, that would be the real thing! Drama, pathos, see? World once at her feet—now in poverty;—that's a story that ought to go over big. Only I wanted it authentic—first hand, see?

So to an opera house I went. It was an old one on Forty-eighth street, but fortunately it had a charwoman. I inspected her closely before I went up, to make sure I was not again mistaken. (Happily I am a very good judge of character and type, which is quite a nice thing to be if you intend to write like I do.) No, this time I could not be wrong! Her eyes were old and faded, but one could see that they had once been beautiful; her lips were drawn together, but one knew they were not always so.

Ah, old charwoman, that hast seen the toils and strife of life, thou hast not yet lost thy beauty! Stately remnant, floating on a sea of sickening solitude, I see what you once were! To my eyes you are still beautiful as formerly, old charwoman! Poor, poor waif wrecked on the sea of life,—once a belle, now a boor. Never mind, old woman; someone sympathizes; *someone* understands!

I approached the object of my sympathies. "I can guess who you are," I said in a kindly ununderstanding voice.

"Well, can you really, now?" she cackled. "Mamie Riley, sir, at your service. Be that the name you reckoned?"

It wasn't. I felt suspicion chilling me.

"And was there anything I could be doing for you, sir?" asked the old crone.

I pretty well guessed it wasn't any use, but I thought I might as well give it a try anyhow. Perhaps her husband. . . I could not quite give up the thought of my Russian prince.

"Do you have a husband?" I asked.

"I did have, but he's been dead these three years now."

"Could he have been a Rus—I mean, what did he do?"

"Him? Oh, he was a piano tuner."

There, that was fate; you wanted a Russian prince, and you got a piano tuner.

"What do you do?"

"Why, I earn what money I can working here. It isn't very much, though, with Gloria there, and all."

"Gloria?" Certainly not a Russian prince, but maybe in the opera. Get it?—Daughter famous on stage at which her mother is charwoman. Drama there, all right. Pathos. Plenty of kick.

"My daughter." A tear slipped down the charwoman's wrinkled face. "She has tuberculosis, and if I can't get her to the country for good fresh air and sunshine, them doctors be

(Continued on page 27)

New Books

LOST ROAD—Arthur Lee Leonard—The Macaulay Company—(\$2.00)—A first novel written by two Boston University men, Arthur Lee Homan and Leonard Bloom—hence the *nom de plume*, Arthur Lee Leonard. Bloom is at present a fellow in sociology at Duke. The publishers write: “. . . it is important both for its own high merits as a compelling work of fiction, and as a sincere reflection of the major currents of our contemporary life.”

* * *

• If you were in love with a woman—had been “everything” to each other, as some of our Victorian moderns say—do you believe the physical side of the union could be sublimated to the ideal? That is the problem around which revolve the lives of Robert, Ann, and Greg in this first novel by the authoring team of Homan and Bloom. Result: a happily married man with memories, a maniac in a sanatorium, and a debauched husband. Just about what one would expect, considering the emotional complexes of the characters.

From the psychological standpoint, *Lost Road* is an accomplishment. Nothing is glossed over with pseudo-subtleties in the manner of many modern novelists. With scalpel-like keenness, the authors dissect their characters and lay their emotions on the table for the reader to look at—lust, passion, greed, love—anything which may be found in most of us. In Robert, Ann, and Greg we may see our own reflections, and therein, in this reviewer's opinion, lies the excellence of *Lost Road*.

Robert and Ann were an entirely normal pair of lovers until Greg challenged the strength of their affair with the old problem of whether or not love minus two bodies plus distance equals failure. Robert, like many another idealist, accepted the challenge and decided he was “going to curb the eternal urge for a month or so;

without Ann's knowing the motive, of course.” The experiment failed. Ann was seduced by Greg after a drunken house party, Greg wrote Robert to confess his guilt, and the usual marriage by necessity followed.

At this point, the lives of Ann and Greg become preponderant in the story. Temperamentally unsuited as they were to married life together, the inevitable followed. Without Robert, Ann was lost to normal living, and with one woman Greg was a flat failure.

Although *Lost Road* is excellent as a revelation of emotional life today and deserves commendation for its treatment of a really vital human problem, there are several obvious defects in its composition. The plot is sketchy—the everlasting triangle of one woman and two men—and there is an annoying superfluity of adjectives scattered throughout. Portions of the conversation are hackneyed and scarcely credible as normal among moderns. If Messrs. Homan and Bloom had devoted less time to exhibiting their acquaintance with subjects commonly ascribed only to the consideration of intellectuals and more to the continuity of their story, *Lost Road* would have profited thereby. Three-star light reading.

—W. H. LONG.

▲ ▲

THE MERRY QUEEN—By Pierre Nezelof—Liveright Publishing Corporation, New York—364 pp.—(\$2.50).

• Samuel Putnam's translation of the latest work of the French biographer, Pierre Nezelof, was in the publishers' hands at the time of the publishing of the translation of Stefan Zweig's treatise on the same famous queen of France, Marie Antoinette. The Liveright Corporation held the publication of *The Merry Queen* over for a year, fearing that it would hurt sales to have two biographies of the same person new on the market at

the same time. And indeed that was a wise choice, for the work of Nezelof appears very weak when compared with that of Zweig. It seems doubtful that the American reading public can accept Nezelof with the memory off Zweig so very fresh.

The Merry Queen seems more of an historical novel than an authentic biography. Nezelof has missed that happy medium between factual and psychologically interpretative biography which his German contemporary achieved. The Frenchman also purports not to portray Marie Antionette as an heroine, queen, or fool. Zweig portrays her as an average woman; Nezelof, as Marie Antionette. Naturally there is a great difference between the representation of an average woman, and that of Marie de France. The latest work concerning this much discussed and unhappy woman does not try to justify her weaknesses as human ones; it merely presents a picture of a very foolish and selfish Marie, which picture seems to dare the reader to evoke sympathy for it within himself.

In fact, Nezelof goes so far as to describe the love of this very merry queen for Count Axel de Fersen as the only oasis in the desert of lack of human qualities. When we compare this conception with that of Zweig, we have an interesting example of the wide range distortion of subjectivity. Who then does give a true picture? It seems that one can only rationalize.

On the other hand, the intimate novel-like style of one Frenchman is very light in a typically French manner, and very entertaining. If one seeks merely entertainment and a general but clear picture of the period, let him turn to Nezelof. *The Merry Queen* contains a wealth of anecdotes, which, while they may be fabricated only for the sake of psychological interpretation, are nevertheless highly entertaining.

—CALHOUN ANCRUM, JR.

THE GOLDEN VANITY—By Isabel Paterson—William Morrow & Company, New York—372 pp.—(\$2.50).

- This, the second novel by Isabel

Paterson, concerns three women, cousins from the town of Sequitlam in Washington, living in New York in the period directly before and after the stock market crash. Gina Fuller is a spinster of twenty-six, beautiful, longing in her depthless sort of way for marriage and wealth. Geraldine Wickes is a writer, a paragon of virtue, married to a young instructor who gambles and loses all in Wall Street. Mysie Brennan is not, perhaps, a good woman in Dean Hervey's sense of the term, but she has a rugged, common-sense view of life that serves her well. She is sometimes an actress, sometimes a press agent, but above all she is a good friend to her former lover and a companion to her former husband. Three such women—so widely diverse in character—would seem to have no place figuring as the heroines of the same novel, and indeed they do not, save only to serve as the framework of the story. As such they are perhaps acceptable.

The story of Gina is not new to literature. She manages to obtain the position of reader in the home of a rich old dowager and marries her employer's only grandson. After marriage she discovers that life is very hollow when admiration for breeding, wealth, and social position are substituted for love. When tragedy comes with the death of her little boy she is panic-stricken but feels no deep sense of loss. It is this lack of emotional depth that makes her, to my mind, a very unconvincing character.

The second of the cousins is equally unreal and for the same reason. After the crash Geraldine, represented as one of the best of home loving young matrons, goes quietly on supporting her family by her writing. Overwork results in a nervous breakdown which in turn necessitates an ocean voyage. On the trip she meets a rum-runner and abruptly becomes

his mistress. When he is shot down in a Havana hotel she flees homeward.

In contrast to each of the others, with whom Mrs. Paterson has evidently not been in sympathy, is Mysie—Artemisia—Brennan. I think Mrs. Paterson puts a great deal of her own personality and philosophy of living into this character. She is a free soul from the great Northwest, gay, clear-sighted, and brave. She gives herself to a lumberman because she admires his strength and honesty. She marries a man because he truly understands her and quickly divorces him for the same reason. Everything she does must mean much to her and for this reason she hates promiscuous pawing, stupid drinking, meaningless familiarities but delights in the delicate value a French engineer gives to a chance kiss. She never meets a man she could really love: Jake—Jakobus Van Buren—is delightful and understanding but is too erratic, Michael Busch is too old, Arthur too much of the good child. So she goes her adventurous way through life being none too good an actress, none too good a press agent, none too chaste an old maid. She is a fine character and one that any author could be proud of. That the book is as good and as readable as it is is due largely to her.

Mrs. Paterson's minor characters are fairly good, especially Jake and Arthur, but the old dowager Mrs. Siddall merely represents a type that has been common since Jane Austen.

All in all, as a witty, intelligent commentary of life and a common sense criticism of life, the book may deservedly be praised. However it has definite limitations and could easily be passed over without losing anything more precious than a few hours of mild amusement.

—WILLIAM G. OWENS.

FORTHCOMING BOOK

The Tragedy of a Nation by Prince Hubertus Loewenstein. A German nobleman comments on contemporary Germany.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—By Branch Cabell—Robert McBride & Company, New York—304 pp.—(\$2.50).

- *Ladies and Gentlemen* is a most entertaining collection of satirical essays, in the form of letters addressed to many personages, historical and literary, throughout the ages. Each letter is a separate and individual essay, which can be enjoyed just as well by itself, as when read with the others.

Every man is enough of an incoherent to enjoy seeing a personage, group, or age torn to pieces. How magnificently Cabell takes familiar figures and glamorously strips them of their glamour. His incidental remarks, in the style of Heine's *Reisebilder*, on sociological conditions, political chicanery, and the world in general are not only entertaining, but highly indicative of Cabell himself, or at least they indicate the fertility and wide scope of his brain and opinions.

One cannot describe writing of this type; he can only give examples. Let us consider the following passage taken from the letter to Pocahontas:

"For you, Madame, have been made, through no apparent fault of yours, if not the first, at least the first feminine member, of that odifying line of humbugs which keep salutary, and which render popular, the approved history of a republic peculiarly partial to humbugs.

All the great-grandchildren of Macaulay's every schoolboy know the circumstances of your heroic rescue of Captain John Smith from the bludgeons of your father Powhatan. And that is quite as it should be, inasmuch as, upon this ever-memorable occasion, your conduct was of a cast so noble as to evoke one's honest regret that you should never have heard of it,—any more, of course, than did Columbus ever hear about the discovery of America, or George Washington about his cherry tree, or Barbara Frietchie about her flag waving."

—C. A.

All Right Again

(Continued from page 17)

(Dorothy turns around and sees the elevator boy, who has been listening very intently to all that has been said.)

DOROTHY (over her shoulder): This boy?

(Henry gesticulates piteously to the elevator boy as if to ask him for assistance. The elevator boy keeps a straight face so that Dorothy will not see that something is going on behind her back.)

HENRY: Yes, dear.

DOROTHY (turning around to Henry): What did he have to do with it?

(The elevator boy holds up a hand with all five fingers extended as if to ask, "Five?" Henry's face does not show that he sees this, and in the meanwhile he is saying,)

HENRY: He was in the hallway and could see everything that was going on through the open door.

DOROTHY (turning to face the elevator boy again—to him): What do you know about all this?

(Henry gestures affirmatively as if to say, "Yes, yes. Anything you want." The elevator boy smiles to himself.)

ELEVATOR BOY: Wa-al ma'am, it's this way. I was workin' here in the elevator just as usual—I haven't been here long, you know, and don't know the job so well, an' it's no easy one neither, and not much pay in it. (glancing at Henry). As I was sayin' I was here as usual when up comes the boss—I was on the ground floor then—and he says to me, "Take this lady up to 4120."

DOROTHY (to Henry): So, you have lots of help I see.

HENRY (hurt): Dorothy!

DOROTHY (to elevator boy): Go on.

ELEVATOR BOY: An' then he goes on to say that she wanted to look over the room with respect to renting it, an' would I show it to her.

DOROTHY (contemptuously): They should have had a better story than that.

ELEVATOR BOY (quickly): Yes'm That's just what I thought.

DOROTHY: What!

ELEVATOR BOY (glibly): I mean I thought it was mighty inconsiderate of the boss not to take her up himself, but he explained it to her by saying he was so busy, and—well, you know how things like that are.

DOROTHY (dryly): Yes.

ELEVATOR BOY: Well, as I was saying, the boss asks me to take her up and show her the room.

DOROTHY: Yes, so you said.

ELEVATOR BOY: Yes'm. And so I says I'd be glad to, and I really was too 'cause she was sure pretty.

DOROTHY (looking at Henry): Hm.

(Henry avoids her glance, and when she turns again toward the elevator bay, he glares threateningly at the speaker.)

ELEVATOR BOY (ignoring the belligerent glances of Henry—he seems to be enjoying himself thoroughly and to be in no hurry to stop his fun): Yessiree! She wasn't hard to look at a bit. Her——

DOROTHY (coldly): I understood that you were going to tell about what happened in Mr. Martin's rear office.

ELEVATOR BOY (put in his place): Yes ma'am. The boss gave me a pass key so that I could let her in, and I took her on up to the floor it's on.

DOROTHY (impatiently): Yes, yes. The forty-first.

ELEVATOR BOY: Yes'm. As soon as I saw where the room was, I thought there must be something wrong.

DOROTHY: Oh, you did?

ELEVATOR BOY (encouraged): Yes, 'cause even though I haven't been here long I know that was Mr. Martin's private room. (This last impressively)

DOROTHY (eying Henry): Hm, yes there was something wrong there.

HENRY (annoyed): My dear, there was——

DOROTHY (cutting Henry short—to the elevator boy): You may go on.

(Dorothy stays facing Henry, who she stars at steadily. Henry is anything but at ease.)

ELEVATOR BOY (rubbing it in fiendishly): Yes indeed, I thought that this was something out of the way, but I says to myself that I'd better not meddle in it 'cause it might be something they wouldn't want known, you know.

DOROTHY (still regarding Henry): No, I don't think they did.

HENRY (angrily): This is going too far.

DOROTHY: Oh, do you think so?

HENRY: This boy is deliberately placing a false light on the events.

DOROTHY: Is that why they sound so bad?

HENRY: I'll not stand for any more of his insinuations, not a bit more.

DOROTHY: Insinuations?

HENRY: Yes, insinuations!

DOROTHY: Hm.

HENRY: He's implying something wrong with every word he says.

DOROTHY: You don't say!

HENRY: If he can't tell the plain truth, he'll have to stop altogether.

DOROTHY: I thought you wanted him to tell all about it.

HENRY: Yes, but I didn't know he was going to give a biased account.

DOROTHY: I can't see any bias.

HENRY: You wouldn't.

DOROTHY: Wouldn't I?

HENRY: Because you want to hear the worst.

DOROTHY: That's not so!

HENRY: It is!

DOROTHY: Personally I have the greatest confidence in this boy's truthfulness.

HENRY: Well, if you knew what I——

DOROTHY (decisively): I'll believe every word he says!

(Pause).

HENRY (distressed): My Lord! (Slight pause—then to elevator boy): What are you laughing at back there sir?

ELEVATOR BOY (humility personified): I'm sorry, sir, if I'm not doing

it right. I thought you'd want me to—

HENRY (*hushing the boy up*): Ahem! All I want you to do is to simply give the facts of the case.

ELEVATOR BOY: Yessir.

HENRY: And give only the facts.

ELEVATOR BOY: Yessir.

DOROTHY: But give all of them.

ELEVATOR BOY: Yes'm.

DOROTHY: Go ahead.

ELEVATOR BOY: Well, when we reached the forty-first floor, I went with her over to the door—it's right across the hall from the elevator you know—

DOROTHY (*impatiently*): Yes, yes.

ELEVATOR BOY: —and opened it for her. I started to go in to show her the room, but she said she'd rather look it over by herself.

DOROTHY: Aha.

ELEVATOR BOY: She told me to go along, that she could manage all right alone.

DOROTHY (*looking at Henry significantly*): Probably much better.

ELEVATOR BOY (*wickedly*): This sort of surprised me, but what could I do?

DOROTHY: I'm beginning to see through it now.

HENRY (*becoming ruffled again*): Stick to the facts!

DOROTHY (*to Henry*): Be quiet.

HENRY (*to elevator boy*): Be careful what you say.

DOROTHY (*to elevator boy—patronizingly*): Go right ahead.

ELEVATOR BOY (*confidingly*): So after that, why there just wasn't anything for me to do but go back to the elevator, was there?

DOROTHY (*ignoring the question*): Go on.

ELEVATOR BOY: Yes'm. I went on back, but I thought it wouldn't hurt for me just to kinda hang around a while—thought I might see something that'd come in handy.

DOROTHY: Hm, yes.

ELEVATOR BOY: So I just waited in the elevator door, where I could see everything; and I'm sure glad I did too.

DOROTHY (*annoyed*): Will you hurry?

ELEVATOR BOY: Well this girl walks on in the room as if she owned the place, an' if you ask me ma'am, she did seem kind of at home.

HENRY: Not another word!

DOROTHY: Henry!

HENRY: I've stood enough.

DOROTHY (*barely able to control herself*): Be calm.

HENRY (*to elevator boy, who is beginning to be genuinely frightened*): I'll fix you for this.

DOROTHY: I'll scream!

(*This threat calm Henry—it always does.*)

HENRY (*to the elevator boy*): I'd advise you to show a little more discretion.

ELEVATOR BOY: Yessir.

DOROTHY (*to elevator boy*): What happened then?

ELEVATOR BOY (*venturing no more opinions*): She looked around the room.

DOROTHY: And then?

ELEVATOR BOY: Mr. Martin was lying on his couch over in a corner of the room, and he woke up all of a sudden, and—

DOROTHY (*breathlessly*): What did she do?

ELEVATOR BOY: She just stood and looked at him.

DOROTHY (*taken back*): Didn't she say anything?

ELEVATOR BOY: Not at first. (*Mischievously*) And when she did begin to talk I couldn't quite make out all she said.

DOROTHY (*vexed*): Oh!

ELEVATOR BOY (*quickly, after catching a meaningful glance from Henry*): But I could hear most of it, though.

DOROTHY (*intensely*): What did she say?

ELEVATOR BOY (*quickly*): She said it must have been a mistake—that she had been given the wrong number probably.

(*An indescribable look of relief comes over Henry's face. He becomes even jubilant.*)

DOROTHY (*stunned*): Mistake? Wrong number?

ELEVATOR BOY: Yes'm. And then she stammered something about being sorry and backed out.

DOROTHY (*stupidly*): Backed out?

ELEVATOR BOY: Yes'm.

DOROTHY: That must have been when I saw her.

ELEVATOR BOY: Yes ma'am.

DOROTHY: And I didn't even stop to see where she went. Where did she go?

ELEVATOR BOY: She went down with me to see the boss again.

DOROTHY: Oh, I see it all now. How stupid and hateful I've been! (*Turning to Henry*) Henry dear, would you, could you forgive me?

HENRY (*with the air of one who has suffered a great wrong*): Well, I—

DOROTHY: I'm so sorry.

HENRY: Really?

DOROTHY: Honest. I'll never suspect you again.

HENRY: Never?

DOROTHY: No, never.

HENRY (*smiling*): And never complain about my pipe?

DOROTHY (*smiling back*): Never.

HENRY: Or my bridge?

DOROTHY: Never.

HENRY (*pondering*): Hm.

DOROTHY: Will you?

HENRY (*hesitatingly*): Well,—

DOROTHY (*stretching out her arms*): You darling!

(*The white signal light flashes on.*)

ELEVATOR BOY: The signal light!

DOROTHY: Oh look, Henry. Everything's all right again!

(*They embrace.*)

HENRY (*ambiguously*): Yes, thank God! (*Making a motion as of wiping perspiration from his brow.*)

(*As they now stand, Henry is facing the elevator boy and Dorothy has her head on Henry's shoulder. The elevator boy, still rather afraid of Henry and doubtful as to whether he is still to receive his recompense, holds up his five fingers questioningly. Henry smiles and with his left hand presents five straightened fingers, closes them, and then extends them again, signaling, "Ten!"*)

(*The curtain falls*)



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DUKE UNIVERSITY

DURHAM, N. C.

November 15

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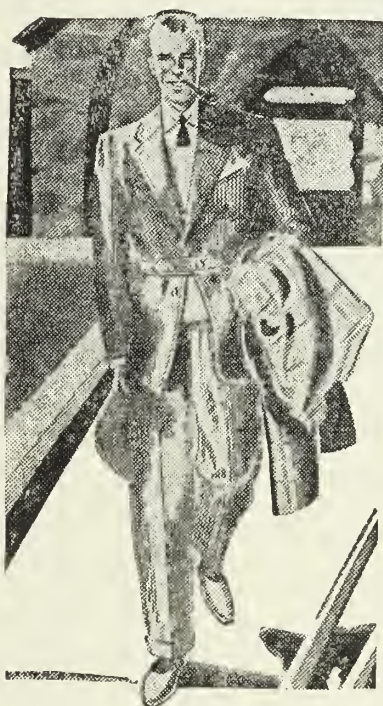
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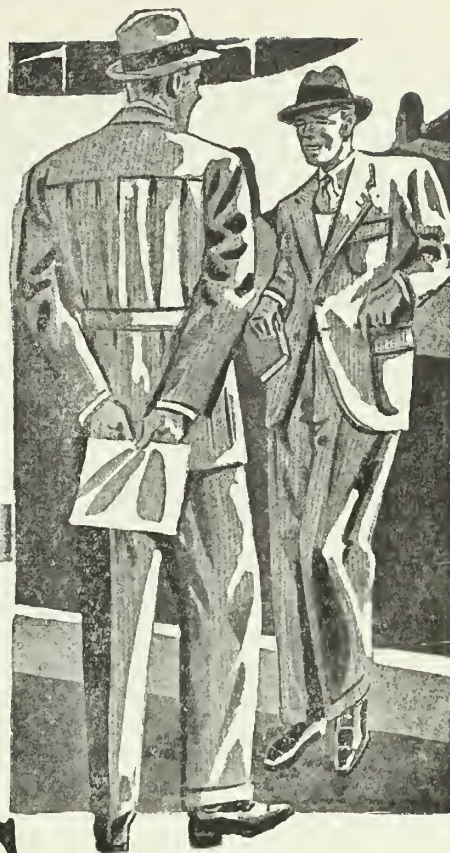
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Judas Iscariot

Magdalene! Ah! How fair
Near the fire, her night-black hair
Falling on her cool, cream shoulder.

Who rescued her from the crowd
When they would have sold her?
It was I! And now she's proud,
Will not listen to my pleas,
Turns her back with smiling ease.
Would she'd cast me tender eyes
As she turns on him.

By God!

She loves the Master!

Thief of love!

Damn him!

O!

To steal from me

The one I love!

Revenge! Revenge!

—EDWARD POST.

Art and the Author

(Continued from page 15)

saying she hasn't much chance. And me, I can't afford to send her there."

I sighed and turned away. I felt sorry for the old dame, but what I was looking for was a good first hand situation with plenty of drama, pathos, suspense, human interest—like a Russian prince losing his fortune and being forced to sell peanuts, or like a great opera star not great any more. I wouldn't find it in this woman, certainly.

Well, I guess you're sure I stopped then, dear reader. I didn't. We great artists can't stop just because the going's tough. That's the difference between us and the lesser artists—those mugs quit on you anytime at all. I went on, but I never had any more success than with the first three. The nearest I came to a story was when I sat at Mike's place talking with one man for about an hour and a half. Just as I was getting all excited over thinking here was my Big Chance, the guy lets slip that he's an author out looking for local color! So at last even I grew weary and turned my bruised and beaten feet along the welcome path to home. Sweet, sweet home, where the heart is, and comfort also! There is no place to a man like his own dear home.

No, New York had failed me. It had not stood up to the test! Oh, New York, New York, when I think that it might have been *you* that could

have claimed me, *you* that could have shared in my glory, New York, when I think that, I pity thee! Poor city, that couldn't quite measure up to the test! Poor bit of tinsel with nothing inside! New York, with all my heart I certainly do pity thee! ! !

After that crushing disillusionment, I am inclined to think that New York is not fit for my talents, and I am going somewhere where I believe I will be truly appreciated. I am going to Hollywood to devote my original genius to the writing of scenarios—beautiful scenarios that will reform the motion picture industry. In Hollywood will I find that for which I am seeking—in Hollywood, where Russian princes abound, and the women stars take turnabout marrying the morquises. There will I write my great book. Ah, Hollywood, Hollywood, hold out thy arms, Hollywood, Hollywood of flowers and sweet smells, Hollywood of sunshine and beauty, Hollywood, wait for me, I come to thee!

EDITOR'S NOTE: This story was written four years ago. Mr. Ben Leveret has since become one of the most outstanding scenario writers in Hollywood, where he is known as Bernardi Le Verretti.

Strange Penury

(Continued from page 7)

roll by split seconds. Her admirable swiftness, which had been her erstwhile preserver, had done for her;

she was no more. For the moment I was engulfed with mixed feelings; then pity for this poor woman descended upon me, and I became deeply conscious of a loss. Death had stopped me from finding out all that I wanted to know about her past.

At breakfast on the mezzanine late the next morning I picked up a copy of the last edition of the *Daily News*. On the fourth page I saw the headlines: "TWO DIE OF POISON IN DOUBLE SUICIDE. . . . Two Old People of a Strange Friendship Die in Public Suicide Pact." I rather expected the newspapers to bring forth such a romantic conclusion. I read the article hurriedly.

In the forager's room, amid the amazing litter of worthless junk, detectives found a letter addressed to Sylvia Gondenstein, her real name. In the letter was the address of the dead woman's sister, Theresa Gondenstein. Searching further, they found four pass books on New York savings banks. Altogether she possessed an aggregate sum of \$52,000. The last withdrawal evidenced in her bank account was dated *ten years ago*.

At the end of the article was a simple statement that her sister would have the last rites conducted at Campbell's Funeral Parlor. At the city's most expensive establishment! This funeral would cost Sylvia's estate about \$2,000—probably five times as much as she had spent in the last ten years.

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Gentlemen, a Toast

There exists in that colorful and pulsating city of Havana an American mecca, called *Sloppy Joe's*. A mecca without four narrow walls, containing a few high stools and small chairs, a polished bar, and thousands of bottles. Black bottles, white bottles, brown bottles, and pale green bottles crowd the shelves behind the bar. Their cheery labels read like a list of names chosen haphazardly from the exotic spots of the world. Potent rum sits comradely beside mellow *Curaco*. Haughty champagne looks down on fiery tequilla. Liquors and liqueurs from every nation mingle in glittering and exciting array.

White aprons flash behind the mahogany expanse that stretches the length of the room. At times tourists,

off the boat for one hectic night, crowd the rail, shouting for drinks and a little disappointed that *Sloppy Joe's* is not all they expected. Perhaps a few natives lounge lazily against the wood, sipping the poorer grades of Bacardi. The tenders whisk bottles from the shelves, splash some of their contents into a shaker, clamp a glass over the shaker, rattle it, then fill the glass glistening on the bar to the very brim and leave not one tangy drop in the shaker.

Bacardis, El Presidentes, Old Fashioneds, Champagne Specials flow across the bar in steady streams. Giddy drinks, exciting drinks, companionable drinks, every kind of drink wait sealed in the bottles on the shelves.

Sloppy Joe's is only a bar, but a bar whose name has spread over America and into Europe. Inferior bars have aped the atmosphere of this, one of the most famous of the few immortal bars. The apers come and vanish, but they cannot supply the vigor and camaraderie that exists in the small stuffy bar on a dirty Havana corner.

Noises rise and fall in the narrow room. The rattling of ice adds an overtone to intimate conversations. Trickling and splashing of liqueurs add their whisper to the sounds. Voices chatter and mumble, drawl and murmur. But the voices and noises always cease, and the glasses are raised high as someone shouts; "Gentlemen—a toast!"



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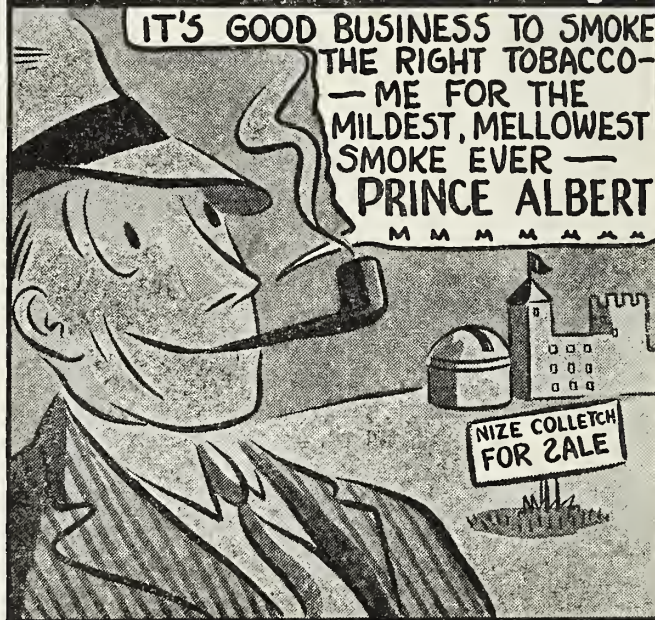


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The
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Tampering

I found a flower once,
A beautiful, a fragrant bud.
I plucked it from its place—
Root stem and crown
And set it deep again
Within a richer ground
And fed it richer food.

It grew, it loved its earth,
It loved its sustenance.
But soon I came to feel
That I disliked its shade.
Its color did not seem
To be quite deep enough,
But rather some faint tint
Which, had it but been deeper,
Would be rare and exquisite;
So, suddenly I painted it—
Painted it the shade I wished.

For days its beauty brought to me
A spiritual intoxication.
Then slowly—slowly
My beautiful veneer began to waste
And fade and fade and fade.
My tender flower was left,
But of a hideous, unearthly hue.
Its loveliness had vanished,
Tarnished by my strange, my cruel tampering.

EDWARD POST



For A Song

JAMES
P.
HELM
III

The words "*Fink and Solomons—Music Publishers*," glared forbiddingly from the glazed door. A neat, studious-looking, but shabbily-dressed young man opened the door timidly and stepped inside. It closed with a sickening little click of finality.

"Well?" asked a prim looking secretary. "What do you want?"

"Is Mr. Fink in?" asked the young man.

"It depends," said the secretary. "What do you want to see him about?"

"I'd like to show him a song I've written," said the young man, nervously indicating the brief case he was carrying under his arm.

"In that case," said the secretary, "I doubt if he's in. What's your name?"

"Jerry Martin," said the young man. "And please tell Mr. Fink that I've got to see him. I think I've written a sure-fire hit."

"Did you say," asked the secretary, "that your name was Berlin?"

"No," said the young man meekly, "Jerry Martin."

"Oh!" the secretary shook her head doubtfully. "Well, sit down, and I'll see."

She vanished into a door marked *private*. Jerry sat down. He had a queer, uncomfortable feeling in the pit of his stomach, as though he had swallowed a hard boiled egg whole. This was what he hated, this going to see the big shots. It was one thing to write songs. It was quite another to sell them. It made him feel like an insurance agent. Jerry almost wished that the secretary had said definitely that Mr. Fink was not in. It wasn't that he was afraid, he told himself, but just that he hated this sordid bargaining. But then there was Barbara's side of it, too. Maybe he did have talent. Maybe his songs were, as she said, ten times as good as the trash that was being published every day. Maybe a start was all he needed to be a success. One thing was certain, anyway. There was no money to pay the rent on that awful little apartment they lived in. Barbara had said that the landlord had been very nasty about it yesterday, and had threatened to move them out, if the bill wasn't paid, but that, to Jerry, seemed as far-away and unreal as this present situation seemed immediate and pressing. The

door marked *private* opened, and the secretary came out.

"Mr. Fink will see you," she said.

"Thank you," said Jerry unevenly, and started toward the door.

"You forgot your songs," said the secretary sharply.

"Er, er thank you," said Jerry, reddening. He picked up the brief case from the chair where he had put it. He looked at the secretary. She was watching him.

"Well?" she asked.

"Shall—shall I go right in?"

"Yes," said the secretary, "go right in."

"Thank you," muttered Jerry, reddening until his ears tingled.

"Come in, come in, for God's sake!" boomed a voice from across the room. "I'm a busy man!"

Jerry crossed what seemed to be an almost endless expanse of thick velvet carpet, and stood before the desk.

"Mr. Fink?" he asked, and the words sounded as though they were choked from his throat.

"That's me!" said Mr. Fink, rustling the papers on his desk importantly. "What do you want?" He looked at Jerry sharply.

Abraham Fink was a man to strike awe into even the most casual observer. One's first impression was that there was too much of him. He had a huge, florid face, from which stuck an equally huge unlighted, but thoroughly chewed cigar. His head seemed to sit directly upon his shoulders. There were rolls of fat even around his ears. A pair of beady black eyes peered out from almost completely covered cavities. Jerry stared at him like one fascinated by a snake.

"Come, come," said Mr. Fink. "What do you want?"

"Would you like to hear one of my songs," asked Jerry, doubtfully.

"That," said Abraham Fink, "is beside the point. But there's a piano—." He waved five fat, stubby fingers toward a corner of the room. Jerry crossed over and sat down.

"The name of my song," he said over his shoulder, "is *Fashion's Mandates*."

"That stinks!" said Abraham Fink, brutally.

"It can be changed," offered Jerry.

"Of course it can, if it's worth while. Go on, go on, let's hear it. —And sing the words. Wait a minute—" he interrupted himself, "Isadore!"

Another door opened, and Isadore Solomon, the silent partner of the firm entered. He was, literally, the silent partner, for Abraham Fink's opinion was Isadore Solomon's opinion. He also was short and fat, but beside his partner he looked almost trim. Jerry noticed that even his cigar was smaller.

"I want your criticism on this song," said Mr. Fink.

"Certainly," said Mr. Solomons.

"Go on, go on and play it," said Mr. Fink to Jerry.

"Yes, go on and play it," said Mr. Solomons.

Jerry began. When he played his timidity dropped from him like a cloak. He played skillfully, beautifully. The chords were melodious and clear. He sang:

*"Ladies often feel a hesitation
When by fashion's mandates they are
bound.*

*To deny the world a revelation
By wearing skirts that trail upon
the ground.*

*For when Madame Lucille, Worth,
and Poiret*

*Fixed the skirt-line just above the
knee*

*You couldn't keep a dame home from
a soiree,*

*For curves were meant to show and
look so free,*

But then came doleful news—

*And blind men could forget their
blues—*

*For gay Paree, had banned the knee,
and—"*

"Stop!" screamed Abraham Fink. "I don't know whether to laugh or cry."

"Stop," said Mr. Solomons.

Jerry wheeled the piano stool around. "What's the matter?" he demanded shortly. He was sensitive about criticism of his work, and had enough of the artist's temperament to defend it, even against such critics as these.

"In the first place," said Mr. Fink, "it's awful. Imagine rhyming *poray* with *soyay*. It ain't refined. It ain't popular music. What opera did you steal it from?"

"That's ridiculous!" said Jerry, hotly. "It's not stolen from any opera, and (he thought of Barbara) it's ten times as good as the trash that's being published every day!"

"That," said Abraham Fink, "don't cut no ice."

"It's new," said Jerry, "and different."

"That," said Abraham Fink, "don't cut no ice."

"And furthermore," said Jerry, "*Poiret* rhymes perfectly with *soiree*."

"That," said Abraham Fink, "still don't cut no ice. What do those two words mean. If I don't know, do you think the American public is going to know. We publish songs to sell, not for educational purposes."

Jerry realized suddenly that he was not getting anywhere this way. He had a mental picture of Barbara saying, "We do need the money."

"Wait a minute," he said. "I remember one of the first songs I wrote. I think you'll like it."

"I'm a busy man, Martin," said Mr. Fink. "And if it's got any more of those crazy words you can stop right now!"

"No," said Jerry, feeling that his sarcasm was wasted. "It's a perfectly orthodox popular song. It goes like this:

*'I loved you when the skies were blue,
But now you're gone, they're gray.
I love you, darling, oh, so much,
More than I can say.'*"

"Not bad," said Abraham Fink. "Not bad at all."

"No," said Mr. Solomons. "Not bad at all."

Jerry looked hopeful. "Will you

publish it, Mr. Fink?" he asked. "You can have it cheap, because I really need the money."

"You need the money?" Mr. Fink's eyes narrowed shrewdly. Mr. Solomons rubbed his palms together. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Martin. The song ain't much as it stands, see. It'll have to be fixed up. I don't even know if I can use it then. But, as long as you need the money, I'll give you seventy-five dollars for it outright."

"Sold!" said Jerry. He knew this was dirt cheap for a song, but it was much better than nothing.

"Wait a minute, Martin," said Mr. Fink. "I'll take it on the one condition that you release all claims on it. It'll make matters simpler, and after all, I'm just doing you a favor."

"I suppose that's all right," said Jerry, wondering what Barbara would say in a case like this.

"Certainly it's all right," said Mr. Fink, jovially. "Miss Goldberg—" The prim looking secretary entered the room. "Draw up a contract, please."

The contract was drawn up and signed with amazing celerity. Mr. Fink wrote out a check for seventy-five dollars, payable to cash, and gave it to Jerry. Before he realized it Jerry was out of the office with the broad velvet carpets, and walking down the street. His only reminder of the recent episode was the newly written check in his hand.

* * *

"Barbara!" he called as he entered the apartment. "Barbara, I've done it! I've sold a song!"

Barbara came in from the kitchen. "Jerry, how wonderful!" she said. She was tall and dark haired, with clear blue eyes and a determined chin. Once she had thought she would be a business woman, but realizing the tremendous obstacles which faced a woman in the industrial world, she had made the career of her artistically helpless husband her life's work instead. She loved him as a mother loves a precocious child, over-

looking his weaknesses, and exaggerating his good qualities. She petted him, humored him, scolded him, and bragged about him to her friends. She believed herself married to an unrecognized genius, and she thoroughly enjoyed it.

"Darling, which one did you sell?"

Jerry looked sheepish. "The one called *More Than I Can Say*. Remember? Both of us thought it was rotten."

"Really?" exclaimed Barbara. "That simple little thing. Why didn't you play *Fashion's Mandates* for him. It's much better. It reveals your originality so much more."

"I did," said Jerry, "but he didn't like it." He brightened. "I got seventy-five dollars. Outright!" He gave her the check.

"That's marvelous, dear," said Barbara, "but doesn't that mean you won't get any royalties?" Seeing that he looked a little crest-fallen, she hastily added, "Anyway, darling, it's a wonderful start. You will probably be famous. Won't it be thrilling to see it published, and hear it played everywhere?"

Jerry agreed that it would be. A certain manly pride in "bringing home the bacon" welled up inside him. He felt secure in the knowledge that he had earned her praise. That night he dreamed of sleek limousines, and town houses, and Barbara, aflash with diamond bracelets. At last he was on the 'inside.'

* * *

Two weeks later they were listening to a radio program.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said the announcer, "tonight we have the pleasure of introducing a new song, poetic in its simplicity, beautiful in its unpretentiousness. It is called *More Than I Can Say*, and is written by none other than that grand old man of songs, Abie Frank. It is a worthy successor to his last hit, *Hello Baby* and we all believe that the nation will soon be dancing to this, his latest tune. Here it is, ladies and gentlemen, *More Than I Can*

Say, played by Charley Arthur, and his Knights of the Round Table. Give it to 'em, Charley."

Jerry turned the radio off, savagely. "The dirty crook!" he said, and his eyes filled with uncontrollable tears. "The dirty, double-crossing crook!"

"It's a shame," said Barbara, sympathetically, "but maybe it's just as well people don't know you wrote it. It really isn't much of a song, dear, and if it's not a success, then you are lucky not to have your name connected with it."

"Maybe you're right," said Jerry.

"Of course I'm right, dear. Now suppose you turn the radio on again, and let's hear the rest of the program."

Jerry obeyed, but they heard only the last few notes of his song. A medley of old hits followed. Then the announcer's voice again, saying, "The next number, ladies and gentlemen, is a song that is destined to revolutionize the world of popular music. It is the cleverest, most startlingly new song since *Rhapsody in Blue*. We feel sure that it is going to arouse wide comment among music critics. Here it is ladies and gentlemen, *Fashion's Mandates*, written by that rising young composer, Mr. Jerome Martin."

Jerry listened speechlessly as the orchestra played a symphonic arrangement of his song. As it ended in a magnificent blare of trumpets, and saxaphones, and tom-tomming of drums, he turned toward Barbara. He could not even ask the obvious question. Barbara smiled, and came over to sit on the arm of his chair. She put her arm around his neck.

"Jerry, darling," she said, "I knew your song was good even if that Fink person didn't. I took the landlord into my confidence, and he agreed to extend our rent bill for a little while. I used the seventy-five dollars to have *Fashion's Mandates* published privately. Charley Arthur agreed to play it on the program tonight, and tomorrow morning it goes on sale all

over the country."

"Barbara," whispered Jerry, and could say no more.

Barbara smiled. She bent forward and kissed Jerry's forehead gently.

* * *

The next day in his downtown office, Abraham Fink rang furiously for Mr. Solomons.

"Isadore, you dummo, you dope, what have you done?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Solomons, waveringly. "What have I done?"

"Don't give me that," shouted Abraham Fink. "Don't give me that innocent stuff. Didn't you hear Charley Arthur's program last night?"

"Yes," said Mr. Solomons. "I heard it."

"I don't like your attitude," snapped Mr. Fink. "You say you heard it, and you just stand there like you was thinking 'so what.' Well, I'll tell you 'so what!' I could have bought *Fashion's Mandates* but, no! You thought it stunk. You wanted to buy that—that—"

"That what?" asked Mr. Solomons.

"Oh," moaned Mr. Fink, putting his hands to his head. "Listen to him. I should dissolve his partnership." He glared angrily at his partner. "Mr. Solomons, maybe you don't know that *More Than I Can Say* won't sell two hundred copies. I had to bribe Arthur to play it. It will cost me money! And this *Fashion's Mandates* will sell half a million! To think I could have bought it for a song." Mr. Fink grew quite pale as he thought about it.

"It was a good song," put in Mr. Solomons timidly. "It will make money."

At this point Abraham Fink was ready to burst into tears. He controlled himself by throwing an inkwell at Mr. Solomons' head.

"Telephone this Martin," he screamed, "and see if he'll come down to talk contract."

Mr. Solomons hurried away.

Abraham Fink chewed worriedly upon his cigar.

Fra Giovanni



Fra Giovanni awoke as the gray morning of the crowning day in his long life made distinguishable the outlines of his stone cell. For sixty-five years he had risen with the dawn to pay homage to the Virgin Mary, and to tell his beads before joining the procession of monks who filed in pairs to early mass. In spite of the half-hearted encouragements of his brotherhood, Fra Giovanni did not harbor the illusion that life, for him, would last much longer. Had he not long ago passed the age allotted by the Bible to man? He realized with a vague sadness that never again would he perform those little labors which had endeared themselves to him through sixty-five years of daily performance. Someone else would feed his pigeons, and teach the younger men the intricacies of manuscript illumination. Now he spent his time in the glorious anticipation of coming face to face with Mary, his Queen, his only love.

Fra Giovanni relaxed after he had murmured his morning prayers, and allowed himself to sink into a reverie of reminiscence. Fra Lorenzo would not come until after mass, so he yet had time to himself. Only five days ago he had applied with a shaking hand the last coat of gilding to the frame of his Madonna. He felt it was the most beautiful Madonna ever to have been painted, and he smiled to himself a little as he re-

membered his response when Cardinal Jacopo had asked him with what he mixed his colors to attain such richness and luster. "These colors are mixed with tears and with prayers," he had said, "that is why they are more beautiful than any others." It was hard now to realize that he had finished the picture. Mary had answered his prayers and had allowed him life until his monument to her had been completed, even though he was now eighty-five. For sixty-five years he had worked on the Madonna. The ambitious fire of youth he had put into the Christ-child and the chubby putti, the clearness of reason and the steady hand of a healthy middle-age made the drapery of the worshipers a thing to dream of, the patience of old age glistened in the many coats of gilding on the frame, and the inlaid aureoles of the saints. Fra Giovanni himself had inscribed the sign to be placed at the foot of the picture: "To the glory of our Gracious Lady. Completed in the year 1362." Now his Madonna stood under a velvet canopy in front of the monastery. Young Fra Lorenzo had told him how the people of Siena had filled the street in order to have a glance at the wonderful picture, and how many had fallen down to worship in front of it. Beauty-loving Siena had declared a feast day in honor of the Madonna. That morning it was to be carried in procession through the streets and placed, in the afternoon, to remain for all time, over the altar of Santa Maria dei Christi.

Fra Giovanni had, throughout his life, held one earthly goal in mind, and that was to see his Madonna hanging above that altar. Not until with his own eyes he saw it there could he be assured that his jewel was in its proper setting—that it radiated beauty and inspiration as, of course, a Madonna should. Not

until then could he be assured that his work was immemorial. The admiration of others was not enough. They had promised him that his bed would be carried to the church tomorrow for the festival mass. Then he could die, the happiest man in the world, or the saddest.

As was the custom on festival days in Siena, every bell was tolling, and Sienna had many bells. The deep bass of the campanile bell made the others seem merry tinkles in comparison. Now the sunlight poured in through the tiny window in Fra Giovanni's cell, and the holy man thanked God that the people were to have a beautiful day. He could hear them now as they shouted and danced in the streets. How gay they were, and how ecstatic they became over a great piece of painting. They would be shouting and dancing far into the night.

Young Fra Lorenzo now entered the cell with a bowl of gruel, for an old man cannot live on the one frugal meal a day allotted to younger friars. "Good morning, Father," he said in his cheery manner, "the day is beautiful, and the more so because it will see your Madonna hung—just as the light of the setting sun gleams through the western window and falls upon the altar." Fra Giovanni smiled. The next day he would be taken to gaze, for the last time, upon his Heavenly Mary whose face he had painted just as he had seen it in a vision years before, whose mantle was colored with his own blood because it was the proper shade. The old man's heart grew weary with excitement.

Lorenzo was chattering again, but Fra Giovanni was too tired to listen to all he said, although he loved the young man dearly. . . . "People from all over the world will come to pray

(Continued on page 27)

Where the red-bugs bite in the white moonlight
 At the edge of the open sea,
 And the mosquitoes sing in your ears at night
 In a high-pitched minor key,
 The sand-flies dine upon your face
 And the chiggers 'neath your skin,
 And the coral snake you find too late
 Has found the bed you're in.

But there's something there in the southern air
 That savors of life and the power to fight
 And makes men *men*, or lays 'em low
 As the wobblin' whiskey-ite.
 It's sweat and blood and the stinkin' mud
 And the muck-itch, neck to toe,
 And a dollar a day is elegant pay
 For a fruit-bum on the go.

Sub-Tropical

Just to swing along on the sandy trail
 With a song and a bag o' grub,
 Freight, hitch-hike, walk, or sail
 In a leakin' smuggler's tub.
 And if at night no place in sight
 Looks like a hobo heaven,
 Just build your fire and don't get tight
 And you'll wake up at seven.

G. E. HEWITT

For the tropic land is a paradise
 Dreamin' under a corpulent moon,
 And the 'bo in the bunch that is really wise
 'Ll be headed that way soon.
 For the cold wind stings on the northern trails
 And the stiff's up there in the snow
 Are comin' south if they aren't in jails
 To the land where the warm winds blow.

Song of Charleston

for it's

Spring—and there are sea
gulls and a long grey sea wall running
and little green sea waves

pounding

and a fish smell surrounding
and boys-in-uniform stand looking,
and the painted women of an old town
stand revealing,

enticing

and it's spring

and the old battery houses stand watching
and the sun is the fire of passion
unquenched
and the sea breeze is the soothing hand of a woman
caressing

it's

spring

and

the

old

houses

stand watching

and the

beautiful white bodies of the sea gulls

touch

lightly

on the water

WILLIAM GEIGER OWENS

The First Jew

SHELDON ROBERT HARTE

The sun had set on a hot summer day. A sultry twilight which precedes the unbearable New York City summer nights had descended upon the sweltering city. Gasoline fumes filled the streets. Smoke hung motionless above the tall buildings.

On 70th street between Park and Lexington avenues half-naked children were playing in the gutters as they were on almost every other side street of the city. Two filthy young gentlemen, in particular, of about seven and nine years, respectively, were engaged in shooting checkers against the bottom step of the accident entrance of the Furgison hospital. The screen door was suddenly flung open and a man in a white jacket hurried down the steps. The toe of his right foot sent one checker off across the street, his next step sent its opponent after it. The boys jumped to their feet in dismay. The intruder, however, unconscious of his crime, started briskly down the block.

Followed by the angry complaints of the boys he continued rapidly across Lexington avenue and on down toward Third. He did not see the men and women sitting on the doorsteps mopping their damp faces, neither did he hear their shrill chatter. He dodged in and out of the swarms of squalling children with his eyes fixed intently before him. People stopped talking as he passed and stared after him.

His hospital jacket with pens and thermometer cases sticking out of the breast pocket, his straight black hair bobbing about his forehead in an unkept mass in contrast to his otherwise tidy appearance, his wild, vacant eyes, and his long hurried strides all commanded unusual interest.

"Ain't that Doc Wells?" a thin, sallow-skinned woman whispered to her neighbor as the young man passed.

"It looks like Doctor Volvier to me, Mrs. Flanigen."

"'Tain't neither," chirped a young girl with a flushed face, "that's Doctor Meyers—I ought to know, he took out my appendix."

"Well, I wonder what under the heaven's the matter with him?"

"I don't know, but he'll get a stroke if he keeps running like that in this heat," remarked a spectacled, grey-haired gentleman over his tabloid.

At Third avenue the young doctor turned north. He did not slacken his pace—if anything he went a little faster. The perspiration was dripping from his chin. He pulled out a handkerchief and wiped his face, but did not stop. He continued up the avenue for a few blocks and then turned east again. At Second avenue he turned south. After several blocks he turned east once more. He continued in this way until he reached the East river.

It was dark by then. He stopped and gazed out upon the black waters. He walked out on a pier and sat down on a wooden box. The heat was oppressive. He buried his face in his hands. A choking sob rose from his breast. In the darkness and solitude he wept unrestrained.

For him the end of the world had come. There was nothing more to live for. He was in disgrace. He had failed—had miserably failed in the midst of his victory. Never again would he return to the hospital.

"Oh God," he muttered, looking up at the star-speckled sky, "why did you let her go?"

But God did not answer. Only the river spoke, and he could not understand the soft swishing voice beneath him. It sounded as if the river pitied him, and above all else he wanted no pity. It had been his own fault, and he knew it.

"If only I had been more careful!" he cried aloud. And to himself:

"What can I say to Julie? How can I look into her eyes again—Oh Julie! She had such faith in me! 'I know you will make good, Dave,' that's what she said to me when they accepted me on the staff."

"Don't forget, Son, you are a Jew, and what you do will be reflected on your people." He could hear his father's voice when he had told the proud old man he had been accepted on the Furgison staff.

"And Doctor Garner gripping me by the shoulder, bellowing in my ear, 'Don't forget, young Meyers, you are the first Jew we have taken. . . and on, and on, and on!'"

"You are the first Jew!" he shrieked into the night.

A boat out on the river took up the cry. The horns of the cars crossing the bridge repeated it. The blinking lights on the Brooklyn shore spelled it out. A droning plane in the sky sang it over and over.

"You are the first Jew! You are the first Jew!"

"Oh God," he sobbed.

And then for the thousandth time he went over it all again. For the thousandth time he recalled how he had brought through all his patients, even that mangled wreck from an automobile accident, during his first month at the hospital. All his operations had been successful—several nephrectomy, appendectomy, good God dozens of them, acute, chronic, ruptured—all had come through! Dr. Garner himself had praised him for that neat piece of pyloroplasty surgery. He smiled in spite of himself. His eyes lit up, and the blood rushed to his heart. Every one had said the man was doomed. Too weak—they had refused to operate. But he, David Meyers, the Jew—the first Jew (oh God!), he had operated. He had administered the anaesthesia himself. He had sat up nights with the dying man. He had fought death

with all the skill and knowledge that had been accumulated through the centuries and handed down to him. And he had won! What a victory!

And cholecystectomy, two, three, four cases—he couldn't remember how many, but they had all come through, he had brought them through! And his five colostomy operations, and the gastro-entrostomy cases, both anterior and posterior—but that first one, the posterior, what careful technique that had taken, the least slip—but he hadn't made a slip! He had been victorious! They talked about him all over the hospital! Patients asked to be put under young Doctor Meyer's care. They entrusted their lives to him, the Jew they scorned!

And then came the girl with uterine complications. After the first examination he knew what was wrong. An operation was imperative—salpingo-öplerectomy. It required precision and technique, but he had performed such an operation before. He was confident of another victory, too confident. His heart sank at the thought of it. Tears came to his eyes. Tears of mortification. She had died on the table.

Well, the Jew was defeated. He had made a fool of himself. There had been no reason for her to die. He could have won. It had been his own fault. Well, they could all laugh now. And Volvier, the bastard, could strut up and down the halls and shake his head as if to say, "I told you so." Volvier the Jew hater, God damn him!

But it was over now. They had wheeled her in a sick girl, but strong and in good condition with every chance in the world of recovery—every chance of another victory. They had wheeled her out a corpse.

The Jew had been defeated.

Could he ever go back and face that staff of doctors and nurses? Good God no! Every one knew of it by then. And his wife—

"Oh, Julie," he sobbed, "forgive me."

He got up and walked to the end of the pier and looked down at the black, forbidding waters. He shuddered and turned away.

"Death!"

He felt sick. He sat down on the box again. What was he to do? Where could he go?

"I won't go back to that damned hospital!" he cried aloud.

"Perhaps I ought to resign from the staff before they ask for my resignation," he thought. "But no, they could never ask me to resign. This is the first case I've lost. I've done too good work up until now, and they know it. Anyway, Garner is a decent chap, and he likes me I am sure. No, they wouldn't think of asking me to leave. I was a fool to have even thought of it! So what am I worrying about? Even Garner has made a slip!"

He jumped up and started joyously down the pier, but suddenly stopped.

"What, go back to that damned hospital to have them all sneer at me! smiling behind my back! 'Meyers lost his case yesterday. Meyers the Jew! Yes, the first case he has lost since he has been here—the first Jew you know—he has done credible work, but if he can make a slip like that—it was a stupid blunder—the assisting surgeons say—oh, yes, a fine doctor—all our men are excellent surgeons——'

"Good God!" he cried, "what is left?" I am just an ordinary surgeon; the Jew—the first Jew they have ever taken in! Well, damn them, they won't have to bother about the Jew. No more surgery in that damned Christian hospital!"

He would resign. He would go back now and make out his resignation. What if it was the best hospital in the city? He'd be damned if he would work in a place where he would never get credit for the work he did, if he could never be looked upon as an equal, if he could never reap the glorious harvest of esteem and admiration but would always be criticized for his mistakes and be overlooked for all his success. There he would never truly be one of the

outstanding surgeons, but would always be the first Jew.

He would hand in his resignation. He could see himself handing it to Garner. Proudly drawing himself up he would say that he did not care to work in an atmosphere of antagonism and . . . and . . . he couldn't think of everything he would say, but it would come to him at the time!

And then he would join some Jewish institution where he could be of some importance!

But what would he be at any other place? The Jew that had got into the Goyum hospital and had been kicked out again. No prestige, no honor, still looked down on for all his good work. Nowhere admiration! Nowhere applause!

"Oh, God!" he cried, "what *is* there left for me? I do not ask to be perfect. I only ask for the power that will claim respect from my fellow men. You have denied it, oh Lord, *you* have defeated me!"

He gazed up at the sky, bathed in the blur of misty yellow—the hazy reflection of the city lights. He stretched his arms to the wide expanse imploringly. His lips moved, but no sound came forth. Tears streamed down his face. A heavy whisper rose from his chest.

"*You* . . . have defeated . . . me. . . ."

And under the influence of the burning hate and despair which he had aroused within himself, David Meyers flung himself into the East River.

As the icy waters of the river closed over his head, he saw with vivid clearness the chalk-white face of the girl as she had been wheeled out of the operating room. And he saw the pain-twisted face of a broken-hearted mother.

"Death!" Oily water rushed into his mouth, and muffled all sound.

He came to the surface.

"Life!" The word sounded faint and distorted to his own ears as it passed through his lips with a rush of water from his lungs.

He struck out boldly for shore. His jacket cramped his arms, how-

ever, and his water-soaked shoes were like lead weights on either foot. The current was strong and kept pulling him out as it swept him along. He fought hard, but could make no headway. He gasped and sputtered and churned the water about him in effort to keep afloat.

His limbs were weary, and his head began to spin. He coughed and choked, and still wildly beating his arms he went under. A fear such as he had never known entered his heart. And again he saw the face of the girl, chiseled in white—such a ghastly white—by the hand of a master he had thought he had known so well. Ah death! So this was the death he had been fighting with knife and skill.

He came to the surface again. His lungs were bursting. He took in a breath, a deep, deep breath.

"Oh, God, save me!"

The lights on the shore swept by. He tried to call out to a ship steaming up-stream, but his voice was no more than a gurgled whisper.

Again the waters closed above his head. And as he desperately fought to reach the surface, scattered bits from his life streamed through his mind, one thought running into and mingling with another.

His mother was brushing back his hair, fixing his tie, all the while giving him instructions which he was too excited to hear. Today was to be his first day of school. He was walking down Fifth avenue, proud as a king. It was Easter morning. Clinging to his arm was a slip of a girl. The girl was his sister—no, she was Julie. Garner's big hand held his shoulder in a vice-like grip. He called him a Jew—the first Jew. He was too excited to understand the significance of the words at the moment. He had a place on the surgical staff of the best hospital in the city. He was bending over a half-dissected stiff. The burning fumes of formaldehyde stung his nostrils and his eyes. But he was happy. He was at peace with the world and himself. He was at medical school. A little girl—no, an

old man—no, some whimpering mother was clinging to his neck showering him with sobbing praises and thanks. What had he done? He had won a victory. What victory? Another victory for himself. He was pulling his sister's long braids. She was crying, crying—her face became distorted and pale. Julie was lying close to him. The warmth and yielding softness of her body intoxicated him, urged him on to a rapturous crescendo—followed by moments of delicious, calm—the telephone aroused him—his mother was dead. His sister's face was drawn, her eyes were red from crying. Her face became pale. It wasn't his sister's face. That face was the pallor of death. It *was* death! It was that girl! Still and lifeless she lay before him. Her face, God how white, nude of all emotion. He had lost a victory. No, he had lost a life! Life! Death! Life!

He was at the surface once more gasping for breath.

"Christ," he choked in sudden comprehension, "I've never fought death before! I have never fought for life—never. It has been a selfish fight for glory!"

Once more he felt the waters closing about his head. The third time, he thought.

And suddenly his feet touched firm bottom, and almost instantaneously his body struck something solid. He grasped a slippery plank in a frenzied clutch. He pulled himself toward it. The water was up to his neck. The current was strong.

With his last ounce of strength he pulled himself out of the black waters of the river onto the dry piles surrounding the base of a huge steel column which supported a rumbling bridge high above him. Exhausted and sick he lay shivering on the dry sand and wood with the ominous gurglings of the river in his ears.

He lay quite still filling his lungs with deep gasps of air—vital breaths of sweet, intoxicating air—feeling the life which had so dangerously flickered surge through his body with renewed vigor.

And as he lay there on his little island in the middle of the swift river with the continual rumbling of passing vehicles above him, he began to think in the light of a new reason which had never before presented itself to him. He remembered his thoughts of a few minutes ago when he had been struggling against the overwhelming power of the river.

"I have never fought death—I have never fought for life. It has been a selfish war, a war of pride," he muttered. "My whole life—school, college, med school, and these last few months at the hospital in particular have been dedicated not to service, but to my own selfish hunger for recognition—for honor—for glory!"

He did not realize that the fault had not been entirely his own. His reasoning of the moment could not circumscribe the fact that for centuries his people had suffered the same degrading position in the esteem of the world about them as he had.

He was now absorbed in a momentous struggle, the outcome of which would determine whether his life from then on would be lived beyond the cruel touch of scorn, or whether he would continue as before, like so many of his people had done, keenly aware of his social position, secretly suffering under every thrust at his inbred pride and aspiring to selfish heights of glory, hoping, ever hoping, to gain esteem, to be looked upon with admiration and as an equal.

The course he had pursued throughout his life, and which had become even more real from the time he first entered the Furgison hospital was an inevitable counter reaction to the opposing forces of his environment. Thus had it been with his people since they had first become scattered over a Christian world.

His was the heritage of centuries.

His encounter with death had been too real, too horrible, to leave its impression upon his body alone. By a miracle—it seemed to him—Life had retrieved him after he had forsaken Life of his own will. What was

this Life that he clung to so preciously now, that was so sweet and dear to him? What did it mean, what was its value, why did he love it so—and so fear to leave it?

And as he lay there shivering, trying to see through his own emotions to a truth, the image of the girl who had died under his hands—the very hands that might have saved her—appeared before him again. She smiled at him, a smile he knew so well, a smile of confidence and faith. He groaned. Life had meant as much to her as it meant to him. But she was dead and he was alive! Dead! The death that had so nearly trapped him, had seized her from his grasp.

He stood up on unsteady legs. He passed through dizzy heights of exaltation with the sound of the river ever beside him.

"Now I understand," he whispered, and sank weakly upon his knees. "Oh, Jehovah, my God, forgive me! How blind have I been!"

And a sorrow, a genuine grief, filled his heart. She was dead! Death, his opponent, his only opponent, had defeated him. For the first time since he had entered medicine he was overcome with compassion. For the first time he saw his profession not as a means to a selfish end, but as a field of service for humanity, for the preservation of life!

* * *

It was through a heavy mist that he heard shouting voices and saw strange wandering faces about him. In a daze that left all the material world wrapped in folds of obscure unimportance he stepped into a boat. With his eyes fixed in the distance, seeing nothing, he absently answered questions that were put to him.

Had he jumped off the bridge? No, he had not jumped off the bridge. Had he fallen off the bridge? No, he had not fallen off the bridge. Then had he jumped or fallen off a boat? No, he had neither jumped nor fallen off a boat. A perplexed silence ensued to which he offered no explanation.

Arrived at a pier he started off at a brisk pace. To his exasperation,

however, he was promptly detained. A gentleman dressed in blue with a shiny badge on his breast tapped him on the shoulder.

What had he said his name was? He didn't remember having said anything about his name—nevertheless, he was David Meyers. The police officer scribbled on a pad with a pencil stub. And where did he live and what did he do? He was a physician at the Furgison hospital, and could be reached there at any time. Would he mind coming along with the officer? Well, he was in somewhat of a hurry, but if the gentleman insisted. . . .

At police headquarters came more questioning. He was able to identify himself by means of some water-soaked bills and miscellaneous documents from his sticky wallet. More questioning and exasperating delay and he was finally allowed to go.

Deserted streets and somber buildings flashed by the cab windows in the gray light of early morning. He stepped out of the taxi as the sun rose upon another scorching day. He paid off the driver with a torn bill, and looked up at the quiet building before him.

He gazed at the well-known steps leading up to the large doors which opened into a world of its own within. A world of polished floors and spotless walls, a world of hurrying white-clad nurses and doctors, the world of the sick and dying.

He came back to reality with a start. His heart was beating wildly. He was here, back at the hospital. His new life was to begin today!

He tried to fight it back—he would not acknowledge it, yet it was there, rising within him.

Fear.

But why? He had gone over it all during the night, time and time again. He had argued and debated and looked at it from every side. He was sure! He had never been more sure of anything in his life. Volvier, Fagen,—names, they meant nothing to him any longer. Only one thing mattered! What was that? Somehow he couldn't quite put his

finger on it—but it had been very clear and substantial during the night!

Fear.

No! He was sure he wanted to come back. Scorn and sarcastic smiles could no longer touch him! Life and work had a new meaning. Glory and pride were no more. Inside those doors were young girls, boys, men and women with the fear of death in their eyes. He would take their hands and look down at them, and a smile would cross their lips—a smile of faith and confidence!

As he stood on the sidewalk muttering to himself the doors of the hospital were flung open. The janitor with mop and pail came out and commenced scrubbing the steps.

Meyers looked up and gazed into the entrance hall. The information desk was still there as it had been yesterday when he left. The rows of straight-backed chairs where coming-in patients waited, were as they had been. The stone floors were still shiny and clean.

All was the same, yet strangely different. He had passed the information desk and returned salutations from waiting patients many times, and yet *he*, David Meyers, had never been in that hospital before!

And as he stood there feasting his eyes, the hospital odor of carbolic acid tinted with ether reached his nostrils on the heavy summer air. He breathed deeply—his eyes brightened and his heart threatened to burst through his chest.

His mind was already racing through the long halls upstairs. There was the woman in 121. She must be operated on today—thyroidectomy—a difficult operation, required the utmost care and skill. But he was confident—confident as he had never been before! His fingers twitched, and he wanted to cry out for joy. And the child in 415, he would probably have to perform a mastoidectomy. And yet he might be able to avoid it—he would see, he would see. But the woman in 412 would have to undergo a mastectomy either today or tomorrow. There was no question

about it. And the man in 410—should he perform a nephrotomy or not? It was a difficult operation. He would probably recover without it. Volvier had lost such a case only last week. He would operate! He would show Volvier what the Jew could—

"My God!" he sobbed in despair.

The janitor looked down at him and scratched his head.

"I will not operate," he muttered through gritted teeth, clenching and unclenching his fists. "I will not operate unless it is essential!"

And deep within him he knew that unless it were essential he would not operate. He knew that *he*, the new David Meyers, had crushed for the last time the man that had left the hospital through the emergency entrance the night before.

The first Jew was no more.

The odor of carbolic acid and ether reached his nostrils again. He heard an ambulance siren on the next block. A telephone rang inside. A nurse hurried down the hall followed by two orderlies. A loudspeaker repeated a name over and over in a dry lifeless voice. The janitor disappeared with his bucket and mop. A car came to a stop with a shrieking of brakes a few feet away from him. A man leaped out with a woman in his arms. His face wore an expression of terror. The women was groaning.

"Well advanced in labor," he muttered, half-conscious of their presence. "Why must they wait till the last minute?"

Then with a surge of vigor beyond restraint he leaped forward with a smothered cry of joy. He flew up the wet steps—slipped on the top one—and rushed in. He stopped in the doorway for a few seconds, breathed deeply of the scented air, and rushed down the hall.

"Dr. Meyers, Dr. Meyers!"

"Yes?" he called back without stopping.

"Your wife. . . ."

"Julie—my God! She must be worried sick! Why have I done this to her?"

He flew back to the information

desk from whence the familiar voice of Miss Hall, the nurse on duty, had come.

"Dr. Meyers, your wife. . . ." Miss Hall, the confirmed spinster, held in awe by the complete hospital staff stopped short and stared in amazement at the brilliant, young Jewish surgeon.

"Yes, yes, where is she? what did she say?"

Miss Hall continued staring at him from her bony heights with amazement written in her watery blue eyes.

Indeed, his wrinkled suit covered with mud and filth, and his shoes—once white—still oozing water at every step, his smeared face and hands, and his tangled hair all went to make up a very extraordinary appearance for a physician coming on duty.

"What's the matter?" he cried. "Can't you talk? What did she say? Is she terribly worried? Is she home? Where can I reach her?"

"Where—what? . . ."

"Never mind—never mind me! Can't you talk?" he shrieked in exasperation, seizing her by the arm.

She shrank back at his touch. Miss Hall had always shrunk from the touch of men, but this time she was truly startled. She opened her mouth as if to speak, but no sound came forth.

"Well . . . ?" Meyers bellowed.

"Mrs. Meyers has been calling here all night. She doesn't know where you are—neither does anyone else!" she sputtered.

"But I am here!"

"I mean last night. You weren't home and left no message. She thought you must have been hurt or something."

"Last night be damned! Did she say where I could reach her?"

"Yes, sir, at your home. I'll get you the number."

Miss Hall dialed the number, all the while casting nervous glances at his disorderly figure. Dr. Meyers ranted in impatience. The mechanical voice, issuing from the loudspeaker above his head, called his name.

"Dr. Meyers, 415. Dr. Meyers, room 415. Dr. Meyers, room 415. Hur . . . ry."

Four-fifteen, four-fifteen! The mastoid case, the eight-year-old boy.

"My God, what can be wrong? I should have seen him during the night! Have you got the number?"

"Yes, sir, one minute."

"One minute, hell!" he cried running down the hall toward the elevators.

"Dr. Meyers, Dr. Meyers, here's your number. Yes, Mrs. Meyers, he is here. He's not hurt, but. . . . Dr. Meyers, she's crying!"

He turned about and rushed back to the information desk.

"Calling Dr. Meyers. Dr. Meyers. Room 415. Calling Dr. Meyers. room 415. Hur . . . ry."

"Oh God—Julie, forgive me for paining you so!"

"Calling Dr. Meyers, 415. . . ."

"Coming, coming—I'm coming!"

He pivoted on his heel and rushed toward the elevators like a madman.

"Dr. Meyers, your wife—what will I tell her?"

"Tell her I love her," he shrieked.

"Tell her—tell her I love her!"

"He loves you, yes, he loves you."

None of the elevators were on the ground floor. He punched the buttons in a rage and pounded on the doors.

"Oh, Christ—hurry! What can be the matter with the kid? Oh, Julie, forgive me. Dame the elevators!"

"She says where have you been?" cried Miss Hall from the desk.

"I've been—I've been—tell her I'm all right. Tell her I love her! Thank God the elevator's here."

"Good morning, Dr. Garner!" he shouted, almost knocking down a stout heavy-set gentleman who was stepping out of the elevator. "Fourth floor, fourth floor, John—will you hurry!" he screamed at the stupefied elevator boy.

"Dr. Meyers, my dear Dr. Meyers," boomed the head of the hospital.

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Dark Moon on Monday

RUBY FOGEL



When Sybil Ange was ten months old, she cried for the moon. Her father was grieved because he could not promptly haul it down for her. And her mother made trite observation about money's inability to buy everything.

It was like that the rest of her life. Except for the moon, Sybil had everything she wished for—everything her father's immense wealth could purchase.

At nineteen a vague and seemingly indissoluble ennui had settled upon her life. She had turned from piano to journalism, from dress-designing to poetry, from drawing to twiddling of thumbs.

They were pretty thumbs—tipped gracefully with coral nail polish. She was attractive, with dull gold hair and green eyes, and was famous for the perfection of her figure.

Sybil searched for a new hobby—

some ceaselessly interesting project upon which to exert her diverse talents.

Sybil made a hobby of life.

With no sophistication whatsoever, Sybil dimly expected that perhaps that meant that she might fall in love. She wanted it to be a sudden, passionate love. Later she could be sensible.

It was that year that she met Raoul.

He swept into her life like a shadow upon a wall . . . mysteriously, from nowhere. And she knew eventually he would disappear again into that nowhere on the disgraceful tramp boat in which he had arrived.

He was daringly everything she had previously wished for. Something soft seemed to have invaded that night. It was filled with a post-midnight delirium—a queer, beautiful madness which caught at one's throat and eyes.

It was with sudden, painful realization that she later remembered it could only be for a little while. Faintly she was troubled.

With her vast fortune, she had decided to live life to the fullest—with the carefree abandon of the unburdened. She consoled herself that Raoul was merely part of that abandon.

She explained that carefully to her mother one night across the long candle-lit dinner table.

"Mother," she said, "Raoul is part of my plan for living. The ideal life must be *perfectly* happy. There are so few really happy people in the world . . . so few people who even bother about being happy. After this, I shall marry some nice dependable person and have dozens of beautiful children."

Her father coughed at that. Sybil knew he disapproved.

II

Into the setting sun they rode. Sybil could not wish for any more per-

fect night in her life. Far down the white pavement, which seemed to narrow off somewhere in space into a clump of forest trees, the sun set bright and red. It was a burning land to which they ever progressed, swiftly—but which ever kept its remoteness.

The wind blew against her hair. She was glad that she was alive, glad that she was living in that moment to drink in the swiftly flowing air.

"Why so pensive?" Raoul asked her. "Trying to write a book?"

"I might, perhaps."

He laughed at that. "You couldn't write a letter."

"Do hush," she said. "Let me think."

"About me?"

"Well, you're concerned."

"Much?"

She smiled wisely at him. "What do you think?"

"What do you think I think?"

"What do you think I think you think?"

Nineteen. And life stretched interminably on into the future. Like that path of the moon now rising at the end of this white pavement. Merely drifting, merely living . . . realizing that horizons always kept their distance. But the higher one stood to view them, the more one saw.

They rode out to the cabin. The car stopped abruptly behind a great pine tree.

"I have a boat down there," he said, pointing to the lake. "We might go down and skim the water. . . ."

She got out of the car carefully, putting her feet down upon the thick underbrush with the cautious air of a cat.

The lake was black and smooth and frogs chirped loudly from mysterious headquarters. The boat was moored to a cypress stump near the bank. The tide was high, so that the water almost covered the lower banks, and the reeds stuck up from the edge of the lake like green Excaliburs.

Raoul carried her to the boat.

The moon sent down a solid white path across the black lake, and the wind again was soft and flowing

about her ears. The stutter of the motor was like a nervous, syncopated melody upon the lake.

They went so fast that they bumped along the water; they leapt into the sky . . . the dark sky with its white moonpath across it.

The wind seemed like life pouring into her body, pumping her heart.

"Have you ever been happy, Raoul? Really and truly? Why does life seem dull and static to most people . . . always striving towards the far horizons? I do not strive. I live."

"You have no ambition, Syb," he told her.

"Ambition," she said, "is unhappiness. I could preach no sermon about ambition. It does not matter to me. It only matters that I'm alive."

"You're a vegetable."

She did not know whether to resent the analogy or not. Raoul turned off the engine of the boat and they merely glided on the water. The sudden silencing of the boat's engine seemed to cast an atmosphere of reverie across the whole lake.

He lit his pipe. The light shone dimly for a moment, and then the smoke curled skyward.

"Yes," Raoul repeated, "you're a vegetable. You grow away in your lovely, well-planned garden, blow in the breeze and love it . . . like a radish. Or do you prefer asparagus? Then when you're ripe and lovely enough to eat, along comes some nice kind man and gobbles you right up."

"I shan't be gobbled," she said with scorn. "I'm not a vegetable after all. . . ."

"You aren't living," he said.

Fool, she thought. This was all she wanted, all she asked of life. The word *now* was her life. Tomorrow, today would be yesterday. But for her there were no tomorrows, no yesterdays.

III

It was only the next night that he told her good-by. Good-bys were the stuff of which tragedy was made. This was the end. And it would not be a happy ending perhaps. Some-

thing in good-bys of the pathos of periods at the end of sentences . . . the words stopped there, but the thought went on forever.

As he walked to the door, Sybil felt that she would never see him again. Quickly she put this thought from her mind. Had she not known that some day there would be this? And yet a vague sense of injustice weighed upon her mind. It was not right for him to leave her thus. She had loved him so long.

She knew he would laugh at that. To him, love meant something which Sybil had not offered. She was sorry for him in a way, sorry he had not understood how she felt.

And now he was going away again in his boat, on a journey which she would decline if he should offer it to her. How could he calmly come to say good-by? She almost hated him for his cool indifference, for his deliberate blindness to the fact that she cared.

When the moons were full, she would think of him. She knew that. And she would imagine him upon some phantasmagoric sea with a white moon upon it. He would follow the moonpath across the water.

She had not cared until now about whence he came or whither he was going. The only thing that mattered was that he had been hers for a while. She had caught the moonpath which gleamed in his eyes. How long she would hold it captive, she had not known—nor had she cared.

Once she had even visualized herself as his companion during his travels, even while she realized it could never be. She belonged to the stable earth—an earth covered with waxy hardwood floors, mild cocktails in thin crystal glassware, collections of curios, and hanging chandeliers. He was primal in his tastes. And he was going back to sea—without her.

She stood there looking at him intently, with all these thoughts in her mind, and wondered what he was thinking. It did not matter what he thought, she kept telling herself. This man had merely come into her life as

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Rockabye Lady

JEAN WARD

Jennifer lay in her little bed and wished that Christmas were over. Her head hurt her so much that she could scarcely think at all, and her left ear was alternately numb and throbbing. Christmas morning would come day after tomorrow, and she would not be at home: instead, they were taking her to the big white hospital on the hill. Bruce would be at home; Father and Mother would carry him downstairs to find his presents at the Christmas tree where Santa Claus had left them, but she would not be there to get any. She wondered vaguely about the hospital. She had been there once, and her recollection was of a queer, steamy smell and lots of ladies in white dresses and caps, like ice cream cones, on their heads. At least Dr. Edwards would be there. Thinking of him, she looked gratefully at the peppermint elephant he had brought her today. But even Dr. Edwards would not make up for Santa Claus. She had been so good: not once had she slapped Bruce, even though his fat, baby hands spilled the dish of water when she tried to color her best picture book; not once had she said, "I won't," to Nan. Nan was nice. She was brown-haired and brown-eyed. So was Father. But Jennifer's hair was red. However, Nan had taught her a brave retort to the boys who teased her and called her "carrot-top": "'Tis not. It's copper." Carrots meant things you had to eat, even though you did not like them. Copper meant pennies, sometimes new and shiny, that bought licorice drops. It was nicer to have copper hair. Nan always did say nice things, even if she were not Jennifer's Truly Mother. Jennifer was different from other little girls: she had no Truly Mother. Perhaps Father had found her somewhere. Jennifer was six now; but when she was three, Nan

had come to stay, and not long afterward, Bruce. Bruce was her brother, because he belonged to Father and not because he belonged to Nan.

She went on thinking of all the things that she had tried to do so that Father and Nan and Santa would love her. But now she was going away. Santa would know that she was not there, but he would never know where to find her. He would probably be afraid to leave her things and think that he would save them till next Christmas. It was too late even to telegraph: if he were to be in Bronxville tomorrow night, he must have left the North Pole already.

Her head was beginning to buzz again when Father came in, his arms laden with presents. There were something like tears in his eyes, but maybe she couldn't see very well.

"Jennifer, you'll never guess what has happened. Santa Claus came and left some things for you. He said he thought you might want to see them now, because you won't be very well on Christmas morning."

Jennifer tried to sit up. She was all smiles as she said, "He *did*?"

Father piled them on the bed and unwrapped them; then he sat down beside her with his arm half way around her. There was a big illustrated book of Eugene Field's poems, twin dolls, a boy and a girl, a pencil set with her own name on every pencil, a bracelet with her initial on it—oh, everything that she had asked for. She just looked at them and touched them. It was hard to say anything.

"Head feel better, Baby?" Father asked.

"It aches me, Father. When are they going to fix it?"

"Tomorrow, dear. Then you'll feel better."

"What do they call it?"

"A mastoid."

"Oh, yes. . . Read to me?"

Father picked up the new book and began, "Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes. . . ."

Jennifer sank back on his arm. It would be nice to have a blue pigeon with velvet eyes. She had a green plush duck that she loved very much, but a blue pigeon would be better.

Father had finished. He turned the pages slowly to read another. First, he showed her the picture: then he read,

"The Rockabye Lady from Hushabye Street

With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,

Comes stealing, comes creeping . . ."

Jennifer stopped him.

"I don't like it. Read me another book."

"Why, Jennifer! You *always* like it. You always ask for it."

"But she has on a blue dressing gown in the picture. It ought to be green."

Father put down the book, but his face was blurry before her eyes. Her head was spinning. "Why?"

"Oh . . . I don't know. Read me . . . Christopher Robin."

She lay over on the pillow while he got the other book. Before he had gone very far in it, she was tossing feverishly. He looked at her; she was staring straight at him, but he saw that she did not know him. He jumped up and called Nan.

Later she remembered little bits: Dr. Edwards' coming; Nan and Father crying; Nan saying, "Send for her, Stanley."

Send for who, thought Jennifer.

Then she was inside of a big room with a circle of lights over her head. She could not remember how she got there. She felt a vacancy by the bad ear, and all of her hair was in a tight

(Continued on page 23)

*A man and his wife
who had just returned from a
round-the-world cruise spoke of
Chesterfield as "an international
cigarette."*

It means something

... that Chesterfield Cigarettes
are on sale in 86 countries all
over the world.

It means something that
Chesterfields may be purchased
on nearly all ships and at almost
every port.

It means that for a cigarette
to enjoy such popularity, it must
have merit. We do our level best
to make Chesterfield as good a
cigarette as can be made.

*Smokers say...
in almost every language*

they Satisfy



Above—Vacuum tin of 50
—air tight—water tight—
fully protected even if sub-
merged in water.

Packages of 20 wrapped in
Du Pont No. 300 Cello-
phane—the best made.

Persimmons

The soft gray air spread out to make me room
When I went out to walk this afternoon,
And clear against it flattened these oak trees
In colors more subdued today.
They held their garments close around
Nor let them fall
While their discarded leaves lay all
Dry and motionless upon the ground,
And crackled gently 'neath my foot's slow step.

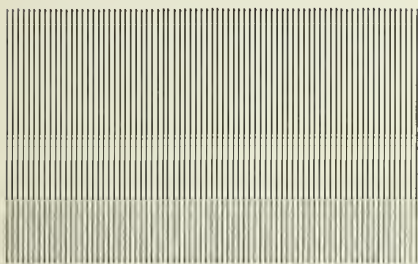
Now yesterday these trees flamed bright and flung
Their streaming branches, wind-blown, through the air
While I cried out and hurled my restless body
In vain effort here and there
As it could reach and house my spirit
Tortured there aloft;
Desire burned wild. Like them I thought
To burn my anguish out by sheer intensity.
Bitter joy streaked through my beauteous pain.

And now in quiet woods I find my ease
And feel relief to know this brief release.
Soft mass the clouds in an unseeing sky.
Whisper the trees gently, and I
Gather the bruised fruit from my
Lone persimmon tree.
Sweet it tastes for its wrinkles and frost,
Thus may *I* become from sorrow and age,
And admit not the happiness that I have lost.

KATHERINE SAWYER

Processional

DORRIS FISH



The choir boys were so noisy that evening that the choir master was distressed. They slammed their lockers in the ante-room; they dropped their hymn books; they laughed and talked about the circus. The choir master was sure that they could be heard in the church, and his worst suspicions were confirmed when an immaculate usher, with a gardenia in his button-hole, came back to quiet them.

After the moment of silence which followed the usher's departure, one of them called out, in a hoarse whisper, "Lookit, Freddy, tie this bow for me, will you? I never could tie a bow good."

"Come here then." Freddy was struggling with his collar, and his voice was muffled by a paper-backed booklet in his mouth. "Why don't they put some starch in these collars, I wonder?"

"Don't chew up that anthem, Freddy. You have to sing off of it," said the other.

"I don't care," Freddy's voice was clear now, as he held the anthem in his hand. "I don't feel much like singing anyway, Bruce."

"D'you think we'll get more than fifty cents this time?" asked Bruce.

"Maybe. Mr. Rawley has a lot of money."

"Well," said Bruce, "if we don't, dad said this morning that old Mrs. Clifton was real sick, so maybe we'll have to sing next week. Aren't weddings and funerals funny? We always sing the same things, and they're always just alike."

Freddy was smoothing his hair in front of the mirror. He turned to

say, "Except I bet Miss Margaret will be prettier than any other woman that was ever married in this church."

"You sure do like her, don't you, Freddy? I bet you wish you big enough to marry her."

"You're awfully silly. Of course, I don't."

"Well, not many people would put off their wedding from afternoon till night just on account of a circus in town. How did you dare ask her?"

"I was riding with her. I just said, 'Miss Margaret, the choir boys are going to miss a good circus to sing in your wedding.' She said why didn't we go at night, and I told her that Father and Mother wouldn't let me go, because I might get excited, and I'd have to stay up late and then get up early this next morning for choral communion. She said maybe I should just go anyway, and then I said no, I wanted to sing, because, after all, it was her wedding we were talking about. And she and I are friends. Next thing I knew, she'd changed it till tonight."

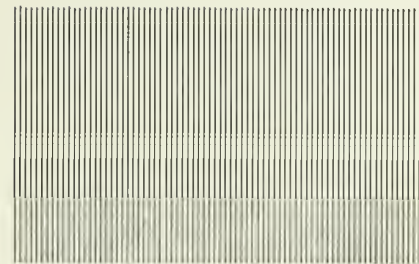
"Did you have a good time at the circus?"

"Yes, but Mother made me come home early, so as to have dinner and a bath and get down here in time not to be out of breath when I have to sing," said Freddy.

At this point, the choir master seemed to hold the same opinion with Freddy's mother.

"Go sit down and relax, Freddy. Miss Margaret asked that you be given the solo, you know, so you must sing your best."

Bruce took himself off to another group of his friends, and Freddy sat down on the bench in the far corner of the room. He hummed a few bars of his anthem. All weddings were not the same. This one was different, because this one was Miss Margaret's. She would have to pass right by him on the way to the altar,



and he knew that she would turn her head the least little bit to smile at him. She was going to wear a dress of white panne velvet: the newspapers had said so. He wondered what it would look like, because "panne" sounded like tin and not like velvet. He had said so to his parents that night at the dinner table. Mother's answer had been directed to Father alone: "She's hard enough without wearing armour."

Father had laughed and said, "Well, she can go on wearing star sapphires and having strawberries for breakfast when strawberries are out of season."

Freddy had been sorry that he had mentioned it. Lately they talked that way about her all of the time. Even Freddy's elation over the change in the hour of the wedding had been spoiled by Mother's remark that Miss Margaret wanted to be admired by children as something quite perfect and apart from commonplace Mothers who made them take baths and go to bed early. Yet Mother and Father had never kept him from playing with Miss Margaret. And they did not know how Miss Margaret talked to him when they were alone. They would never know about the Magic Forest where two wild pheasants lived and squirrels ate up the scraps of picnic lunches. Of course it was not really magic, but on any afternoon when sunlight filtered down through the big oak trees, you could believe that almost anything might happen. They would never know how Miss Margaret looked with blackberry juice all over her face and hands. She liked blackberries much

better than strawberries. And in her green riding habit, even with the stain on her face, she looked like a copper chrysanthemum on a cool green stem, because her hair was just that color. That was what Mr. Will had said, but Mr. Will could never go with them again on their rides and their walks. Freddy was glad that Mr. Will's funeral had been out in Kansas, for he could never have stood it, if he had had to sing at Mr. Will's funeral. He would never be able to understand why Miss Margaret was going to marry Mr. Rawley, except as he understood what she had told him.

He remembered how that had happened. They had been riding together one day, three months after Mr. Will had died, far away from both of them. They had come through a break in the wood and into a field of yellow clover, so deep that it reached to their stirrups. Without thinking, Freddy had said, "Oh, look! There are the flowers that Mr. Will brought you." That was one of their standing jokes: Mr. Will could not afford to send her the kind of flowers that other men did, so every flower that they passed on their rides together were the flowers Mr. Will gave her. But this time Miss Margaret's eyes had been very bright, although she did not cry.

"Freddy, don't you wish that they were out where Mr. Will is? It's so barren and sandy out there."

"Oh, no—I was in Kansas once. Sometimes there's yellow clover. There probably would be where Mr. Will is." He had hoped that it would comfort her. He was not sure himself, but he could not think of Mr. Will's grave covered with sand.

Then Miss Margaret had said, very quietly, looking straight at him, "I'm going to marry Mr. Rawley, Freddy."

Freddy had gulped, "Why?"

"Because if I don't, there's nothing ahead of me. You know how I've planned homes and children. You know that I want to have a boy like you. And now—he can't belong to Mr. Will, but I have to have him anyway. I have to have something.

Mr. Rawley's very dear to me."

"He has lots of money too," Freddy had said, without intending to hurt her feelings. But there was a hurt note in her voice when she had said, "Yes. That's true. If I marry Mr. Rawley, it's going to be soon. People will say that I didn't love Mr. Will. You've probably heard them

CONTRAST

I looked at you and shrugged my
shoulders,

It would be hard to be so simple,
I thought.

Not to be able to grasp broad-
mindedly

Religion—

Racial differences—

And the meaning of the world.

But just now I have cut down my
white birch tree,

And yours is still standing.

DOROTHY STICHT

say that anyway, that he didn't really matter, that I was just amusing myself. Oh, Freddy, I was getting almost human!"

Freddy could not tell her that he had heard nothing of the sort, that no other grown-ups treated him as if he were one of them, talked freely to him, as she and Mr. Will did.

But he heard all of those things later, for even Father and Mother, who were careful what they said in his presence, could not keep from storming. Mr. Will was Father's best

friend. Sometimes Freddy wondered too. Loving people and marrying them had always seemed different to him. He had a vague notion that, as much as they loved him, Mother and Father could get along better without him than without each other. How could a house and a boy make up to Miss Margaret for not having Mr. Will? But he believed Miss Margaret and decided that he did not know much about getting married anyway. He could not tell anyone about it, because the boys who were his friends would think that he was silly. Even Bruce would, Bruce with his silly ideas about Freddy wanting to marry Miss Margaret.

He was still surprised that he had been allowed to sing for the wedding. Mother and Father had both refused to come. But Father had said, "Well—choir is his business now, and Margaret is his friend as much as Will was."

Freddy had made one valiant attempt. He had not really cared at all about the circus this time. He had hoped that Miss Margaret would postpone her wedding longer than a few hours and have some time to think. But he had failed, and now both Miss Margaret and he had to have this wedding, because it was the night, and people were coming, and the choir was ready.

Freddy felt a lump rise in his throat. He wished that he were either a very small boy or a grown man. Nobody thought a little boy was a sissy for crying. Nobody thought that father was a sissy for crying when Aunt Ellen died. But he was only twelve years old and neither little enough nor big enough to cry without being a sissy. He wished desperately that the door would open, and there would be Mr. Will, laughing, telling him that it was a dream, and that there was no grave out in Kansas, that it was not Mr. Rawley that Miss Margaret was going to marry.

The door did open. But it was because the choir was starting the processional, and the choir master was signaling to him.

Rockabye Lady

(Continued from page 18)

cap. She was lying on a bed with no head or foot, and there were lots of people in white around her. She was afraid; so she looked for Nan and Father and Dr. Edwards. Someone put a rubber cap over her nose, and she choked a protest, fighting it off.

She felt a cool hand on her head and the cap on her nose again. She breathed, fighting the cap a little, because she could not help it. Then she seemed to shoot straight out of her feet, off into a blue spiral round and round like the winding staircase at home. When things began to clear, she had left the hospital and stood in a room by a yellow and green tile fire-place with her stocking hanging on its mantel. But the strangest thing was that there sat the Rockabye Lady in a green dressing gown, her long copper-colored hair down over her shoulder. Jennifer liked her. She even had poppies trailing, just like the poem. Jennifer climbed into her lap. The woman began to rock her gently and say, "The Rockabye Lady from Hushabye Street. . ." Jennifer said very naturally, "Mother."

Hours later, Jennifer woke up. It seemed to be morning. She was in a strange bed in a strange room, but there on the stand beside her was her plush duck and a new baby doll. Her glance went past them quickly. In the chair by the bed sat the Rockabye Lady, all but the dressing gown and the poppies. She was crying. Her hand was clasped over Jennifer's. Jennifer tried to say, "Mother," as she had in her dreams, but no sound came. When the Rockabye Lady looked up and saw the puzzled eyes watching her, she sprang to her feet and snatched her coat from the

back of the chair. She said, "Thank you—both of you." For the first time, Jennifer noticed Father and Nan at the foot of the bed. She tried to speak, to stop the Rockabye Lady, but she had already gone. . . Evidently Dr. Edwards had not fixed her head very well. Nan had hurried to her side to keep her from turning her head or sitting up. She closed her eyes.

When she opened them again, only Father was there. It must be getting dark, because the shaded lamp was turned on. Father looked so funny to her. She smiled. Maybe he'd look happier then.

"Feel better, Baby?"

"No." Her voice sounded thick to her. Then she remembered.

"Where did she go?"

Father stiffened.

"Where did who go?"

"My Truly Mother. She was—the Rockabye Lady. I dreamed about her. She rocked me. She said—it to me. Not Nan. Mother — — or do I have one? When I woke up, she was right where you are. I saw her."

Father looked hard at her. She could not tell what he was thinking.

"Nonsense, Jennifer," he said casually. "You've been sick—oh so sick. You were unconscious, and you were dreaming. Nan will be here in a minute."

He patted her hand. She regarded her duck for a long moment.

"Oh . . . I was just dreaming? Like Billy when he had the measles—and was all hot — — and talked a lot about — — things."

Her mind drifted on. She closed her eyes. "I have a plush duck with yellow wings. I want a blue pigeon with velvet eyes." It made a queer little tune in her throbbing head.

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 Crashed to dust and death beneath the spite of offended
 Gods.
 Tollan lives still in memory
 As long as men remember as its sons.
 Is the soul of Pompeii dead, the spirit of Babylon a
 withered thing?

* * *

ONE DAY when chiseled walls resounded to a mighty
 chorus,
 The chorus of the Festival of Flowers.
 Huemac the King gathered his instruments of music and
 Casting his crown upon the floor
 He bid his son wear it in his stead, if so he chose.
 Then forth he went to his villa,
 A villa outside the city walls.
 And there followed Huemac a great company of artists,
 Musicians and painters, and men who were clever
 In the drawing of poems—
 Poems whose words were not mere signs but
 Birds and beasts and flowers and trees,
 And tales of haughty mountains.
 Now Huemac bade those who had come with him
 To leave him to his thoughts of song.
 Alone he wandered through the forest-way.
 And as he walked there fell athwart his path a brightness
 Which astonished him.
 And behold, before him stood the God Tlaloc
 In the awfulness of his majesty.
 His face was terrible with the lines of tempest
 And from his curving snout projected gleaming serpent
 fangs.
 His eyes were as a fire behind a thicket,
 And blue stripes glistened on his cheekbones.
 And on his robe of spangled silver.
 For a time the God of the Clouds gloomed
 Upon the trembling King.
 Then thus he spake, and his dreadful voice
 Was as the seed of thunder behind the mountains,
 Rising to the fuller scream of tempest.
 "Wherefore, Huemac, hast thou done this thing—
 Wherefore hast thou given thy crown to a bastard?"

And Huemac trembled before this awful majesty.
His heart was as water. No word could he utter.

SPEAK," screamed the God. "Let thy wicked lips
Defend thy wicked heart if so they may."
Then spake Huemac, frightened, faltering, but
Daring not to disobey.
"Is he not mine flesh and blood, the fairest
And most fitted of my sons to wear the crown?"
The frown of fury was upon the brow of Tlaloc
And thus he spake. "Oh Huemac, King of Tollan
Thy heart is dark and alien to my law.
But thou art of the blood of the Gods—
Therefore shalt thou be spared.
But not so thy son, who blood divine hath become polluted.
Long hath thy race offended Heaven.
Now shall it be destroyed with the city it hath raised.
"Mercy!" gasped Huemac, prostrating himself,
"Mercy. Oh God of Many Waters!"
But Tlaloc wrapt himself in a cloud of black,
From which darted gleams of lightning.
Huemac saw him vanish, as one deprived of sense and
feeling.
Then rising, stumbling, fleeing, trembling,
The King returned to the city.

HE FOUND his son with Urendequa—
Chief of the dancers of Tollan:
The most desired of all women.
"Acxiti!" cried Huemac, embracing his son,
"Now hath the prophecy come to pass.
We are a race accursed of the Gods!"
Acxitl, slim, sallow and languorous,
With a heavy mouth and woman's brows,
Laughed at the fears of his father.
"Since when do the Gods dictate to a king—
Since when do we fear the dotards of Heaven?"
Urendequa laughed, deep down in her bosom,
But Huemac the King paled, and trembled.
"No more must we blaspheme, but placate the Gods.
Acxitl my son, let us pray at the temple."
But the sneer was heavy on the lips of Acxitl,
And he answered his father, soothingly, mockingly,
"Let us drink scented *octli* in the cup that glitters,
And let us forget what the god-fool hath uttered."
But Huemac the King fled to the temple,
The temple of Quetzal, high up on a hill side.
From here, he surveyed the city beneath him,
Veiled in the red of the evening,
Smouldering, glittering in the torrent of sun.
The city, like a dream-night's rhapsody,

Gleamed in the sun like an island of phantasy.
 And Huemac prayed to the God Tlaloc—
 Prayed that the city of Tollan be spared.

SUDDENLY the two volcanoes
 On either side of the city
 Belched black and red into the emerald night.
 A sound as of great tempest
 Rushed through the chamber where sat Acxiti and the
 dancer.
 The torches flickered, waved, and went out.
 Urendequa screamed: Acxiti laughed.
 "Fools," he cried to the Gods,
 "Strike if ye will, but spare this buffoonery.
 Ye have butchered the world that ye made
 And are ashamed.
 Small wonder that ye would destroy it.
 Strike then, with all thy fiendish hate,
 Acxiti of Tollan defies the Gods!"
 Reverberations shook the palace from wall to wall,
 The city rocked like a ship in the hollow of the sea.
 All lights were extinguished, and the blackness of Hell
 Covered the city.
 The air was thick with falling stones,
 And people fell in the street as they fled to the temple,
 Screaming and shrieking, insane with their terror.
 But Acxiti would not flee.
 He shouted his defiance.
 "Must we walk according to the vanity of Gods?
 The dotards of Heaven are weary of beauty.
 They hunger for praise, which is their food as much as
 blood.
 But Acxiti has learned their secret,
 He is no more their slave."
 And gathering some guards about him
 He marched to the Temple.
 And thus he spake to the people.
 "Today I was king in Tollan.
 We were too happy, and the Gods grew wroth against us.
 Behold, thus do I force them to open the door of death."
 And raising high his sword
 Full on the bended neck he smote the image of Tlaloc.
 The weapon shattered
 And its flinty blade tinkled in fragments on the ground.
 But the head, mayhap because of a flaw in the stone,
 Nodded, fell, and rolled in the gutter.
 Acxiti, the haughty, laughed aloud.

A JAGGED circle of flame burst from the Heavens,
 A great thunderbolt hurtled earthward.
 Acxiti was one with the ashes.
 "Great indeed are the Gods," whispered the people.
 "Yet," said a shield bearer of the King,
 "He has forced the Gods to slay him that
 His blood may witness against them.
 Is not he who can coerce the Gods almost as a God
 himself."

Fra Giovanni

(Continued from page 8)

at the foot of your Madonna, and for many centuries it will hang, unaffected by time, a glory to your saint and church for it is wonderfully wrought," Fra Lorenzo was saying.

Tomorrow the old fra would know if this were true—a glory to his saint and church. The fifes and drums of the approaching procession stirred Fra Giovanni's exhausted heart into a last mad pounding. This which was done in honor to him, was to be responsible for his death. In his dying mind he repeated but one plea. "Heavenly Mother, until tomorrow, until tomorrow!"

Fra Lorenzo's tall body was on tiptoe at the little window. "The procession is coming," he cried. "The

little children are wild with joy. They race ahead, scattering roses along the street, and tumble over one another in their excitement! and here come the monks, that is, all but you and me, Father. The archbishop goes ahead with the holy incense. Here is your Madonna, borne on a cart covered with roses. A purple velvet canopy held by nine pages protects it from the sun. All the townsfolk seem to be dancing in time to the bells, they are so gay. Father, are you listening? Have you gone to sleep?"

With his last breath Fra Giovanni murmured "Ave Maria." The sunlight on his silver hair made a halo around his head. Never in this life was he to see his picture hanging in the holy place.

But to this day, the people of Siena tell the story of how, the next day at the great communion, a tremendous ray of light from the western window filled the church, and the few who were not dazzled by its brilliancy saw Fra Giovanni standing in the midst of it, smiling at his picture.

The First Jew

(Continued from page 15)

"Yes, yes, we'll talk it all over later. Fourth floor, for God's sake!"

The elevator doors slammed. The car shot up the shaft. The mechanical voice from the first floor, then from the second and third floors penetrated the ascending carriage.

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Dark Moon on Monday

(Continued from page 17)

an incident. He would leave it the same. She would forget him; he could never matter much. . . .

Passionately, she realized that if he would not matter much in the future, he did not matter now. He took her hands in his, and his mouth quivered in the queer smile which had become familiar to her.

His hands were brown and big, and in his eyes was the light of old moons. Moons, she knew, were symbolic of madness. His eyes fascinated her.

She looked down at her hands in his. They seemed apologetically white and slim, with the fingers tipped in coral nail polish.

"I came to tell you good-by," he was saying. And she could feel the moon's pull upon him, with the strong

tides at night, and moon-bleached decks on a strange sea.

Summer . . . summer . . . whirled through her brain. She could remember in kaleidoscopic turbulence the white beaches in their sunny brightness . . . dancing in red-striped organdy . . . motoring fast on the Pee-Dee Lake . . . fishing down in the bay for slimy fish which died pitifully on the dry wharves . . . digging toes down into the soft clean banks with the cool mud oozing between them . . . giggling frogs in a moonlit swamp . . . cold ocean waves to gallop into . . . she and Raoul in the summer cabin. . . .

And then she knew that she would go with him . . . wherever he went, wherever he ventured. She was sick of Louis Quatorze chairs and thin

crystal glassware and mildly exciting cocktails. She would choose him against the memory of his good-by.

But she heard herself stammering, "No, no . . . I cannot go with you. I can't . . . I. . . ."

They were at the door then. She realized she was talking to herself. He was gone.

What manner of love was this! Oh, she could not let it go thus, barely sadly and with a faint good-by.

She looked around the room. How empty it seemed. She sat down upon one of the Louis Quatorze chairs and clenched her hands tightly together.

He had been her happiness, he had been her life.

She sobbed, knowing that tears were futile. And she wept softly, knowing she wept for the moon.



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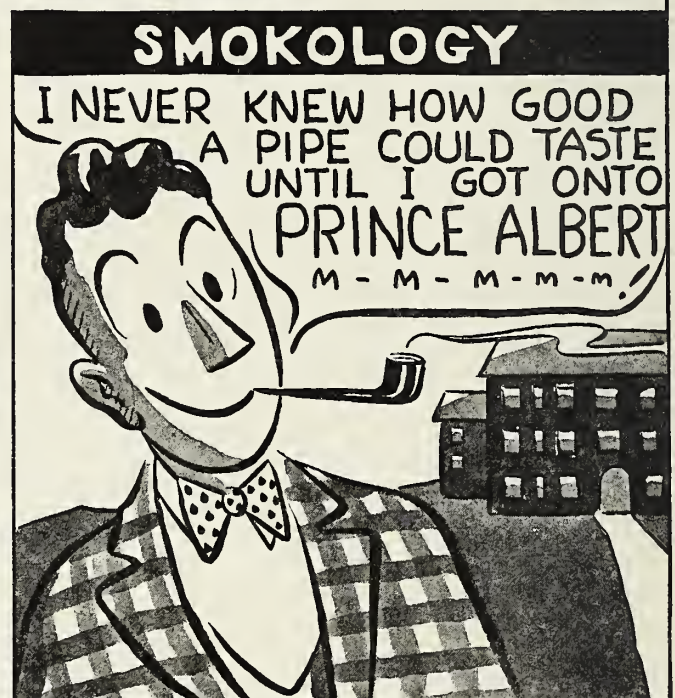
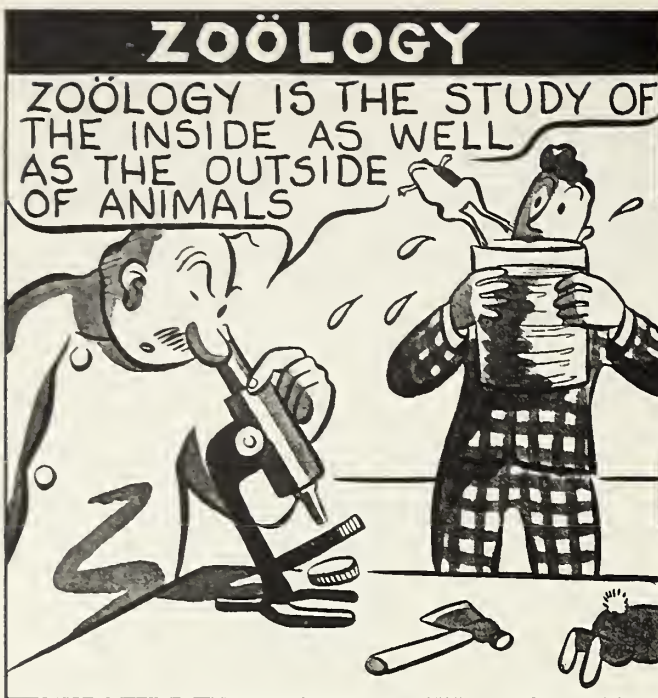
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Christ In The Wilderness

Through the lonely night I wander
From the dark to the streaked dawn,
And muse apart and ponder
On all things that were born—

On all things that were born,
And all that were never born—
On nations of men forlorn,
And times that are long gone.

I walk the world like a mother
Who paces the evil night
To tend this child and other
Until the safe daylight;

Like a lonely animal mother
I make the stiff brush moan
As I walk from one to another
And call out for my own.

My own—will they never hear!
Soft as the shifting of the sand
That rises to disappear,
And louder than the voice of man—

Louder than all sound—
Piercing to eternity
My whisper rolls around,
Calling my own to me.

And who is my own, my brother?—
All men under the sun:
I am the lover, the brother, the mother,
The keeper of each one.

I am the Walker in the night
Who goes forever alone.
And I am too the Light
That shall come unto my own.

I shoulder the sorrow of man
And beast, wherever they dwell.
Beside the ill and the blind I stand,
And brood with the souls in hell.

I am the First and the Last
And the Watcher over all
To keep them till night has passed,
And my own have heard my call.

NANCY HUDSON

Shadows of the Elders

DORRIS FISH



Almost everything that I knew about the grown-ups in the town, I heard from Frieda. Frieda was our house-keeper. She was large-boned, blonde, and German-Lutheran. No one said just German or just Lutheran, but always the two together. That was because her stolid heritage and her strict religion were necessary to the stamp of approval from the town of Fenton, although Fenton was not German-Lutheran. But I did not realize that until years later when I knew that the people were strict, silent, abrupt, puritanical, because they were a strange hang-over from the days of Salem and the Mathers. That was the reason that many of the children with whom I went to school had names like Prudence and Ephraim and Abel. That was the reason that I never played games on Sunday and that I could not skate with the boys in the winter or climb trees with them in the summer. Girls still do things like embroidery and quilting in Fenton. Even at school our games had careful supervision by our teacher who was Fenton-bred. But in spite of that, I did not feel seriously deprived, because I accepted Fenton. My hours of sleep and food, work and play were too well regulated by Frieda for me to explore in any sensitive questionings of whys and wherefores, until the French people came to Fenton. After that I hated the Maine woods town.

The prim frame houses had been there for a long time before the lumber camp and saw-mill went in,

and with them my father as the company doctor. He soon became the doctor for the whole countryside too. When he was at home he never talked seriously to me. Either he read to me, or we played games that Frieda thought were nonsense. But he was so seldom at home that Frieda had full charge of me. Usually Frieda was quiet or terse, but at least once a week she told me what was happening in the town. That was her one flaw: she relished a little gossip, although she always glossed it over with moral or religious instruction.

She was the first one to tell me about the French people, the strong dark man, the fragile and lovely woman. The man had come to work in the lumber camp, and the woman had come with him. Frieda said that the lumbermen resented him, because they were nearly all good American citizens who had worked in camps in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and New York, and they naturally resented the Canadian Frenchman's entrance into their number.

I had seen very little of the man, Pierre, until he came to Father one time to have a few stitches taken in an ugly wound in his head. The next day Frieda told me that it served him right. It seemed that someone had dropped dead up at the camp, from a heart attack, and the Frenchman had knelt down beside him and made the sign of the cross. One of the men had yelled, "Papist!" and a slug of wood had struck Pierre in the head. Nor could I find out what the sign of the cross was, or why Pierre should have been hit for making it.

"Do *you* make the sign of the cross? Do *I*?" asked Frieda. "Do any of the people around here?"

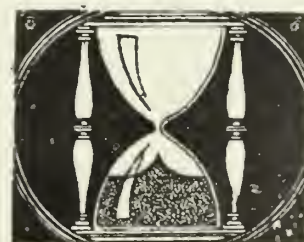
"No."

"Well, then!" she said, as if that settled it once and for all.

But Pierre was not fired for making the sign of the cross. I waited to see if he would be, but evidently the big boss did not think it a grave offense. He said that as long as the Frenchman worked better than the rest of them, he saw no reason for firing him.

Then somebody found out that he and the woman were not married. All of Fenton was angry. I did not learn that from Frieda. I learned it from the children at school, for no matter how many times children go to church, or how good they are taught to be, they find out about babies and that people sometimes live together without being married. I knew a little about babies, because my father was a doctor; but it was my contention that people never lived together in the same house unless they were related or married, or unless the woman was a house-keeper. Frieda nearly collapsed when I asked her about it, and she said for me not to talk like that. Naturally, she was not very enlightening. But she did say that the French people were bad, and that the less I thought of them, the better.

A few days later, we met the woman in the store. Her name was Cecile, and she was the prettiest woman that I had ever seen. I had no true recollection of my own mother, but I knew that she must have been small and fragile like Cecile, rather than raw-boned and heavy like Frieda. Cecile wore an ordinary dress of percale, but it did not hang like a bag on her. It did not have a collar fastened together, an in-



determinate waist-line, and a low-slung belt. Instead it was cut to fit her figure: it had a low neck with white organdy frilling around it. She smiled when she saw me. She said something to the store-keeper, and in a minute she was giving me a piece of chocolate. I thanked her but almost before I had it in my hand, Frieda took it away from me and pulled me with her to the other side of the store.

"I am sorry," said Cecile, following us. Something about the inflection in her word, "sor-ry" had a pleasant ring to me, although I was with every step growing angrier with Frieda. "I did not know that the petite could have no leetle sweets," she said. I did not know what a "petite" was, but it had a caressing sound. And I knew that this had happened, not because I could not have sweets, but because the French woman had given it to me. At that point, I forgot myself and said, wrathfully, to Frieda, "You were rude!"

Frieda gave me a slap on the shoulder and said, "Be still."

Cecile pulled me to her and patted my stinging shoulder. All at once I was aware of the loveliest fragrance. It came in quick whiffs. Father always smelled clean like his soaps and medicines. Frieda was clean too, but she smelled heavy and flat. But I had never smelled anything like Cecile, except when the arbutus bloomed in the dank soil of spring woods.

"Do not strike the petite," said Cecile. "The fault is not to her."

Frieda ignored her. She picked up the groceries, took me by the hand, and left the store. When we got home, she said plenty, and I was forbidden to speak to the French people. I asked Father about it, and he said that I must do as Frieda thought best. The way he said it made me wonder: it was as if he wanted to say something more.

Once in a while I waved to them when I saw them. That was not really speaking to them. I always wanted

to know exactly why people thought they were bad. From then until Christmas, I did not meet Cecile face to face, but just a few days before, I saw her leave the post office with a huge box. Her eyes were sparkling, and she smiled at me when she passed. I smiled too. I wanted to know what could be in the box to make her so happy.

Frieda heard that Cecile and Pierre were inviting the lumbermen and some people from town to come and celebrate Christmas eve with them. Everyone was curious, but no one intended to go, unless some of the lumbermen did. Frieda told Father too. I heard him say, "Poor things! They try hard to be friendly."

The day before Christmas was very cold. I stayed inside all day, partly because it was snowy and windy, and partly because I liked the smell of the German-Lutheran cakes Frieda was making. That was her one contribution to frivolity at Christmas. She always gave me black mittens or a flannel petticoat or another book of Bible stories. She was not feeling very talkative in the morning, and Father was gone too. Somebody had pneumonia, and someone else was having a baby.

Late in the afternoon, one of Frieda's friends came to visit. When she was gone, Frieda wakened me from the sleep that the close heat of the house had brought over me. She said that now perhaps I'd understand why the French people didn't belong here.

"They have idols," she said, "regular heathen idols, even if they do pretend to be Christians. They're Papists, like I told you before. And they have bottles of wine up there too. Whiskey, maybe. One of the town boys peeked in the window this morning and saw them putting up idols on one table and wine on the other."

"What kind of idols?" I asked.

"Figures made to look like the Infant Jesus and Mary and Joseph and the shepherds. The French peo-

ple worship them. Well, nobody is going to say anything about it, but the men from the lumber camp are going to drive them out tonight. They're going up there like they were going to the party. But they're going to drive them out."

"Oh, that's mean!" I put in. "They can't. The big boss won't let them do it. He likes those people."

"The big boss won't know anything about it until it's over. Of course I don't say that the men will do it because they're real Christians. They've just been waiting for the chance. But somebody has to do it, and now that this has happened, they have an excuse. It's right that they should."

"But people haven't liked them for a long time. Why did they have to wait till it was cold to do it?"

"This is the last straw," said Frieda, with finality.

"The people hate them, because they're French and Papists and they live together," I said, trying to clarify the reasons that were so vague to me.

"Jane!" Frieda almost roared at me. "I told you never to say that again. But if you must know, it's reason enough."

I knew better than to ask why. I went into Father's office and pushed my face against the frosty window. I wanted him to come home. But he did not come, even when it was supper time. Frieda put his supper in the oven. She finally decided that I could wait up for him, because it was Christmas eve. She went upstairs, but she let me stay in the dining room to read. When she was gone, I got out the key ring I had bought for Father, and the handkerchief for her. I wrapped them up. I waited. I imagined things. At last I could not stand it any longer, and I went to the back porch to get my heavy coat, cap, mittens, and galoshes. They were cold, so I warmed them at the stove. Then I put them on, and I stuffed my hair down inside my coat and turned the collar

up. Perhaps no one would notice that I was a girl. Then I went to the front door, but Frieda heard it creak when I opened it, and she called down, "What are you doing?"

I said, "I—I thought I heard Father."

"Well, you didn't. Close the door."

"All right," I answered. I held my breath. I closed the door, but I closed it from the other side. I stood in the doorway for a minute, and then I ran as hard as I could against the wind and through the drifts of snow. With every step, I prayed "Please, God, I didn't mean to lie. Especially not on the night when Jesus was born. But I couldn't help it, God."

Nobody noticed me. My hair was not flying out behind me, as it usually did. I went up the street to the edge of town, and sure enough, there were the lumbermen going up the hill to the French people's house. Some of the bigger boys from town were with them. The boys recognized me when I caught up with them.

"You go home, Jane Lang," said one of them. "You mustn't come. What are you doing out anyway?"

"I won't go home," I said, stubbornly.

"Let her stay. Jane never sees any fun," said another.

"Well, the doctor will give us a good one, if he finds out we took her with us."

"You aren't taking me. I'm just going."

The men were laughing and yelling when we reached the house. There stood Pierre and Cecile on the threshold, shivering, but smiling.

"Come in, come in, Merry Christmas," they said. They looked happy. They were going to have a party. People were coming. But they did not know what was going to happen.

One of the lumbermen pushed them aside, and we crowded in. I pushed up with the boys and just inside the door, I saw the loveliest little scene. It was just like the manger in Bethlehem. There were the

Infant Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and the shepherds. There was an angel suspended from the box in which the scene was placed. There were the sheep and the cows. There were candles burning. Then something happened. One of the men knocked it over with one stroke. All of them started yelling at the bewildered Cecile and Pierre. I heard, "Get on your clothes and get out of here." I heard, "Papist" and "frog" fifty times. We were jammed in, and I could not think clearly. But I was afraid.

Then at my feet, I saw one of the sheep from the manger. It was broken in half, but I bobbed quickly, picked up the pieces and put them in my pocket.

Some of the men had opened bottles of the wine and were drinking it while they shouted, "frog" and "slut" again. I pushed my way to the window sill and climbed upon it. Then I saw Cecile and Pierre with their hats and coats on. They looked so frightened and hurt that I sobbed out, "Stop it! If my Father were here —"

I don't know why I said that, but I did not get the sentence finished. Someone yelled, "Good God! It's the doctor's kid! Get her out of here."

"How did she get here?"

"What's she doing here?"

One of the big boys pulled me down and said, "Come on, Jane, you've got to go home."

I did not even get close to Cecile and Pierre as we passed the door. When we went down the hill, I heard the jeers renewed. The big boy was mad at me, because he had to take me home. He said, "If you hadn't cried, they'd never have known you were there. What did you come for? I thought you wanted to see the fun."

I could not answer him, so we went on in silence. We reached the door of our house just as Father did. He sent me in, but he stayed out to talk to the big boy for a few min-

utes. Frieda must have been dozing, because she did not call down until Father had come in. Then she said, "Shall I come down, Doctor?"

"No," he answered. "Everything's all right."

He took me to the kitchen and closed the door. I leaned in his arms and cried.

"Poor Janie," he said. "What an experience!"

Finally I stopped crying. I told him the whole story. Then I said, "Father, they'll freeze to death. Where will they go?"

"Probably to the next town."

"Father—are they bad because they are French and Papists and have idols?"

"No. But you must never say anything to anyone else about this until we go away, Jane. And we will go away some day. While we live here, you must be a good girl and mind Frieda and go to school and to church. People wouldn't like you if you weren't a good girl. But you don't have to think like the rest of them. I guess I've let you do that too long. Those French people love God and Jesus as much as you do. They're just as right as other people are. The folks in this town don't think so, but this isn't the whole world, Jane. Remember that. You'll see the world some day. Then you'll know."

The world meant only a mental image of my geography book to me. Then I showed Father the white sheep from my pocket. He took some adhesive and stuck the head back onto the body.

"Father," I faltered, "were they bad because they were living together and weren't married?"

He looked at me a long time. He said, "You're so young to be asking me that." Then he said, "They weren't doing the right thing there, Jane."

He gave me a glass of milk to drink and sent me to bed.

(Continued on page 28)

Postlude To Life

SHELDON ROBERT HARTE



They pity me—I don't know why. They seem to think I am an object to be treated with the utmost tact, to be catered to. They talk in strained voices that I can't help but notice. And they never tell me anything of my laboratory or of my work. It is strange—very strange. Every time I ask how Roy is managing, or if the boys have succeeded in the final condensation of the Thy-mus extract,—no matter what I ask about the lab., immediately they change the subject.

They insist upon talking about the most trivial subjects. The weather, for instance. I don't believe a day has gone by that Krammer hasn't asked me if I think it will rain. How should I know if it is going to rain? Then he asks me stupid questions about definitions of words. What do I care about definitions! I am a scientist. I deal with life and death! And it is time I was back at work.

Roy is a good man—dear Roy, sometimes I miss him terribly—but he can't carry on alone. It needs a strong man, a genius. Only I, myself, can properly lead the boys. Roy can work individually, but no one but I can lead those boys. Who can tell them which clue to follow up, which to drop? I am the heart of research! Without me they can't continue.

No one but I could have brought

the serum to that final point of concentration. One millionth of a milligram can save man from the dreaded of all diseases, the scourge of humanity—cancer! And a fraction more can, and did kill a man! But what matter? He was doomed. No power of man on earth could have saved him. And I had to know the toxic strength!!

Ach, that nurse again. I won't move. I won't eat. I won't listen to her. Why should I? I should be back at work. It's not finished yet. I have only begun. There is lots more to do before I can bring my cure to perfection. Years more work of refining, experimenting, recondensation. My God, she is still talking!

"No, I won't eat. I am not hungry."

I wonder if Roy won't come to see me again. If only he would, I could give him instructions. He might be able to produce more serum, and start work on a standard production of unit strength. But he can't unless I start him off. No one in the laboratory knows where to begin, or how to go about it.

"Take your hands off me, you bitch! Get out! Get out, do you hear!"

Why do I have to scream at them and fling them out to be left alone? What do they want of me? Why

don't they let me go back to the laboratory—to Roy!

God, how I hate women. I have always hated them. Oh, if Roy would only come to me. Yet they never seem to understand. Women have always run after me—and one even married me. Poor Marge. I tried to explain to her about Roy and me. She wouldn't believe it. She insisted that she was in love with me, and that I belonged to her. Well, she learned soon enough.

Ah, there's Joe Krammer. Not a bad fellow. He has taken the tray from the nurse. He thinks *he* can persuade me! Eat! He wants me to eat! Why should I eat? I should be back at work. They don't seem to understand that food means nothing to me. I guess they wouldn't believe it if I told them that I used to go for days without eating. Oh, but those were hard days! Every penny I could get my hand on went into the laboratory. How could I afford to spend money on food? I can even remember. . .

"No thanks, Joe, I am not hungry now. Well, what if I haven't eaten in twenty-four hours. I once went longer than that without food, and I can do it again. Take it away, Joe. I don't want it."

Joe's not a bad fellow. I can remember him in high school. We graduated from medical school together. I knew he would never be more than just a doctor—an ordinary day-by-day physician. He lacked the fire—that persistent desire!

Joe could get me out of here, if he wanted to, but he won't. He's jealous. He's jealous of my success and of Marge's love. I knew he loved her, all right, I knew it all along!

"Joe, you bastard, if you don't get me out of here. . ."

God, I'll go mad if this keeps up

(Continued on page 25)

Translation of Liliencron's

"Wer Weiss Wo"

On blood and bodies, ruins, smoke and pain
Where horses' hoofs have trodden summer grain,
The sun is shining.
It sinks into the night. The battle's o'er
And many turn again to home no more
From sanguine Kolin.

A youthful noble lay there, charmed by Death,
Who on that day first smelled of powder's breath.
His summons came.
How high he swung his flag above the rest
Till with wide arms Death grasped his brave, young
 breast!
Death called his name.

A little pious book beside him lay
Which he had carried by him every day
Within his kit.
A grenadier of Bevern's men soon found
The little dirty book upon the ground
And lifted it.

He quickly carried home with tender care
This one last token to the father there,
A life now bare,
Who wrote upon a leaf with trembling hand:
"Kolin. My son lies covered in the sand,
But who knows where?"

And to whomever after sings this song
Or reads it, if this way he pass along,
Still fresh and fair—
Someday both you and I, now at our best,
Will lie in sand in one eternal rest,
But who knows where?

EDWARD POST





Sonnet

EDITH
SNOOK

Quite futile is my self-appointed task
 Of plucking tunelessly still throbbing senses;
 Of tearing off this soul-protecting mask
 And blending all the delicate incenses
 Seething gently in my inmost being—
 Feelings keyed to all that wonder; zest
 For life, which seems a strange new gift; seeing
 Lovely treasure—ours, yet unpossessed—
 Half-moon, from which a million specks have broken,
 Sharing with its offspring that vast canopy;
 Strong, then sullen storm-wind—fitting token
 Of the glory of this lone solemnity.
 “No wonder they write poetry,” you said,—
 But only beauty here I feel instead.

A Heart of Gravel

JEAN RUSS KERN



"Boys," I said, summing up the whole problem, "just don't like my type."

I could see out of the corner of my eye that Anne was agreeing, and mother looked at me in the way that mothers can look when they see that they'll have to begin all over again and tell you how pretty and individual you really are.

"Don't be foolish. Certainly boys like your type. You know perfectly well, there is no earthly reason under the sun why they shouldn't. You just have an inferiority complex that you'll get over. Why, the last time Uncle Frank was here he commented on how pretty you were getting to be."

A sort of desperate expression twisted my face. "Well, if you expect me to drag time with old ducks like Uncle Frank," I cried in an awful shrieking way, "you can just expect something else."

Anne slinked over to the mirror and studied each of her features separately. "You ought to be glad," she said in knowing tones, "that you rate older men. It takes more than looks to make them fall."

"Don't be funny," I advised, "you're not Marlene Dietrich either as I certainly don't think you'd set the world on fire with your chart."

"Mother," Anne said in a disgusted voice, "can't you teach Livvy not to be so vulgar. It's very trying at

times," she added, giving me a scornful look.

"I am going to tell your father," mother said, in defiant tones, waving her finger at us, "when he gets home, if you two don't stop this constant fighting. That is all you do the minute you are together. Please conduct yourselves like ladies. You're not infants." She got up and walked over to the window to see if it had stopped raining, "After all it's best in life to make things pleasant for others, isn't it?" She was looking out of the window. I turned and stuck my tongue out at Anne, and she returned my salute with icy stares.

"Isn't it?" mother repeated and looked at us suspiciously.

"Oh, yes," we agreed, and watched her sit down again.

We sat around for a few moments, looking at our hands as though we were discovering for the first time that we had any. Then Anne got up in a self-conscious manner and got a magazine.

"You know," I said, eyeing her dubiously, "you haven't any poise."

Anne hates to be belittled. She gave me one look and wrinkled up her nose. She does that all the time after one of her beaux told her it looked cute, the nit-wit.

"Well," she said, looking at my stockings that were rolled below my knees and my hat sitting on the back of my head, "your so-called poise hasn't gotten you an escort for Duval's dance."

I managed to screw up my face in bewilderment without distorting my maidenly features. I have learned from studying myself in the mirror not to look like a side show when I display emotion. I turned to mother, "Good grief, you'd think I was taking somebody to a recital the way they back out. But then I guess those boys at school wouldn't appreciate

this sort of a dance, as they couldn't bring their bean shooters to it."

"You seem to take your playthings to the dances. I caught you with a yo-yo under your coat, when you were going to Cheese's party last year. You know very well it's because the best bets at that school have dates to go, and you'd be ashamed to be seen with the rest of the them." Anne said. I knew only too well the wisdom of her words. I turned again to mother, "Suggest somebody I could take, Mumsie. You know most of my friends." I could see her looking vacantly around, probably wondering whether to have carrots or spinach for dinner. "Gee, you're a great help."

Mother used the line that all mothers use, "It's your own affair, not mine."

I began to think.

You see, it all began when Francine Duval was born with a rather peculiar expression on her face. And as she grew older it became worse. She has to lift her whole nose to smile and as her nose is long, her smile becomes a sort of cavity in her face. The Duvals are quite wealthy too, and when I thought of the money that had been spent on Francine, I could have wept, and I guess her mother could have too. I think motherly love would be a shade less ardent than usual in this case. But her mother did her duty by her and gave Francine a big dance every year so she would be sure of some invitations through the season. These dances were sort of international affairs, since circulators and college boys were asked, and they weren't to be missed. Last year I was considered too young to go, but this time I had made an impression on Francine's brother, so I got a last minute invitation. And the problem was to get an escort. Everybody had been

scooped up by then, and I was left high and dry.

Suddenly an idea dawned on me. Maybe I had tainted breath or yellow teeth or something awful like that. Mother seeing the peculiar look in my eye as though my thoughts were too much for me, suggested helpfully, "Why not ask the little Calhoun boy?"

"Say, mother, I said a dance, not a skating contest. Besides," I lied glibly, "he'll be out of town."

"Like —" Anne stopped with a menacing look from me.

Sisters have a certain code at times, and Anne thought it wise to use it, because she knew that I would have told mother about the forbidden date she went on, if she had told on me. I looked in the mirror and tried experiments.

"Maybe if I wore my hair in bangs and got some of those long false eyelashes, I could get a date. I understand boys like glamor."

Mother then got up for good and started rocking the boat. While going into the kitchen, she said a whole lot about boys liking girls with natural personalities and beauty. And that if I took iron pills and got that yellow look out of my complexion and stopped making sarcastic remarks and developed a sweeter disposition, I wouldn't have to worry about having admirers.

"Gee," said Anne, leaving me alone to my thoughts, "I'm glad I can depend on Gordon."

Well, that left me in a daze that lasted through Biology class. The visions of Gordon, my secret passion, dancing, smiling, walking, blotting out my teacher. I was just beginning to think about things other than Gordon (I haven't a one-track mind) when our teacher in history, who is a romantic soul and still believes that some man will marry her and they will live in a thatched cottage by the sea, decided to tell a story about Egypt.

"Once there was a Queen," she began dreamily, "Queen Dido."

Well, it seems that this Queen fell in love with some good looking man, Æneas, as queens will do, and one day while her adviser, an old bird on a boycott against the barber, was napping, she insinuated to Æneas in a queenly way that she was after all a woman, and the preacher was just around the corner in a neighboring tent. But Æneas being sort of the Gary Cooper type, a silent he-man, felt the call of the wild in his blood and sailed away for Italy, leaving his queen and all her tamed leopards, silken divans, and gold fruit dishes, and jewels. While she was watching him sail away for Italy, she got to



moping; and before you knew it she had sacrificed herself on a bonfire.

This story of a woman's love and man with a heart of gravel made me think of Gordon. I remembered very clearly how I came downstairs one night last summer and saw Gordon and Anne silhouetted against the summer sky and moonlight as painted on those calendar pictures they have in delicatessens. When Gordon drew Anne masterfully into his arms, she laid her head on his shoulder and sighed the way she did when she was coming down with something. You can imagine my conflicting emotions. I was caught between two fires, my love and my loyalty. I ran upstairs, and before an open window, my bosom braving the elements, I resolved that I would revise myself to win his affections, as all's fair in love. I became conscious of someone talking and looking up saw it was my teacher. Really, sometimes teachers can be a nuisance and show no consideration interrupting people and their important thoughts.

After school some of the crowd

came over to the house, and I tried to glean some information about new arrivals from the boys, but with Cheese playing some piece like "Minnie The Moocher" on the piano and clicking his teeth in time, and Dude and Mary Ellen trying some new step and quite nonchalantly up-setting tables and chairs, it was very impossible.

"Hey, what's this, a dancing class?" Anne asked indignantly, from the doorway.

She had on her new white satin evening dress, because she had been trying it on to see if it needed to be let out anywhere. As Anne is a bit healthy in places, her figure is not exactly right for those slinky evening dresses. I knew that she had heard all the noise before but just wanted to show her dress off.

"Gee, you look swell," Dude said, and Cheese stopped clicking his teeth as his mouth opened in awe.

Really, the way boys are taken in by dumb girls like Anne. She walked over to the sofa, her hands on her hips, in a sort of gliding fashion. I could see she was in her element.

Mary Ellen, who is one of those blondes that gentlemen do not prefer, said in all sincerity, "You look something like Greta Garbo in that dress."

I took one look at Anne's healthy places, and howled. She raised her eyes with disdain and included me in a terrifying glance.

"Guess who's in town," Cheese said, coming up for air and then burying his nose again in the piano. He thinks it's artistic to play that way, but I think it's assinine.

"Scotty Grimes."

"And who," I asked, "is Scotty Grimes?" My feminine instincts were aroused at the mention of a new male.

"Right half-back on the Yale team. One of these real muscle-bound he-men, that I suppose has the soul of a lil." I groaned. How could any right half-back on the Yale team be associated with a flow-

er. But then, I guess, boys do get catty when they're jealous.

Anne said, "That's a rather vague description of him." The nit, I thought wearily, probably wants to know the length of his eye-lashes.

Cheese answered in a careless manner, "I really never gave him a good look. I see him most of the time riding around in his car."

"Is it a puddle-jumper like yours, Cheese?" Mary Ellen asked between giggles. You would have thought she had said something funny, the way she was going into convulsions.

"It's a Packard. But, heck, plenty of people have 'em nowadays," he added upon seeing a calculating look come into every female's eyes, that is, except mine.

I'm not greedy like Anne, who's always gabbing about her imaginary millionaire husband. Of course, I wouldn't marry a man, I was simply wild about, if I had to live in one of those houses where the door opens on someone else's window sill, and the clothes on the next door roof fan your head while you're in the living room.

Well, getting back to the plot, Anne asked with indifference, "Is he going to Duval's?"

"Nope. He just got into town. When he gets a glimpse of Francine's map, he'll hide himself in a dark corner." I was just about to give him a squelching look, when Anne asked where Scotty was staying.

"Old lady Hourton's. She's his aunt."

"Hum." Anne tapped her foot and a scheming look came over her face. She probably was thinking of making Mrs. Hourton her good deed a day.

Well, luckily, Mother came in and asked me to mail some letters, or I would have gone under.

It was raining quite hard outside, and I was glad. I think there is something poignant about a disillusioned girl walking in the rain. It's always done in the movies to pull your heart-strings, and they even add a few lamp posts for the girls to drape

their slinky forms and ragged clothes around. But I didn't wrap myself around any post because I had an umbrella, and it doesn't look so dignified. The wind blew sheets of rain and bright leaves across the street. It was still quite light outside, and there were a lot of little red bush flowers around. I tilted my umbrella against the rain and ran into fate in the form of Gordon Marshall, stepping from his car. I was so surprised that I raised my umbrella, and it caught in the branches of a tree.

Recovering my poise, I started to grin when I remembered that I was revised, and I said quite flippantly,



"I knew that I shouldn't have walked under that ladder yesterday." It does a boy like Gordon good to be told he's bad luck.

"Oh, Livvy, is that nice?"

"Well," I said, getting my umbrella down from the tree, "I have learned that it doesn't pay to be nice to people all the time. They'll walk over you if you do." I gave him a sort of wishy-washy look, as though it would be a pleasure to have him walk over me.

"Say," he looked me up and down, "you've grown up, haven't you? And here Anne was giving me the impression that you were still a child. How does it feel to be on the up and up?"

I told him in solemn tones that I had taken the whole thing as a matter of course, and I took a mental note of Anne's remark. He showed signs of surprise at this indifference and asked me how old I was. I had the feeling that I was some cat at a cat show.

"Sixteen years," I informed him airily, "and five months."

"Well, you're old enough now to take a ride with a college boy," he said, rubbing his chin and eyeing me quizzically. I got into his car and wondered how I could be so indifferent about it. It was probably that I had matured and that the car was only a Ford.

"Where to, the Riviera or the Golden Gate?" he asked with a flourish. He most likely thought I had waited all those sixteen years for this ride. The truth was that I had waited only three.

"To the post office and," I faltered artfully, "home."

"O. K., Gorgeous."

I shuddered. I guess it was because the gangster in the movie the other night had called his girl that in just the same tone of voice before he killed her.

After I had mailed the letters, Gordon said, as though he were giving me a break, "How about some beer for the goat, or do you still stick to your milk shakes?"

I gritted my teeth and forced a laugh, "A milk shake, why how quaint!"

Well, that took him down a peg or two. We got some beer in those awful big jugs, and I had a hard time manipulating mine. He talked for ten minutes on what I thought was the ten commandments of drinking, what to mix and what not to. Finally, he came up to fill his lungs and asked me how I liked goat. I told him with importance that I was to be initiated in a week. He guffawed quite unnecessarily. I certainly couldn't see anything funny in being made to eat oysters dipped in castor oil and other such delicacies, and I announced rather coldly that I had better be getting home.

On the way back, he kept handing me a steady line about how they smuggled in some liquor at college, and the dance he went to that didn't break up till six in the morning, and

the time he got pinched four times in one evening for speeding.

When we reached my house, he said as though he didn't expect me to know, "Anybody good going to be at Duvale's?"

"Oh, Duvale's," I said, nonchalantly pulling my sailor over my eye, "Oh, there'll be the usual crowd. Are you going?"

"Sure. Say didn't Anne say anything to you about her going with me?"

"No, I don't believe she did," I opened the car door, and then said as though on sudden thought, "Oh, yes, I think she did mention it." I wanted to give the impression that he wasn't her big moment.

"Are you going?" he asked, sort of absent-mindedly. He was asking a question, I could tell, just to be talking, and he didn't care a lamb-chop for the answer, as he thought probably that I wasn't going anyway.

I slammed the car door and said, while looking up at the second floor windows, as that gives the effect of being indifferent, "Yep, I'll be there with bells on."

"No kiddin'. Are you?" he asked, his eyes popping. He acted as if I were still at the age, when mother tucks me in bed every night. She does come in sometimes and sees if the window is up and heat turned off.

"Listen, I wouldn't kid you. You're too smart."

My tone of voice implied that I thought he might be a little dumb at times. "Well, thanks for the beer. I'll be seein' you at Duvale's." I smiled very nicely so that he wouldn't carry away a bad picture of me in his mind.



As I went in the house, I knew I had made the impression that I was very young. It took no woman's intuition to guess that. After all my revising he still considered me a crumb in his cornbread. If only I could go to the dance, I could show him I wasn't really any younger than Anne. I could see that he had perked up his ears when he had learned that I was going. If only I could get an escort kept milling around in my brain. Otherwise it was the sad ending of Livvy. I even had a fleeting vision of myself lying in the gutter on a snowy day with Gordon and Anne bending over me. I was saying with a pathetic smile, "A heart of gravel left me out in the cold," and then I was dead, and Gordon had a tragic expression in his eyes. And then an idea dawned on me. When you have been pondering over a thing for ages and then when you're thinking about something else, it'll suddenly come to you.

I went upstairs and fished around in my bureau for my goat ribbon. When I found it, I tied a sort of cute fluffy bow around my hair, and then I tiptoed downstairs so Anne wouldn't see me. As I walked down to Mrs. Hourton's house, I thought of Queen Dido and her lover, Æneas. History shows us that love certainly drives one to desperate measures. With this thought in mind, I began to feel very noble and heroic somewhere inside of me, and my knees stopped clicking together. It wasn't any easy task knocking on Mrs. Hourton's door, as I had been one of the kids, who had thrown her garbage can on top of a neighboring garage and then had banged on her door on Hallowe'en. After I had knocked, I arranged my features in a sweet smile, and by the time she opened the door, people walking by were beginning to think I was an add for some tooth paste. When she had finished the usual little speech, they hand you, she asked me to wait inside for Scotty. I had just about shaken apart while waiting in the

stuff, dark living room, when I saw a grey Packard draw up. I realized instantly that I would never get the plan over in this parlor, with its spinning wheel, hook rugs, and portraits of the family ancestors, so I ran outside.

"Well, here goes nothing," I said.

I think it's very comforting to talk to yourself at times. I got into the car, sat down, and slammed the door.

"You can drive on or park," I commanded, in defiant tones, with a great deal of dignity balancing on the end of my nose. I felt as though I were ordering someone to gather the wood for my funeral pyre.

"I'll park so I can get a better look at you," said Scotty Grimes.

I was surprised at his calmness, but then I guess college boys are used to female attacks. He turned and looked into my eyes in the most annoying fashion. It made even me, so worldly wise, blush.

"I hate to intrude like this but orders are orders. You see I'm a goat for a sorority, and I have orders to waylay you and flirt," I explained in plaintive tones. "I'm considered quite a siren when I'm at my best even though I'm not a blonde," and I gave him my most intriguing smile. My mother would have collapsed if she could have seen such a smile from me. Talk about sweet dispositions, I was sugar in person.

"Blondes aren't making history any more," Scotty said. "It's the dark type now. But you take a red-head—."

"You take her," I said, smiling wickedly. "I haven't much use for them. They show a swell table of contents, but they don't last beyond the third chapter."

He tilted back his hat in the way that all girls have a weakness for, and I felt as though someone had put out my funeral pyre.

"First, I must see if the paint is all right and this ribbon is certainly a handicap."

I leaned over and looked in the

car mirror. I had to rest against him, as I did so, and his nearness made my blood pressure go up and caused funny spots to pass before my eyes. I suppose some people would call that plain dizziness. But I being more romantic of nature, called it a good sign of love. Of course, I still loved Gordon, but I guess a girl with that kind of nature would naturally love more than one person. It once said in a fortune on the back of a weight card that I would run into difficulties because of my soul that was so romantically inclined. I don't believe in those fortunes, but still it was an odd coincidence.

Even though my lips were bright, I pulled out my case, that I had gotten for sending in ten cigar wrappers, and applied the lipstick with great care. Then I took off my ribbon and combed my hair. I could see Scotty was impressed by my unexpected curls.

"Want to go to a dance?" I asked, when I thought I had him somewhat under my spell.

"What kind? I'm a particular male to please."

"A dance that'll make history in three volumes."

"That's a tall order," Scotty said skeptically, "but it sounds good."

"It will be good; you can bet your life on that," I assured him. "There will probably be a couple of people breaking their necks and a few limbs as their dance floor is notoriously slippery, and I think that always adds some excitement. They'll have a battle of music and—"

"And the eats? I always find consolation at a wet dance in the eats."

"The refreshments," I corrected him, "will be worth telling your grandchildren about. You know," I said with an intelligent look on my face instead of the vague blank one I had had when talking to Gordon, "I think we have something in common. I once went to a terrible dance, where the wall flowers were simply glued five feet thick around the room, and everyone was sort of mill-

ing around saying last week's radio jokes. Then suddenly a punch bowl and sandwiches appeared, and I felt my old self coming above the surface. I think food awakens the hidden flame in us, don't you?"

Well, Scotty started telling me about his aunt, who actually sang a piece like "Hold Your Man" to herself after a dish of Italian ice-cream. Then we argued for about a half an hour if even Napoleon Slice would make anybody laugh at Jack Mile's puns, or if after a steak and mushroom dinner, you could enjoy the graded school plays, and so on.

Suddenly I glanced at my watch and nearly fainted when I saw what time it was.

"Well, I'll be dipped in chocolate," I exclaimed, "it's twenty to six."

It was high time, I decided, to get down to brass tacks.

"As I was saying," I continued, "there will be plenty of sirens at the dance. They come in pairs. There are some twins from Cornell," I said, counting them off on my fingers, "and two sisters from Simons. That's four girls for you already. And then there's Audry Quill. She has the red hair, and does she reek with allure."

"Don't count any farther, please," Scotty begged. "I'm convinced."

"It's about time," I pushed my hair up in the back. Scotty looked abashed and pulled his hat down over his face.

"Are you going?" his muffled voice came from behind the hat.

"It depends. You see my sorority sisters are particular, and they told me I couldn't come unless my escort was a college man." I glanced sideways to see how he was taking it, but fedoras have pretty wide brims. "So unless I can persuade you to take me, I'm sunk."

There was an ominous silence in which I hoped and prayed Scotty couldn't hear those loud poundings inside of me. It was like one of those silences they have in the country, when a buzzard is flying over a dead cat in a lonely field. Then the hat



came off, and he looked me square in the eye.

"Is your name by any chance Livvy Winsor?"

I winced under his threatening gaze.

"Yes. Livvy Jane Winsor," I corrected in a weak voice, wondering how he knew my name. It gives a girl a lot of satisfaction to be well known, but right now I was a bit anxious.

"Know a boy by the name of Gordon Marshall?"

My adam's apple came up in my mouth. This was awful.

"Yes," I said quite casually, "I've met him once or twice."

"He says your sister is a pip; so if sirens come in pairs, I can't go wrong on you."

I gave him my address and the time. When he asked me what kind of corsage I wanted, the vision of orchids and gardenias excited my sixteen year old brain so that I chose roses. Afterwards I was glad of my choice because that gave him the impression that I wasn't any wild girl, who usually went around and asked strange boys to dances. Orchids have always meant vice to me. I guess it is because all the gilded ladies of the screen accept orchids from their lovers.

Scotty jiggled several things noiselessly in the car, and we were off. I leaned back and relaxed, wishing my friends could see me. Unfortunately, Anne was nowhere in sight when I arrived home. Scotty got out of the car to see me to the door, and I nearly gasped. Those shoulders of his would have made the boys at school curl up with envy.

(Continued on page 24)

Books

CALHOUN ANCRUM

Mr. Wilder discusses virtue

HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION. By Thornton Wilder. 304 pp. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Thornton Wilder has evidently set out to puzzle his public with his latest novel, "Heaven's My Destination." He writes of a mid-western traveling salesman who is so aggressively virtuous, that his life consists of one misunderstanding after another. The central character of this work, George Brush, is one of those people who have a genius for re-proving one, giving him a half-guilty uncomfortable sensation, and who seem to be damnably successful in altogether too many ways. Brush proves his virtue scribbling Bible quotations in public, by re-proving fellow-travelers for their lack of religious thought, and by scolding strange children on the street for their misdemeanors. Although Wilder does not seem to portray his militant evangelistic text-book salesman as a hypocrite, Brush is not ashamed of any manifestation of his religion, which is demonstrated by his habit of kneeling in prayer before his Pullman berth, nor is he in the least ashamed of his tenor voice, which, he assures any and all comers, is very good. Brush is really too perfect, successful in business at the age of twenty-three and a former athlete and campus leader at his Baptist Alma Mater.

There is much good comedy in the scrapes of the salesman, when, for example, he is arrested for helping a thief to escape from a store, because he felt that the man needed a new start, and then offering to make up the amount stolen. But the most amusing situation arises, as usual, when a woman enters the situation. Brush, true to the American tradition of his trade, enters into a tangling alliance with a simple farmer's daughter, a big moment of

momentary delightful madness. Here the tradition goes no farther, for instead of being ferreted out by irate father, he seeks the girl out with some difficulty, the night having been dark and the barn and neighborhood strange, and gets her to consent to marriage. This noble marriage, contracted with the purpose of restoring virtue to a country girl, proves to be a miserable failure.

The puzzling element of the novel is that Brush, in spite of his unfortunate adventures, always emerges victorious and stalwart. Virtue triumphant—One naturally is puzzled whether the author shares the convictions of his character. How seriously does he take his own creation? There are moments when it seems that Wilder is having a magnificent time laughing, and then—one is perplexed. Even the motto on the title page seems to indicate seriousness, to wit: "Of all the forms of genius, goodness has the longest awkward age." Or does it?

In spite of such inconsistency, *Heaven's My Destination* is very highly entertaining. One can not help enjoying the round of absurdities, even while he may be more than slightly irritated by the camp-meeting attitude of the hero. As ever, Wilder has a certain smoothness of style that makes him pleasant reading. Smile and frown through its pages, see what a challenging feeling of vagueness you will have, think it over, then argue with your friends. The discussions should be meaty and interesting.

▲ ▲

A rural novelist turns to sophistication

WEEK-END. By Phil Stong. 276 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

Phil Stong, in his latest novel, *Week-end*, has turned his attention from rural Iowa which he depicted

with such a great amount of living vigor in "State Fair" and "Village Tale" to the meaningless twaddle of metropolitan sophisticates. With a cynical gleam in his eye, he has indicated very clearly the true shallowness of an element of civilization known today as the smart intelligentsia, fast-living explorers, research-workers, and people of the theatrical world.

Logically enough, since this work concerns itself with a metropolitan group, the scene is laid on a farm in Connecticut. Flora Baitzell, an actress and writer of sorts, is entertaining her friends at a week-end party in celebration of her thirty-fourth birthday. Flora has been quite too selfish to sacrifice her position in the least to the more or less doubtful pleasures of domesticity. Confident, backed by money and a certain amount of success on the stage and in the literary world, she takes this week-end as an opportunity to decide her future course in life. A hostess of delicate feeling, wavers in her decision, whether to take unto herself husband from this guest or lover from that. Perhaps she might decide on a free man and have one all of her own.

Her guests arrive on the scene, filled with smart quips and sarcastic remarks. Once arrived, they start in for a week-end revel. Flora's party takes a course quite unexpected on Saturday night, when Bill Craig, light-headed young explorer, takes it upon himself, having first been well brazened by cocktails, to inform the assembled guests wherein their weaknesses and shortcomings lie. He succeeds only in aggrandizing the undercurrent of dislike and jealousy that had been evident earlier to a lesser degree, in the fast-moving sarcastic talk of all present. Imagine a novel about a week-end without a night filled with intrigue! Phil Stong

has not disappointed anyone on that score.

Even a healthy fishing expedition on the part of the men on the next day fails to clear up the atmosphere. By Sunday evening, the whole pretense fails, and the guests set upon one another in a very unsophisticated manner. There follows a solution of everyone's problems, in a very unsophisticated manner, which means readjustment for some, and extreme unhappiness for others. Flora Bait-sell declares herself to be in love with one man, then decides upon another. The drunken house-party ends up as pretty much of a failure, at least from the guests' point of view.

Mr. Stong has constructed his plot very cleverly; the events are very cleverly constructed, and he has filled the novel with clever little surprises that make it entertaining. His characters are very disagreeable and unreal. It certainly seems safe to say that he is pointing an accusing finger at all of them, indicting them for uselessness and hypocrisy. The dialogue becomes very amusing at times with its bitter sarcasm. Since Mr. Stong has so definitely established himself on the farm, let him return to the country. It's his milieu. One will find, however, that *Week-end* is quite enjoyable, and that some bits indicate a very good sense of humor, which is highly amusing. It would be difficult to remember the details of the book for as long as three weeks, but it would prove a good mental opiate for a free evening.

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The Fiction Guide

The Sky Paramount. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 285 pp. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$2.

Mr. Oppenheim adds another novel to his enormous library of something over a hundred works. As so often before, he writes a good thrilling yarn, well spiced with international intrigue. The hero is an international spy who is out of a job, but finds one in Italy. Very soon

one finds himself at Monte Carlo mixed up with a vicious group of Continentals all out to do dirt to some régime.

I'm The Happiest Girl In The World. By John Held, Jr. 86 pp. New York: The Vanguard Press. \$2.

For froth, read the amazing, we said *amazing*, career of Della Crump, who came all the way from Du-

Books of the fall and winter worth remembering

Musa Dagh. By Frank Werfel. Viking Press. \$3.00. Published December.

A novel which is contesting for best-seller honors; Harry Hansen says: "The sort of story Homer stumbled on when a veteran of the wars came home and told him what happened before the walls of Troy."

Human Exploitation. By Norman Thomas. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.75. Published October.

A socialist records working conditions in the United States. "Important—illuminating, not to say startling. By one of the noted liberals of our day."—Henry Seidel Canby.

The Folks. By Ruth Suckow. Farrar and Rhinehart. \$3.00. Published October.

A very popular saga of the Middle West, which *Time* magazine classifies as "A solid masterpiece."

Wine From These Grapes. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harpers. \$2.00. Published October.

The New York *Herald-Tribune* records this new book of poetry as fourth on the list of non-fiction best-sellers.

chesne, Idaho, to march on to greater laurels by showing her body in blue-ribbon contests.

Young Woman. By Carman Barnes. 349 pp. New York: Claude Kendall and Willoughby Sharp. \$2.50.

She was more to be pitied than censured, was little Naomi from Alabama, who set out on her way to fame in the wicked twists of Broadway. Naomi goes through her experiences, a sadder, but wiser woman, not quite the star that she had imagined.

If The Sky Fall. By Helen Partridge. 271 pp. New York: Arcadia House Publications. \$2.

The badly spoiled little debutante and the hard-working young reporter fresh from the country meet, strive to meet their social differences, and finally succeed in love among the hollyhocks.

▲ ▲

A woman records her life among the Soviets

ONE WOMAN'S STORY. By Mary Britneva. 287 pp. New York: Alfred H. King, Inc. \$2.50.

Mary Britneva, born of an English father and a Russian mother, relates in a very convincing manner the horrors of her life in Russia after the Bolshevik Revolution. In the early part of "One Woman's Story," the author describes her harrowing and soul-sickening adventures at the Russian Front during the war, at which time she was a nurse of the Russian Red Cross.

Several months after the Revolution she was married to a brilliant young surgeon, who preferred to keep his practice rather than to escape to a land where he would not be under constant political suspicion. After several years of horrible famine, the author and her undernourished children were driven to the home of her father in England by the necessity for food. Her husband finally succeeded in getting a position on a boat running between Leningrad and London. 1930 came, and with it the drive against the intelligentsia. The S. S. Rykoff sailed for Russia and then returned without her ship's doctor. The author went to Russia, and finally was able to learn of his execution. Madame Britneva was held by the authorities, but finally escaped to England.

The Philosophy of Lemon-Squeezer

G. E. HEWITT

I am a lemon-squeezer. If it seems at all improbable to you that such an instrument can write, then just forget it; I have been stranger things than lemon-squeezers to keep from having to speak directly. Besides, the title "The Philosophy of a Lemon-Squeezer" is a lot more attractive than "Essay on Woman," and, being a lemon-squeezer, I can look at the matter from a sexless, and therefore unprejudiced point of view. In spite of that, however, the women will be sure that I am a male lemon-squeezer; that is a certainty, and I am in no position to argue with women.

Woman is born with all the wisdom of philosophy already impregnably deep in her mind, but she is so stupid that she knows it not, and uses her wisdom only as a bitch that knows what to do with pups; man is born with an inquiring mind and an innate ignorance, but he strives his whole life to attain philosophy. He may spend infinity learning and never reach the goal; he may seek blindly, and on the wrong paths, but although he may speak in paradoxes and live the opposite of his thoughts he at least has the intelligence to realize that there is undiscovered wisdom to be sought. So we have almost no women scientists, and about as many women philosophers as golden spittoons.

Woman's wisdom is that of the cow; she stands idly by and chews her cud while she meditates upon her industry. Placidly she goes through life, ever ready to smile sweetly and to moo hackneyed words of praise to inflate the ego of man, the full-of-bull.

Woman is not conscious of her philosophy, but she is sure that she is always right. She smiles down upon man from a lofty pinnacle, but the pinnacle is not as high as her nose is in the air; she knows her power, but she knows a lot of her power that she possesses not. Sometimes she gets so far above man that she loses him, and then, in a situation in which man would be lonesome, she grows angry; at such times, when she sees (but refuses to believe) that she is wrong, she loves to take it out on others. Beware an evil spirit in foiled woman; she will not be foiled without getting a ton of flesh for every pound she missed through her own foolishness.

Some think that woman is happier than man, but that is not true; she is usually upset over something. Nietzsche said "The current of man's nature floweth in subterranean channels; woman surmiseth its force but understandeth it not." That is true, but so is the reverse; man understands not woman, and woman under-

stands not man. Each is convinced he or she understands the other; both are wrong. Man spends his life looking for an understanding woman, and woman spends hers looking understanding for a man, and pretending to herself and man that she can do more than look so. At any rate, she can express sympathy, and thereby she often makes her living. Some say that woman is nearer to primitive animal than man, but that is not saying that she is a lower form of life; woman, like a goldfish, lacks the civilized traits that make man most a fool. The question is: Are women and goldfishes better than men? Unfortunately, when we get to that question we end up with the women scratching men's eyes out, and the men becoming hermits, so perhaps we had better change it in the first place; let us say: Why are women better than men? (We must avoid war at all costs.)

Incidentally, the best way to bring about a better relationship between man and woman is to forget the differences between them. Therefore, if you find any more copies of this around anywhere, be sure and burn them; they are anarchist propaganda of the worst sort, as well as being filthy.

Let us conclude that woman is a superior sort of being, possessing animal characteristics of all varieties. She has the gait and cruelty of a cat, the placidity of a cow, the initiative of a goldfish, the temperatment of a hornet, the voice of a siren, the domesticity of a guinea-pig, the vanity of the peacock, the stubbornness of a mule, the instincts of a bitch, and the same sort of attractive quality possessed by a puppy. Perhaps I should say, a stuffed puppy with a stick of dynamite inside. But in spite of all that she is superior to man. Some will say that I put in the part about man to keep women from murdering me, but that is not so. Woman likes war too well to cut it short by killing her enemies. Besides, are not vanity and instinct superior to egotism and ignorance?

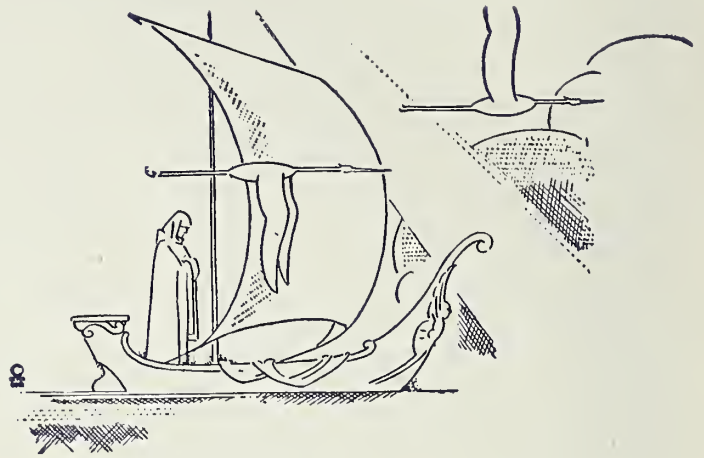
Well, I guess for a lemon-squeezer I have been pretty hard on the human race. After all the women don't know any better, and the men at least mean well. All I can say is: Thank God I am a lemon-squeezer. It would be a devil of a life if I had to be a human being while I had ideas like these. If anyone disagrees with these profound principles, they can take their complaints to the green-glass lemon-squeezer on the shelf of the blue cottage a mile up the road from Sherman, Pennsylvania.

Editor's Note: The use of the word "bitch" in comparison with woman is a psychological experiment. Using "dog" in relation to man would produce a smile; we call a man a gay old dog, but never a woman a gay old bitch. Mr. Hewitt resents the discrimination.

Here's the way I write
Chesterfield —



Gold Gallows



Here from this high flung tower let us look
Upon the plain. The sky, quite unobscured
By clouds, hangs high upon a golden hook
Of moon. This glowing torture has endured
The live-long night. . .

And from the gibbet moon, the hanging sky
Still drops its bloody stars down to the floor
Of earth.

Thus hangs our love within this flashing night—
A glowing thing;
But it will die—
Pierced by a hook of moon, where hangs the sky.

RUBY FOGEL

Return

JEAN WARD

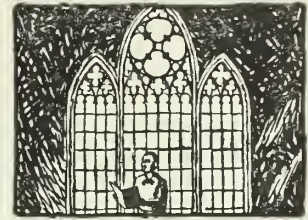


Judith walked down the narrow stone-paved aisle in the nave of the church. She entered her pew, knelt, and said, with a motion of her lips that was not even a whisper, "May the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be always acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer." Then she settled back in the red plush cushions and listened to the organ's music. Her gaze was deflected from the new altar cloth by the people who were entering the pew in front of hers. The Stowes were bringing guests into their pew again: the new doctor and his wife and the Willoughbys with their two children. The doctor, of course, had not yet had time to arrange for one of his own, but the Willoughbys always sat with someone else. The little Willoughby girls arranged themselves, one on either side of their mother, and began to read their Sunday school papers. Sometimes Judith wished that she invited people to sit with her. There were Sundays when the pew was very lifeless and lone, and she knew that people talked about her and called her selfish. But, she always assured herself fiercely, that was because they did not understand. The pew was her very own possession, like her house and her garden and her books. They were hers to do with as she pleased. No one could direct what she did. No one could take them away from her. Secure in possession, she pleased to sit in her pew in solitude, with her own thoughts and no distractions.

Now the choir was approaching.

Just before the crucifier reached her, she glanced across the aisle at the Pryors' old pew, and she caught her breath. Miss Margaret was not there alone today. Between the white crown of Judge Pryor's head and the black velvet of Mrs. Pryor's hat was a dark head that she knew only too well. Nathan Pryor sat there with his arms folded. His eyes had been a magnet for hers, because he was looking at her directly. When their eyes met, he smiled, leaned forward, and seemed about to speak when the first two choir boys passed between them and shut away her view. She opened her white prayer book and skimmed the pages to find the Communion service, nor did she dare trust herself to look up again at that moment.

The Pryors were back. She could not understand how their arrival in the town had escaped her notice. They must have come suddenly and without warning, for there were plenty of people in the town who would have been only too glad of the chance to tell her. Her one glimpse of Nate had not been very revealing, but she had the impression that he looked no older than he had in those long ago years when he had sat between his father and mother every Sunday. Nate was back. Nate was sitting so near to her. For so long, even when she had decided that the chances were against her seeing him again, she had prayed for strength to be gay and untouched when they should meet, but now she was numb to her finger-tips. Automatically, she followed the procedure of the congregation: she stood when they stood; she knelt when they knelt; but she was not conscious of hearing a word until the voice of Miss Warren penetrated her ears. She could not see Miss Warren, but the voice lifted itself above the monotonous drone of the congregation.



"Lord, have merthy upon uth. Chritht have merthy upon uth."

Judith looked instantly toward Nate. He had turned his head slowly and was regarding her out of the corner of his eye. He grinned and ducked his head.

"Let us give thanks unto the Lord," said the minister.

"It ith meet and right tho to do," came Miss Warren's response, still distinct and several degrees louder than that of the congregation.

Nate's shoulders were shaking. Kneeling there with her laughter suppressed on the knuckles of her folded hands, Judith felt as if she were the age of the little Willoughbys. Laughing at Miss Warren's unfortunate and loud-voiced lisp in the responses had been a childhood ritual with Judith and Nate. It had never failed to make them steal glances at each other while their parents' eyes were closed tight. It had never failed to produce irreverent giggles. I ought to be ashamed of myself, thought Judith. For Miss Warren was old now, and her voice was tremulous. It was such a little thing, but all of the joy of knowing Nate had been founded on sharing such little things with him. During the rest of the prayers, the chants, and the sermon, the tenseness flowed from Judith's body, and she thought of how pleasant it had been to love him. She remembered long rides on stretches of smooth pavement, and their old wish to speed up over the crest of the hill ahead of them and fly into stars and space; dimmed lights and the rhythm of his dancing; backgammon games

and their fights over them; the play they would have written together, if they could have agreed upon the plot; Nate's hurts and Nate's hopes. But at the end of her remembrance was the old pain. He had taken himself away from her with an abrupt cruelty.

In a few minutes, Judith walked up to the sacristy, and as she waited for the first line of kneeling communicants to rise, a warm hand closed over hers.

"Hello, Jude," Nate whispered.

Then they were kneeling together as they had done always after their confirmation together. Judith bowed her head. It is just the same, she thought. Nothing is gone—nothing but seven years from our lives.

When church was over, she went out the side aisle. She would not throw herself in his path again. If he wanted to see her, he could find her. Perhaps the familiarity of the church, the familiarity of seeing her there had swayed him only temporarily. Outside a brisk autumn wind was blowing. Leaves and dirt whirled about her as she went down the steps and on toward the street. But he caught up with her.

"Judith! You wouldn't walk out on me, would you?" He slipped his arm through hers. "Oh, Jude. It's so good to see you again."

"I feel that way too, Nate. Only I feel helpless trying to say anything about it. It—it was no natural to look up and see you there. I didn't try to walk out on you. I just thought that you and your family would want to talk to your old friends."

"We *do*, you ninny! Come back and see Dad and Mother."

They walked back to greet the Judge and Mrs. Pryor. Judith flushed under Mrs. Pryor's clear, searching look. I wonder if you know what I'm thinking, Judith wanted to say. I always felt such a kinship with you—because I understood him and his perverse ways of doing things. Because I loved him.

Mrs. Pryor was saying, "You come to Boston sometimes, Judith. Why don't you ever come to see us?"

"I'm never there for long, Mrs. Pryor. But I'll come see you the very next time."

"Do you want a ride home?" asked the Judge.

"No, thank you. I'll walk. You have quite a load."

"I'll walk with her," said Nate. "See you later."

As they went on, he said, "Whatever in the world is the matter with you? First, 'we'd want to see our old friends.' Then 'we have a load.' Good Lord, time was when you could sit on my lap if necessary."

"I'd look well doing that now, wouldn't I?" Judith laughed uneasily. "Can you come over for awhile?"

"No. I'll have to get back to Aunt Margaret's. We just dropped in last night, you see. We have to leave this afternoon. But we couldn't resist stopping by. Well, tell me all about yourself."

"You tell me. I've stayed here and taken root, but you've been places."

"Ten to one I'm more rooted than you are. Life is just one procession of white rats, test tubes, and spirilli."

"What are you doing?"

"Looking for a serum that isn't there."

"But Ecuador, Nate. What about that?"

"*That's* where I started chasing the damned spirillum. I remember nothing pleasant about Ecuador, so let's talk about the home-town."

"But Nate," Judith insisted. "I thought that would be a splendid adventure. I thought you'd love it."

"That's because you have always let your imagination run away with you whenever I was concerned."

It's all right for you to be suave and friendly, thought Judith, but you need not be so blunt. Then she realized that she had given the wrong interpretation to his words, for he was saying, "You always thought that I could make a go of anything."

You always saw me as a gallant lad slaying the dragon."

Do you really believe that Judith wondered, when my thoughts of you have been hurt and hatred? When I have blamed first you and then life in general for denying me the right to what I wanted most?

"But that reminds me," said Nate. "It never occurred to me that you wouldn't write me. I waited for a letter. Then when I realized that none was coming, I intended to write to you. But you know how I am about things like that."

Judith smiled. "I'm not very good about writing either. 'Fragments of unsent, unwritten letters traced themselves across her mind. I wanted to write them, she thought. And all the time, you were expecting them, you—fool."

They turned the corner and started up the elm-shaded lane. A black Scottie bounded in front of them in pursuit of a bright blue ball. From the porch of the house they were passing a little boy called out, "Here, Sandy."

Judith spoke to him and added to Nate, "That's Sally's son."

"Sally's *son*! Lord, how long have I been gone? There was a day when Sally and her platinum head were true romance to me."

"Sally still has the same old glamour," said Judith.

They walked on in silence. At length Nate said, "You aren't happy. And I want you to be. One of us has to be to keep up the other's spirits. It was always like that. Aunt Margaret says you've shut yourself away from everybody. She intimated that you were growing old before your time."

"I need—to be free," said Judith, scarcely knowing that she was speaking.

"Then you must free yourself. Why didn't you write me about it? I didn't see anything of you before I left. Everything was in such a mess, and I was having troubles with Sally. But I hoped you'd write me."

I knew somehow. Whoever he was, he wasn't worth your stifling yourself."

"Yes, he was," said Judith softly.

"Nobody is. You're head and shoulders above most women, and I want you to be different. What was the trouble?"

Judith regarded him. It was true then that as well as he professed to know her, he had never known that. She was a little breathless.

"You can't make love live and grow if the seed isn't in the soil, Nate. And you can't kill it in yourself."

"Don't worry about killing it. Just let the poignancy of it die out till it's nothing but a pleasant experience."

"It's easy for you to say that."

"Yes, I suppose it is, because I'll never love one woman permanently. Change in everything is my meat and drink. Except that I never want you to be anything but my friend. It would disturb me if I thought that for any reason, you hated me. But the change business is what's wrong with me now. I'm tied to one place, and everything else in the world is calling me."

"Close the door to your lab, then, Nate, and follow the calls."

"Do you mean that? But what of my profession—and all of that?"

"Some people are born with a particular genius," said Judith, slowly. "They paint, they write, or they make scientific discoveries. But

you're no Pasteur, Nate. I never knew why you chose medicine. It seemed such a queer choice when you had other things at your fingertips."

"A nice, superficial boy I was, with all my little versatilities."

"Not superficial!" Judith protested. "Oh, Nate, some people are born with a genius just for *living*, and you're one of them."

Nate was silent. Then he said, "Nobody else realizes that. Nobody else would put it that way. I didn't expect you to. Yes, I did. You know that it isn't meanness or shallowness of spirit, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You see, everything is the same as it ever was, Jude. If I were going to be here longer, I'd come and unburden myself to you. But it wouldn't be fair to dash in and dash out and leave you with the weight. There's no need anyway, because,— I think you know already."

They had reached the gate post in front of her home. It was queer that the knowledge that he was about to go away so soon brought no swift pain. He leaned toward her and kissed her.

"Thank you, Jude," he said against her lips. "Cheerio."

Judith felt her breathing stop. She saw so clearly the meaning of a long ago kiss on which she had pinned young hopes. It had not been a lover's kiss: it had been a kiss of gratitude for sustaining his mood and not

spoiling it with the commonplace. She touched her ungloved finger-tips against his cheek and said, "Cheerio, Nate."

He waited at the gate as she went up the long walk to the house. But she did not look back. The warm and pleasant surge of restored pride and security held her gaze straight ahead of her. Back there in the bright sun of an October day was Nate. All of the anguish of her young misunderstanding seemed absurd to her now. The strain and the tenseness that had been electric in the air when he had gone away before had been of her own making. There was no need to be afraid of the memory of him now, no need to feel him lost. There were no bridges to be burned. Instead, the bridges could grow old, because the oak from which they were made was strong. They could grow mossy, and the cool green of ivy could cover them.

She looked at the house into which she had shut herself for protection. She looked at the garden. She opened the door and went into the hall. The house was still and aloof, and no selfish pride of possession swept over her as it usually did. She looked about her as if she were seeing it for the first time. There in the study she could see one corner of her bookshelves. Strange that she should have tried to let a mania of possession make up to her for what she believed lost. Strange that she should have

(Continued on page 25)

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A Heart of Gravel

(Continued from page 15)

"By the way I like my roses red," I said.

It's always good technique to be a little particular. Besides mother couldn't force me to wear the pink net dress that drips with gooey sweetness with a red corsage.

"Red roses," he repeated as though it were of some special significance.

"O. K. Be good."

"I'll be seein' you," I waved.

I thought, as I washed up for dinner, of Queen Dido. If she had had a higher I. Q., she might have sailed away on a honeymoon with Æneas. While I had been somewhat in the same predicament, I had used my head to some degree and wasn't I going to the ball in grand style with a Yale boy and wasn't I going to dance with Gordon Marshall? Now all that there remained to do was to make Gordon jealous. And if I knew my human nature, I knew the way to do that.

That night at dinner I was so busy thinking that it took my appetite away.

"What's the matter, Livvy? Are you ill?"

Mothers are pretty nice at times, but at others they simply show no tact at all.

"No, I'm not sick. I just can't stand kale."

"You with your leafy greens. You give me a pain," Anne snapped.

She had evidently heard about Gordon and me and the beer.

"You don't give me any appetite either," I said, wrinkling up my nose the way she does it.

Mother was viewing us with alarm, and I could see that Daddy was going to explode any minute.

"Don't be catty," Anne advised icily, "just because you're not going to the dance."

"Don't be silly. I think it's rather childish to broadcast my date all over the place." I affected a bored tone.

"Your date. Who is he?"

I evaded the question by looking mysteriously away into the distance.

"Anyone I know?" Anne persisted, like a blood hound. Really, I soliloquized, Anne should be able to control her emotions better than that.

"I don't know if you know him or not. I doubt it," I said vaguely.

Anne turned to father, "Dad, I should think Livvy could tell me something without being so huffed over it."

Father looked appealingly at me. He doesn't like to become angry at meal time as it gives him indigestion.

"Scotty Grimes," I announced calmly, "you know, from Yale."

I picked up my glass and while drinking looked through it at Anne. I couldn't see very much but enough to know that she was throwing a new form of epileptic fit. Finally after drinking up all the water and nearly biting a hole through the glass, I said, "He's awfully nice."

And father, his dinner well settled, "Yale's a fine school."

And Mother, "Well, you'll have to have a new dress."

After all mothers aren't so bad. You have to make allowances for them at times.

Mother, trusting me to my own judgment, gave me twenty-five dollars and let me go down town by myself. It was a real pleasure having no one cramping my style while I shopped. I looked high and low but could find no dress that would affect a heart of gravel or arouse any real notice. I was just about to go to the dance in my bathing suit, when I saw a white tuxedo for the sub deb. I knew instantly that a man would be but a pawn in my hands, if I wore that, so I bought it. Naturally it created some excitement at home. When mother started lecturing on my lack of responsibility and Dad began kidding me about ending up in the stag line, I was pretty sure of its at least arousing notice.

The night of the dance I looked very glamorous in my tux and wore three of Scotty's roses in my lapel. And Duval's was grand. The butler who received us was very good looking, and I always thought it was such a shame that Francine had to be so ugly. Just think what an ideal romantic situation could have existed. Anyway, I went upstairs to Francine's room. One of the girls from Simons was up there, trying on some one else's evening wrap, and Lydia Williams was putting on rouge and powder. She gets so nervous at a dance, that she runs upstairs every two minutes to fix her hair, or pull up her stockings, or to make up.

"Livvy, your tux is darling. Who's your date?" they purred.

"Scotty Grimes," I said with a charming nonchalance and sauntered out.

The ball room was filled with yellow roses, and yellow electric lanterns, and Fred Clouster's Collegians were blaring away in the corner one of those pieces that makes rhythm jump right into your toes. I could see every one was impressed with my tux, and when I saw a group of big noises, who had called me "little sister" last year, coming toward me, I knew that I was going to accomplish something tonight.

"Hey, what's the idea, Beautiful, of taking our rights," they yelled, taking me all in and perhaps seeing for the first time that I had hair and eyes and that they were brown.

"Listen, don't you know that pants make the man?" one boy asked, warily.

"That's just it," I said smiling mysteriously, "I'm trying my best to make a certain man."

That excited them, and I was cut in on continuously so I didn't dance with Scotty or anybody else much. The other older girls, like Anne, were eyeing me with a none too friendly

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Postlude To Life

(Continued from page 8)

much longer. When a man is used to working twenty and more hours a day, sitting around like this is enough to drive him mad. Sometimes I think I am out of my mind now. I told Joe yesterday, but he said not to believe it. He said a lot more, but I didn't listen. His voice sounded like the drone of my decompression volitalizer, and I couldn't help thinking of it.

It's really funny, though. As hard as I worked I never got tired. The boys would leave me at midnight, and come in the next morning, yawning and sleepy. And I would be fresh and ready for another day. And damn them, I got about two hours sleep on the work bench while I let the centrifuge run. But the boys knew what they were in for when they came to work under me. And they also knew beforehand what I was. None of them had any kick coming. No one but Marge.

Poor kid, I don't think she ever did understand. The other day when she came to see me (I don't know why she came) she just looked at me and fell in a dead faint. She hasn't come again since.

I wish I had killed her. I don't know why, but I wish I had. I hate her. I hate all women. I guess she found that out the night she came looking for me at the laboratory. Foolish child, to think that she could

separate Roy and me. I told her before she married me, but she wouldn't believe it.

Roy and I went through hell together those first few years. But we stuck it out. We stuck it out together. We weren't ashamed of our poverty or our love. We had our work and each other, and we were happy and proud in both.

The world be damned. Women be damned. Joe and Marge be damned. I wonder why Roy won't come to me again. He has only been here once. He wouldn't talk to me about our work, though. He just looked at me. He asked me how I felt, and when I told him I still hated Marge as much as I loved him, he burst out crying and sobbed: "What have I done—oh what have I done to this mind." Poor Roy, he must have been overworked. He didn't know what he was saying.

That damned nurse again. How I hate her. Some day I'll throttle her. Listen to how she's talking. She's sorry I don't feel well. She thinks some food would help. But why should I eat? I am the genius of science—the infinite spirit of research!

"Where is Roy?"

She is sorry, but he can't come today. She's sorry! That's strange. She pities me!! They all pity me! It's very strange. I wonder why—they all pity me.

Return

(Continued from page 23)

let her soul grow so small. The shell of the house, the flowers she could pick, the book she could hold in her hand were hers, her very own. But they were very empty when she thought of them that way. The best belonged to the seasoned rafters and old gray stone, to the soil that was soon to be covered with leaf-mold, to the images and people that lived in black-print lines, to the man who had left the gate now and was walking up the lane. These she could never hold in her hand.

Into her mind came the fragment of a poem:

"Bird of the sea rocks, of the bursting spray,
O halcyon bird,
That wheelest crying, crying on the way;
Who knows the grief can read the tale of thee:
One love long lost, one song forever heard,
And wings that sweep the sea."

She laughed to herself, because the fact that she should have dwelt on the grief and love, long lost, seemed immature and foreign to her. With a light stroke, she drew a mental line through that part of the poem. Then she said aloud,
". . . one song forever heard,
And wings that sweep the sea."

Wings . . . that sweep . . . the sea. Suddenly she felt high, and broad, and deep.



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A Heart of Gravel

(Continued from page 24)

look. Gordon cut. He held me very tight and dipped low and romantically in a waltz. But he talked in my hair, and I was afraid he'd strangle himself on it, so I was a bit uneasy.

"Well, sweetheart," he asked with a smug look on his face, "how are you making out?"

"I'm having a grand time," I said, giving him the A one innocent stare, "but I think it's because my one and only is here."

I could see a thoughtful look come over his features, as I went into Ken Smith's arms. Ken's awful nice, but he has adenoids, and his mouth is hanging open most of the time. The piece stopped, and I could see Gordon maneuvering Francine over to where I was. My remark had certainly worked.

Then Lydia slinked up to us in an absent-minded way. At first I thought she was headed for the stairs as she had a couple of hairpins stuck in her mouth.

"Oh, Gordon," she exclaimed as though she had a mouth full of food, "I hear somebody's taking you away from Anne." My back teeth hit each other. Lydia was doing her best to prove that she didn't come into this world with all that she should have. That started Francine off. She is so ingeune anyway and has a sense of humor that gets out of control with one glass of punch.

"Maybe Anne has passed her technique down to keep it going in the family."

When the orchestra leader announced "Star Dust" as a special number, I winked at Gordon. I had already promised that dance to Scotty, and competition wouldn't put a damper on my case. After a few of those snappy comebacks, like "oh yeah" and "nuts," that boys exchange, I danced off with Scotty. Then I decided to bare my soul to him in a side room, and smiling bravely, I confessed to my falsehood.

He took it wonderfully and, looking very tall and grown-up in the dim light, he gave me a bow and said that my falsehood had made him conceited. I was very thrilled.

They were playing one of those tangoes that make everyone want to get up and click castanettes and bite roses, when Gordon, looking as mad as a man whose wife has just thrown out his old pipe, cut and whirled me into the cloak room among all the umbrellas, and raincoats, and tennis racquets, and rubbers. He

of other girls have kissed me in cloak rooms."

"Different girls like different types," I explained patiently, "and maybe it happens that I don't like your type." He opened his mouth and after a while he shut it.

"Don't lose any sleep over it," I advised opening the door. "There are plenty of girls with low I. Q.'s left in this world."

The last I saw of him then, he had his mouth opened again.

During the grand rush for the refreshments, when Mrs. Duvale, who in spite of all her jewelry reminded me of those rest room matrons they have in department stores and theatres, with her motherly bosom, was introduced around, Scotty with a pile of groceries under his arm rushed me into the sun parlor. I didn't want to appear what some girls, who aren't well bred, call a chiseler, but I couldn't help it if my escorts chose to whisk me into side rooms. I certainly couldn't help my sex appeal.

"Well," I said, feeling pretty good after taming Gordon, "here are your eats."

"And here is my history maker," Scotty said with a look in his eyes that made me have goose flesh from excitement.

The rest of the evening Gordon followed me around with a tragic appealing look in his eyes. But I knew I liked Scotty tons better, and Gordon's attraction had been that of the unconquered.

When we were walking to the car after the dance, I felt like I was walking on somebody else's legs. My feet hardly touched the ground. Competition and cruelty could really make any heart of gravel turn to mere chicken feed. And then history repeated itself, and not with another Dido sacrifice but with a kiss.

"Scotty," I said dreamily, "did you ever hear of Queen Dido?"

Ineffectual Reverie

ETHEL LOUISE WHITE

Take out my heart
And let me go my way
Alone
Amid the golden glow
Of sun on sand.

I do not choose
To be thus caught by love
And held
But ever must be free
To probe my soul.

drew me to him in his masterful way.

"What's the matter? Off of necking?"

"Oh, no," I said, "I just can't get enthusiastic over necking in a cloak room."

I was surprised to discover that it must have certainly been the truth because I was standing perfectly calm with Gordon but a few inches from me.

"Well, it's night time and there's a moon outside."

Gordon looked hopefully and then put his arm around me. I gave him one undignified push, which sent him sprawling back against the opposite wall. He wrinkled his eyebrows in the way boys do when they want to convey the expression of incredibility in a mild way.

"You needn't be so fussy. Plenty

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HAMBURG—Huge liners lying gracefully on the river . . . rusty trampers being tugged laboriously to their wharves . . . ferries carrying the besotted sailors back to their ships . . . the white wings of gulls flashing and dipping over the dirty water . . . narrow cobbled streets twisting up from the river . . . the Reeperbahn of gay lights and biergarten music . . . cafes, cabarets, tanz halls, bars, all casting their din and light out on the thronged walks . . . doormen,

in gold and purple, nodding to guests, or trying to induce a prospective customer to enter . . . youthful faces laughing as they sweep along in the crowd . . . old faces smiling with unnatural gaiety. . .

NACOSARI—a red pomgranate moon rising above dark lanes of the park, bordered by lacy pepper trees and thin lines of palo verde—peons and burros and goats in the streets where summer heat packs adobe houses close together—rainbow colors of copper slag dumped at the mine—the Copper Queen hotel—slow voices and slower pace—Hasta Mañana.



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Shadows of the Elders

(Continued from page 7)

"Father, will they die out in the cold?" I asked him, just before I left the room.

"I don't know. Don't think about it any more. You're all worn out. I'll see you in the morning, but I have to go back on a case as soon as I eat something. Goodnight, dear."

When I woke up Christmas morning, he was standing in the door, and we went down for breakfast and presents. I had mittens and a petticoat from Frieda, just as I had known that I would have. But from Father I had a new coat with a fur lining, three books that were not Bible stories, and candy and oranges. We went to church after breakfast, and then while Frieda fixed dinner,

Father decided to take me on a call with him to the house where the new baby was.

We got into the old Ford and rolled up the windows to keep out the cold. I had been thinking about the French people all through church, and I intended to ask Father some more, as soon as we were away from Frieda. When I put his black bag on the floor of the car, I saw a piece of muslin lying there. I thought that it was a bandage until I noticed that the thing was hemmed. I picked it up to look at it, and suddenly that smell of arbutus in the woods came to me. It was Cecile's smell. I sat there, stunned, and Father laughed.

Finally, I asked, "Father, where

did you go last night after you sent me to bed?"

He laughed again. Then I knew for certain.

"Father," I said, "they aren't frozen to death, are they? They are somewhere where it's warm. Father, you took—"

He stopped me. "No. They aren't frozen to death. They're somewhere where it's warm. Now let's sing a Christmas carol."

I sat close to him and held onto his arm. We drove up the street, and people waved to us. We waved back, but I felt as if Father and I were alone and different and I knew that we were no longer really one of the town.



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GEE

WHIZ

CANDY
EXAMS
ETC.

WOW!

KATE HOWARD WAS NEXT - THEN CAME CATHERINE PARR - HENRY'S ACHIEVEMENTS IN OTHER SPHERES WERE -- ETC., ETC...

HANK IX

PRINCE ALBERT FIRST AND LAST

ONCE YOU'RE ON TO PRINCE ALBERT, NO
OTHER PIPE SMOKE WILL EVER DO —
P.A. IS MILD AND LONG-BURNING — AND
NEVER BITES THE TONGUE.

M-M-M-M-M-M-M-!!

— BECAUSE OF ITS MELLOW, PLEASING FLAVOR

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!



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Authors Spotlight

MARGARET ISAAC gives a really first rate performance in her first story for the ARCHIVE. The ending, to our minds, is little less than sheer inspiration. She is a senior majoring in English. Her strongest aversions are Greek, Latin, and hamburgers.

DON MCNEIL is President of the senior class, captain of the tennis team, president of Kappa Alpha, O. D. K., Red Friars, ad infinitum. He is, perhaps, a bit cynical for one so young, but he is unique insofar as he practices what he preaches. Incidentally, his sermons are good.

EARLE RUNNER is Associate Editor of the ARCHIVE. In his story *Pinkie's Elixir* he displays a sense of humor that will quite likely drive casual readers mad. In private life, he draws pictures. And take our word for it—they are *some pictures*.

GEORGE HARRISON is also making his initial appearance in the ARCHIVE. His story is strong stuff, cleverly handled. It shows, we think, a definite flair for writing, and we'll say as much to de Lawd.

NANCY HUDSON has long been one of our leading contributors. In her new story she upholds the high standard of writing she has set for herself. She has just become co-ed associate editor.

LEONARD BLOOM is a collaborating author of the recently published novel, *Lost Road*. Although in this issue he becomes the bogey man of college poets, he is not ordinarily to be found at the Wailing Wall.

The ARCHIVE

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THIRTY CENTS A COPY: TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

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Captain Masque

MARGARET ISAAC

Beginning the story of a strange separation that occurred when the world was in chaos.

I had lunch with Jean Wilkinson today. I am afraid she is not happy, married to John. The things I know and haven't told her have worried me a great deal recently. I was sure I did the right thing when I first saw her at the hospital but now I don't know. Doug Gordon was such a wonderful character that with the memory of a first husband like that to use as a yardstick for a second, it is no wonder John doesn't measure up.

It was queer the way I found out so much about those two. One would hardly expect to find a man of Gordon's type traveling with a company of performers. My being with them must have been a problem to him too if he thought about it at all. I can understand his working like that because I took my job for the same reason. We all had to do something after the war and it just happened that both of us found that the only job available. I felt sorry for him because he was so lonely. He was the star performer of course. A dare-devil stunt flyer always draws a crowd — and being the headliner of the show, he traveled in the drawing room of our car. I hated that damned train! It always made me feel as cheap and gaudy as the acrobats and dancers who traveled with us.

Gordon flew as Captain Masque and he always wore a black flying suit and a mask when he went up. It thrilled the crowd and increased the idea of mystery without revealing his identity. I think he must have planned that himself. He was awfully clever and far-sighted that way. I remember the first time I had the courage to go in to see him. We had met in McLain's office when we played Coney Island in the summer of 1920. Gordon signed up with us

then and he was always unusually nice to me whenever we ran into each other around the field or on the train. It was a day in October when I went to see him. It was about noon and we were to play at the fair grounds in Richmond in the afternoon. The Captain had not showed



up for breakfast but I did not think much about that because he seldom did. When he did not appear in the diner at lunch time and there was no sound from his room, I felt anxious about him, I didn't think he should do that dizzy stunt flying on an empty stomach, so I put a plate lunch on a tray and knocked at his door. He said "Come in" and I opened the door and tried to be nonchalant, but I had not been brought up to call on men in their rooms. He was not in bed though.

I thought after I knocked that he might be sick and I wished then that I had not bothered to find out about him. The moment I opened the door and saw him, I was glad I had come. He looked pale and lonely. He had a sad expression most of the time but he could be jolly when he wanted to. His eyes were very blue and his hair was black and curly. He really was terribly good looking and he never seemed conscious of it. I don't think he thought very much about himself. He was well-built too, but a little too thin. That day he looked even thinner. When I came in he jumped up and said, "Hello! This is a surprise! Won't you sit down?"

"I brought you some lunch," I explained unnecessarily. "You have not left this room since we got aboard yesterday afternoon and you can't stunt without eating."

He took the tray and smiled. "Thanks awfully but I'm not very hungry. Do sit down and I'll do my best with it since you were kind enough to bring it."

I sat down on the seat opposite him. "You've been ill!" I ventured as he put sugar and cream in the coffee.

"That's quite the usual thing," he replied.

I was rather surprised at that and I guess I looked it because he said rather quickly.

"Oh it's just an old war wound that comes to life now and then. The doctors over there said it might bother me if I flew but I was too stubborn to listen to them."

"But you shouldn't fly then — —," I started without thinking.

"That's right, I shouldn't, but there's nothing else I can do and a man must live. Take yourself for instance. Do you mind?"

I dropped my eyes. "No, I don't mind. Go on."

"You are not the theatrical type, Miss Morris." His statement was a question.

"I understand," I said. "I took the job stooging for that magician for the same reason that you are flying here. We have that in common."

"Right. That's just what I was driving at but you beat me to it."

Our eyes met with something resembling mutual understanding and I thought I had stayed long enough for my first visit.

"If you're through with the tray, I think I had better return it to the diner," said I, breaking the silence.

He protested at once. "Oh no, I'll take it back."

But I insisted and said goodbye.

"Do come again," he invited. "I enjoyed your visit. You are the only person here I've been able to talk to."

"I too," I answered impulsively. "I may come back and make you take care of yourself again."

After the door was closed, I looked at the tray.

"Why he only drank the coffee," I murmured. "It's a shame."

I saw a lot of Captain Masque after that day and once I saw a letter some insurance company had sent him in care of McLain. I didn't look at it very closely because he was talking to me at the time and I was trying to pay attention to what he was saying. Something a little queer about the way the address looked made me glance at it again. When I did that, there was no use pretending. The letter was addressed to Captain Douglas C. Gordon and I couldn't help staring at the name. He saw me and stopped talking. It was such a rude thing for me to do that the moment I looked up I started to apologize.

"Please forgive me," I begged. "I couldn't help seeing. I promise not to tell anyone."

He was trying to conceal his an-

noyance when he answered. "Please don't. Sometime I'll tell you why I want to keep that a secret."

I let it go at that. I was already thoroughly ashamed of myself for finding it out as I did, but I was glad I knew.

I never could watch his act. It always frightened me. Something in the way he swooped closer than necessary to the ground made me wonder just how much he valued his life. It must have been that extra recklessness that made him so popular with the crowds. They always went into an uproar after he had made a safe landing. The other flyers were good but they never gave me that sinking sensation which his impression of carelessness made me feel. Even if I did not know when he felt worse than usual, I could tell it if I watched his stunt. It was then particularly that the crowd went wild and that I really became afraid for him.

On our way to Atlanta the following April, we had a long time to stay on the train. When we were leaving the diner after lunch, the Captain stopped me.

"Drop in and pay me a visit this afternoon, Helen," he suggested. "This threatens to be a long and tiresome trip."

"I'll run in a little later," I promised and was separated from him going through the passage.

I did go in to see him about three o'clock. He was sitting next to the window with a book in his hand. When I was a little closer to him, I noticed that the pages were not printed but closely written in his fine characteristic handwriting.

"I told you once, Helen, when you made a discovery about me that I would tell you about it some day," he began. "I almost forgot this journal when I was packing this morning. I never thought I could grow careless with it. I think a great deal of this book and I would not have anything happen to it for the world. I should destroy it, I know, but I

have never been able to bring myself to do it. If anything ever happens to me, Helen, I want you to destroy it for me."

The solemnity of his tone impressed me and I was only able to murmur, "I will, Douglas, I promise."

"This book is a diary I kept from time to time," he continued. "I started it in my senior year at Yale and wrote in it after that when anything happened to me I particularly wanted to remember. I finished it when I was convalescing in France. It is something I would not want anyone to read but I told you once I would tell you about myself; and if you still want to hear the reason why I am here, I'll tell you now."

I was afraid to interrupt him then so I nodded my head and remained silent.

"I went to prep school in France because my father was planning a future for me in the Paris office of his firm. Father was in the steel business and wanted me to follow in his steps. I don't think I ever cared much for the steel industry but I believe I would have carried out father's plans anyway if I had not roomed with Jim Bennett at Yale.

"When I returned to the United States after graduating from the French academy, I entered the junior year at Yale in 1911 and found myself rooming with Jim. We did everything together, went everywhere together, and had similar interests and tastes. Jim was interested in aviation and soon persuaded me to study it with him after college. This I would have done, I am sure, if it had not been for father, who thought nothing worth while but his own business.

"During the first summer vacation, my cousin, Mary Allan, and I went to visit Jim and his sister, Jean, and we became very fond of them. Jim and Mary, Jean and I made up a foursome during the rest of my stay in America.

"After graduation, I returned to France and renewed some of my

friendships over there. My closest friends had always been Raoul de Chambrier and his mother and father, the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Chambrier. Whenever I was in France, I visited them often at their chateau near Paris.

"Jim carried out his plans and went to flying school after college. His letters were so lively and enthusiastic that I began taking up flying in my spare time over in France. Because of his letters, I became as much interested in aviation as Jim was and the instructors told me that I was rapidly becoming a skilled pilot when France entered the World War. After that happened, the steel industry kept me too busy to devote much time to flying.

"With France in the war and my father aware of the fact that I was flying, he became anxious about me and wrote a pretty stern letter telling me that the business needed me and that I should not think of doing anything foolish. It really was not necessary for him to tell me that because I wasn't anxious to get in that scrap unless my own country became involved. If that happened, I knew nothing could keep me out.

"I think Jean Bennett must have guessed how I felt from my letters to her because she and Mary Allan decided to take up nursing so they would be in France too if anything happened to cause either Jim or me to join up. When we did go into the war, the girls were graduate nurses and assigned to a hospital not far behind the lines. I looked up the nearest air station and found that there was one about three miles away. As soon as I found that out, I applied for a commission and got an American general in France to 'fix it' for Jim and me to be at that field. Knowing that man was just the luckiest thing that ever happened to me. He used his "pull" to get us stationed there; and when we all got there, we could see each other once in a while and everything was a good deal like old times again.

"As soon as Dad found out that

America was going to take sides he sent me a cable which I always figured was meant as a threat large enough to keep me from fighting. Father was just one of those people who believed that the United States military forces would clean up that little European argument in three weeks at the most; so he told me if I joined I needn't come home. When I received the cable, I had already gotten my commission and been assigned to my station. I was feeling pretty fine about the way the general had 'fixed things' and I was feeling pretty fine anyway drinking and being patted on the back by every Frenchman who saw my uniform; so I simply cabled my answer, 'Probably won't come back anyway,' and let it go at that. It got under my skin. I never could understand how a real flesh and blood man could think more about the market quotations of amalgamated steel than he could about the outcome of the world war and the size of the A.E.F. I may have been wrong about my father but I never thought he cared about me except as a puppet bearing his name to carry on his business. But so much for that.

"In about a month Jean and Mary Allan came over and two weeks later Jim came. We had a day or two in Paris together before moving up. I never realized until then just how much I had missed Jean and how much she meant to me. I really think it took a world war with its glamour and its dangers to get through my thick head what my heart had known all the time."

For the first time since the beginning of his story, Douglas did not look at me but turned his head and looked out of the window.

"I loved her. The last night in Paris I told her so and we became engaged. That engagement must have given us both a bit of a peculiar sensation. The odds were against its ever being consummated by marriage and both of us knew it. It lent a kind of desperate sincerity to our

relations. We were inclined to be dramatic and to feel more deeply the shortness of the time we could spend together, the danger of permanent separation at the most casual parting, and the length of the intervals between our meetings.

"As soon as our division arrived at the air station, we were assigned to patrols going up every day. My commission was second lieutenant and I flew sometimes at the head of a small patrol and sometimes as third in formation in a larger patrol with more serious intentions. Part of the time Jean was on night duty and part of the time she was on the day shift at the hospital about three miles away. Often our work conflicted so we could not see each other for weeks. It was then we realized most acutely how unstable was the foundation on which we based our hope of future happiness.

"The Vicomte de Chambrier and his son, Raoul, were killed right after we went in the war and I received a heartbroken letter from Madame de Chambrier telling me about it and telling me that she was trying to forget by turning her chateau into a private hospital and doing war work there. Everything was changing. If I could have gone to Paris on leave, I don't think I would have known the place.

"On Christmas day of 1917, the first lieutenant in my company was killed and I was promoted to his rank. I didn't see Jean at all during the Christmas season and that didn't make me any happier. It was more like a nightmare than like Christmas. It meant nothing to me at all. One day was just like another out there. The same things happened over and over again out there until I hardly even cared what happened to me except on Jean's account. The coming of a new year meant only another year of that hell and was too discouraging to celebrate so we just let it pass.

"The first time I saw Jean in the spring, she looked worn out. I told

her she must be working too hard and she tried almost too hurriedly to assure me that she was all right and that I should not worry about her. As soon as I left her, I looked up Mary Allan and asked her how often the nurses went on leave and if there was any chance of Jean's getting one. She acted so peculiarly when I asked her that that I made her tell me what was the matter.

"'Oh Doug!' she said, 'Jean will hate me for telling you but I do think you ought to know!'"

"'What is it, Mary Allan?' I asked.

"'Jean had a leave about two months ago and did not take it because she was afraid to leave you. You must make her take the next one. She is working too hard. She can't keep that up.'

"'When is Jean able to leave again?' I inquired.

"'It will be her turn in about three months but she needs a rest now,' she answered. 'There is no chance of her getting away before that but she must get away then or I am afraid she will be ill. Please make her go then, Doug.'

"'Of course I will,' I promised.

"I saw Jean several days later and told her what I had made my cousin tell me. She was angry at first and then she cried and refused to go away unless I could go also. I really did not know what to do about it but I told her not to think of it and maybe I would be able to leave for a few days by that time. What I was really thinking was that if the fighting got much hotter in our sector, she would have to go without me, but I did not tell her that.

"One night in June, the major called a conference at headquarters of all the captains and lieutenants at the field. He was worried about our transport which dropped spies on the isolated farm of a resident spy in Germany and picked them up after they had obtained their information. We were using a staggered schedule sent to us by headquarters

in Paris and the major had reason to believe the Germans had come to know it about as well as we did. He feared they would locate the resident and break up one of our best systems of getting information about



the enemy. There had been no volunteers for weeks and the men who were drafted and sent over had not returned. Commissioned officers were not drafted for that work so I had never given much thought to it. That night we made out a new schedule which was authorized by headquarters and put into operation. Before the middle of July, the Huns knew that schedule too and everyone was worried again.

"I had been thinking a great deal about Jean and her leave which was due to fall early in August and that worried me too. Everything was going wrong. Jim was forced down in a field out near no man's land and was caught in a gas attack when he was being sent back. He was in the

hospital and my cousin was worrying herself sick about him. The last straw was my captain's death. He made an attempt to find out what was the matter with the transport and took it over himself. Like so many others, he did not return. Only one transport had gotten through since the Germans had learned the second schedule. That one had dropped a spy who had to be brought back. The next ship which went over to drop a man was lost. I was thinking about the captain when I had an idea and on the impulse of the moment, I went over to headquarters and volunteered to fly the next transport."

Doug paused a moment then and I interrupted him for the first time.

"But why did you do that?" I gasped.

To answer my question he continued his story.

"I did it because I had figured out what I thought was a successful way to bring a spy and his information across the lines but I didn't tell them my plan at headquarters. The Huns had figured out our schedule so quickly that I feared there was a leak somewhere in our own machine; so naturally I did not want anyone to find out what I was going to do. The main reason I had decided to volunteer was that I was pretty sure my plan would work and when I came back, I would probably get a leave and would be able to go when Jean went. They did not promise anything like that. That would not have been considered good military discipline but I was reasonably certain that the one man who succeeded after five successive failures would be rewarded somehow; so I took a long chance.

"I saw Jean the night I went over and it was all I could do to keep from telling her my plan but I kept reminding myself that no one must know. I never hated to leave her so much in all my life. She seemed to be more lovely and more dear than ever but I had given my promise and I had to leave on time, to do every-

thing in my power for the success of the plan. When I left Jean on the steps of the hospital, I kissed her and then buried my face in her hair while I offered up a mental prayer that our parting might not be for always. I was afraid to linger longer than usual because she knew me too well not to have suspected something.

"I hurried back to the field after I left her and watched them load a light pursuit plane with gas and tune up the motor. One of the officers from headquarters came over and gave me the usual little pep talk about leaving everything in my hands, being careful to bring back the spy at any sacrifice, and wishing me luck. I was impatient to be off and went up as soon as he left. I headed for the line where we had often crossed on patrol because I knew that way the best. I am sure the Huns saw me go over, but I had figured on that and they knew the schedule too well not to have been there. They knew what I was going after too. It was part of their plan to let me get over and pick up the spy so they could get both of us on the return trip. They were clever all right and they had their trap well set, but I thought I had a solution. I didn't think they would follow me and they didn't. It would have been smart to trail the man who was dropping a spy so as to find the location of the resident but a man whose errand consisted in picking up a spy would never go to the resident's spot if he knew he was being trailed. He would circle and dodge and try to go back to his own base. The Germans were veterans at cleverness by that time, and they had their system of attack pretty well organized. When I thought I was not being followed, I circled back and around to make sure. It was not until I was certain that I was absolutely alone in that part of the sky that I started in the direction of the isolated farm where I was to land and pick up the spy. When my instrument board indicated that I should be over the farm, I began circling nearer the ground until I located the light set

in the chimney of the farm house and could see the open field in which I was expected to land. I came in for a landing and the spy ran over from the house to the plane.

"'Thank God someone has found the place,' he cried as he ran toward me. 'George West was supposed to have been dropped here Tuesday but he didn't come. I was getting plenty worried. You're getting right back?'"

"'Not on your life!' I said. 'Those German planes are waiting for me to do just that. Can those figures wait another twenty-four hours?'"

"He stared at me in surprise. 'The figures can but I can't. This place is getting on my nerves.'"

"I had my plan and I was determined to stick to it, so I told him. 'Those German planes will get on your nerves too. What we've got to do is camouflage this plane so it will look like a clump of bushes from the sky and hide out here. They will think they've missed us and we will leave here early tomorrow night. If they're so darned sure of that schedule, they'll find out something.'"

"He looked doubtful. 'Well, I can't take off without you so I'll have to agree. Let's get to work and fix this clump of bushes before dawn.'"

"We worked steadily for three hours cutting bushes and branches to put around the plane. When we had finished that, we extinguished the light in the chimney and stayed in the house until the next night. As soon as it was dark, we pulled the branches from around and on top of the ship and went up. My nerves were jumping all the way over. Once I thought I heard another motor ahead of me and my heart was in my mouth. I turned a little south of my course and for a while I was afraid I would not hit the line but we got over without being discovered. No one was waiting at the field for us. They gave me up when I had not returned by noon. They heard the motor when I circled the field and threw a searchlight on us to make sure it was not an enemy ship; then they threw the lights on the field

and we came in for a landing. I've never received such a reception! Everyone was out but I was not interested in them at the moment. All I could think of was Jean and how she must have felt when she discovered that I had flown the transport and that I had not returned. I made my report at headquarters, got patted on the back by the general who said he thought he could arrange ten days leave for me. By the time I was told that, I was too happy to be impatient but I was still anxious to see Jean. All the time I was at headquarters I was going over in my mind Jean's schedule of duty so I would know where to find her. She was supposed to be night nurse on the third floor. Of all the rotten luck! She would have to be on duty, but I was determined to see her for a moment anyway. I got a ride to the hospital in a dispatch car and went up to the third floor. I came up the stairs and out of the door right by the desk where she was sitting in case any of the patients should ring for her. She looked up when I entered and her eyes shone through tears. She was apparently too surprised or too happy to speak. I didn't know what to say to her. I could only think of one thing so I said it.

"'Better late than never, darling!'"

Then the Captain paused a moment and I would have given anything to have seen his face but it had grown dark in the room and neither of us wanted to turn on the lights. It sounded to me as though the memory of that sentence had been a little too much for him and he had paused a moment to steady his voice and keep his emotions from me. Whether I was right in that assumption or not, he betrayed no feeling when he continued.

"I didn't stay long. After all, she was on duty. I told her we could take that leave together and asked her to marry me in Paris. I never expected to propose to her while she

(Continued on page 24)

All the Sad Young Poets

LEONARD BLOOM

An incisive criticism of college bards.



Frustration

Having lived for some six years on varying terms of intimacy with college publications of various portent and intent; having suffered the search for "filler," and then too frequently having suffered from it, this writer feels that it is at last time he gave expression to an ancient and righteous peeve.

If all the young poets were not so sad and if their sadness did not so often approximate misery, this statement would not be justified. But the incontrovertible fact is that the verse of college youth is the verse of maladjustment, all too often the burlings of pathology. And if this pathology were presented with humility and grace, competency and decorum, perhaps there still would be no argument. However, it is painfully true that the young poets are not only at loss with life but with the technique of poetic creation. Summarily, there is vast doubt as to their right to exercise the muse unleashed. Not only do they fail to say anything new or in a new way, but they fail to say whatever they do, well. The verse of our young collegians is in fact a contest of literary negations which too often deserves denial of publication.

Futilitarianism may have its own justification; bewilderment can be epic; despair can be facile. The psiticism of our youth, however, appears to be none of these. Not only do the aspiring incipient versifiers fail to know where they are going, but they do not even know they are on their way. If this be sadistic, it is at least a real and suitable approach to the frustration and masochism that purports to pass for poetic attitude.

Poetry is deserving of examination; its nature and techniques are worthy of study. Yet the verse published in collegiate magazines, not only evinces a painful ignorance of form, but a colossal disrespect for its potentialities. It is one thing, we might say, to thumb one's nose at conventional restriction after one understands it. It is quite another to accept the freedom of modern verse without mastering it, and feeling its special and new limitations. Freedom we are convinced should be a privilege. The poetic liberties discernible in college publications are more than poetic license and defy poetic registration. Experimentation should be encouraged; manipulation of words in new, controlled ways is the challenge of language and thought. Most collegiana smacks of free association, of the psychological laboratory.

Surely we have no right to demand the mastery and distinction that we find among professional and practiced poets. To do so would be to refuse the writer the right to grow up with himself and his form. But it does seem to be the duty of college editors to require something both of form and content, and most of the material listed in the indices as poetry possesses a dearth of both.

It seems that in their affection for good *format* the editors have felt obliged to insert poetry whether they liked it or not, simply because it is

customary and expected. If this be so, they have themselves to blame, and the vast inferiority of their poetry to their prose is understandable. The good stuff that no doubt is being written will come out of hiding when there is some promise of good companion pieces. Literary production like much else in life is judged by the company it keeps.

To be intelligible, as some one has said, is to be found out. This seems to be as true as most epigrams, and perhaps therefor the unintelligibility of most collegiana is a saving grace. What is comprehensible is really rather frightful, for there is some notion that by waving one's figurative heart before the public gaze art will be achieved. Lastly, there is what appears to be a deliberate ignoring of Russell Gordon Smith's admonition, "What is worth saying is worth saying in a beautiful way." When they fail in this, as they usually do, there is no poetry.

Another time we may bemuse ourselves in considering what particular function college verse may have, and what it does mean and can mean. For now we must say that the usual pieces which are knighted with printer's ink are seldom worth getting unhappy over.



Mood

Hunger

NANCY HUDSON

The story of a yearning—powerful in its intensity, insatiable in its relentlessness.



The room was dark. It smelled of paper, legal paper—crisp dried documents. And the books on its shelves were gray, and thick, and very dusty. Without moving his eyes from the window, Thorn felt them there; he felt them as surely as if their gray dullness were ingrained with the interminable gray dullness of his mind, and as if he were a fat dusty book squatting stilly on the shelf. Five months it had taken this narrow dark room to creep into his mind and make it its own. Five months!—and what of his two partners at law who had been here numberless years?—What of them—did they never feel the grayness of the room subtly interfusing with them until it permeated even their blood, and dulled their words, and rotted their minds? And yet he knew they felt nothing of this; once, perhaps, Parker might have echoed his emotion, or Burton in his youth could have sensed it; but now they had both grown into the room, as though it had crept into them and chained them and then crept out again, drawing them inescapably with it. Parker of the dark leathery complexion and stolid eyes had become like the staid morris chair in the corner. Burton, with his pink, pale, wrinkled skin, might have been a little parchment document, neatly

sealed and tied, lying in the desk, unread.

For some time Thorn's eyes had not shifted from the far world of the horizon that his window bared to him. The clouds were melting into the sky, and dissolving, and moulding again into long stretching sweeps of lines as they lazily sifted past his window. Beneath them the trees were eager green. Shining tan fields cut through the forest like furrows, a yellow river ribboned the land, and clusters of blooming bushes made faint, sweet stains on the earth. As one through them all there rustled the spring stirring of life. Over this unquiet land Thorn's eye passed; and he saw, but did not feel. Once, he knew, he had pulsed with this quickening pulse of spring, and his heart had echoed her. Now, as he watched the frail first life-breaths to which he had so often thrilled, his mind found in them no response, no release from the dull prison of his law office. He was like Parker, and Burton, and the thick, dusty books that might see and see and never feel at all.

Yet this was not quite true—and, strangely, Thorn wished it were. For the room with its sure sharp nets of monotony, and grayness, and withered documents had bound his thoughts and his conduct and dull-

ened his sensitiveness, but from some undiscoverable part of him there came a little, fierce, driving hunger that not even the room could touch. Ever since he could recall—during his childhood, his adolescence, his early manhood—he had known, even in his moments of joy, this keen, intangible hunger that could not be satisfied, a subconscious groping further on, a sense of something more. Throughout his youth, he remembered, he had given it one form: in his early years he had discovered a high cliff off the bank of the yellow Reer river. It was higher than anything around—so high and so steep that he had never been able to climb it. Always when he had felt this hunger in him he had said to himself, "It is because I can't climb the cliff on the Reer river—that is why I am unsatisfied. When I have once climbed it, this feeling will go away—it only comes from feeling bad at not being able to." And he had always then gone out through the little skirt of forest behind his home to the river and tried to climb the cliff, and always failed.

In his office now he pondered over this strange hunger that nothing, not even an atmosphere which had dulled all his sense and sensitiveness to other things, could change. Intolerably he wished it gone, for he knew that he belonged in the law office of Parker and Burton and that there he would stay, and that this sharp prickle of pain had no part in his life there. Why could he not moulder into his surroundings as they had done, and earn his living with their dull content?—So much of him had already disintegrated, become a part of that around him, why did not this also go? He was, he thought grimly, like one of Circe's swine—like the pigs bound in the bodies of pigs and having the minds of men. All men felt this hunger, he supposed. But

Parker and Burton—did they feel it too—these dried, shriveled skins of men? Surely it had died in them! And as surely it could be killed in him, if only he knew the way! What could satisfy, what could end it? He almost wished he believed again that climbing the cliff might help so that he could once more fight a tangible rather than an abstract foe, so that he could pit his strength against something definite, something that could be conquered. But that, of course, was long past; that belonged to his youth. Now he must search for something different.—But must he?—he thought with a start. Suddenly it occurred to him that beneath the cliff idea there lay a very logical explanation: the desire to climb this cliff had always been with him a particular penchant, a slight fanaticism; this constantly thwarted desire could have itself caused his unrest, his constant hunger. If ever he had succeeded in climbing the cliff, that success, in bringing him his necessary reassurance, would have automatically ended the hunger to which he was a prey. It was fundamentally psychological, of course, but he needed psychology. By George, he did need psychology! And the thing was sound!

The more he reflected on this solution, the more reasonable it appeared to him—a thwarted childhood craving, subsequent unrest, the satisfaction of the craving, and following release. Why, it *was sound*! He swung to his feet and crashed shut the lid of his dull oak desk in the dull little room. Out of the door he dashed, and hit a quick, long stride down Myrtle street out to the junction off which his old home was situated. For a moment he stared at the weeds that had grown in the yard and at the boarded-up windows, then he vaulted the rickety fence and set out along a pathway through the woods that he had not followed since he was a boy.

The moist earth sank lightly beneath his feet. Young green things were peeping out of the ground all around him—violets, trailing stems of wild roses, and luxurious stretches of velvet faced mosses. Every now and then he came across a landmark he recognized, such as the tree with his carving on it, the sight of which set his heart racing. In spite of these occasional guides, he could not quite judge his distance from the cliff. He was just estimating a quarter of a mile further to the river when he unexpectedly came onto the bank. How much shorter it seemed now than when he was a boy! Quickly he looked around him and started off to the left bend of the river. As he rounded the curve, there loomed before him the tall rock cliff—as high, as formidable as ever! His pulse quickened, and excitement sent sharp little spurs racing through him. Like a boy he flung off his coat and began to run. When he reached the base of the rock he stopped, panting, and began to examine it. It was steep, but not actually inscalable. At various points almost all the way up there were slight crevasses that could afford him a footing. At several places he recognized long white scratches that his sliding feet had made long ago; and in one spot the edge was blunted, from, he remembered, the point having broken with him as he had grasped it. Slowly he reached up to one jutting peak, clasped it, and began to climb. His heart was by now beating madly. He felt intensely excited, and a little foolish. He would have been badly embarrassed to have been observed in such a position. Nevertheless, a childish confidence buoyed him—he was fighting in the only way he knew how to fight a hunger and a pain he hated. He was attempting again something at which he had failed many times before—and he was succeeding! He was succeeding!—he chanted this

over and over to himself as he swung higher than he had ever before managed to get on the cliff, carefully clinging with first one hand and then the other, cautiously shifting his weight. Once his right foot slipped after he had begun to lift his left, and he started to fall, saved only by catching at a ledge with his hands. After that he proceeded with double caution to wind higher and higher, working in and out of the crevasses, circling for holds as an animal circles about its prey. The stimulation of the unusual physical exertion made him glow, and he felt like a boy again—feeling much, thinking nothing, knowing only that he was filled with a long, strange hunger, and that his hunger was soon to be appeased.

The top was in sight! He trembled. He hastened. He stopped. He dared not rush; he dared not trust his eagerness. He could not linger. With awful slowness he sought out safe ledges and crept forward. Pains-takingly he worked his head above the top, then his waist. Suddenly he clutched the edge with his hands, gave a great swing to his body, and was up! Reeling, quivering, exultant, he strained his muscles to his utmost height and looked out over the land. Now he was lord, now he was conqueror! He poised there a moment galvanized, intoxicated. In his exultation he was child and man, man and god. Then he relaxed and slowly slumped down. For even now, in his triumph, he felt, terribly and unmistakably, a subconscious groping further, the sense of something more.

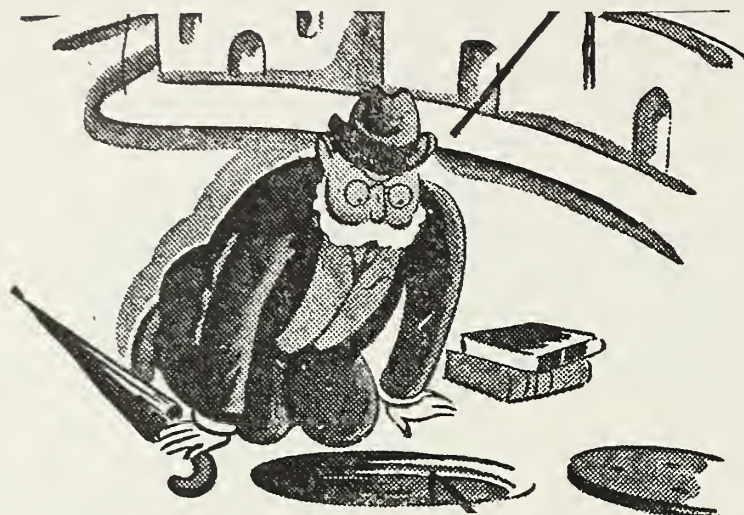
He did not know what Parker and Burton knew, and what every old man knows and every young man must learn—that the mind is forever yearning, and must be. He did not know that this was the beginning of a long reaching out and grasping and reaching again, insatiably. He only knew that he was hungry, and that his hunger was unappeased.



Pinkie's Elixir

EARLE RUNNER

A crazy story of an elixir that worked—but not the way the professor expected.



There seemed to be no end of the chemical apparatus that wandered carelessly over every bench in the narrow laboratory. Burners burned bluely under flasks that were connected by miles of coiled tubing. If one followed the aimless twistings of the tubing far enough, one might arrive at the end of all the jumbled apparatus where a little man peers anxiously at the end of all the tubing. Slowly a white liquid drop forms at the opening and drops into a beaker beneath. Another drop follows, and another, and another until the beaker is filled and no more drops form at the end of the tubing.

Professor Wilberforce Pinckney raised the beaker to the shaft of sunlight that streamed in the window and gazed hopefully into its murky whiteness. Since the professor is going to be our hero, a little description would not be amiss. In the first place Wilberforce Pinckney should never have grown a beard. True it was a fine beard as beards go, but it gave him a seriousness that he had not acquired as yet. But his wife had insisted that he raise a beard and since Wilberforce hated to bother the neighbors while he argued with his irascible spouse, he had meekly

allowed his pink whiskers to grow into a small neat vandyke. As for eyes the professor was nicely equipped. His eyes were not limpid pools of blackness, nor were they steely grey. They were just nice everyday eyes that crinkled at the corners and always seemed to be enjoying a nice secret laugh at something or other.

Wilberforce looked to be about that excellent age of thirty-five. His hair was thinning a bit, and his stomach was beginning to round, but it was a pleasant roundness that made one suspect that some day it would be a stomach which could be displayed with distinction and pride.

Now that you are all acquainted with Professor Wilberforce Pinckney, the tale can go on by itself. Professor Pinckney stared at the beaker of murky whiteness a moment longer. His nice everyday eyes crinkled and the vandyke twitched in a slow smile. Then the full realization of the importance of the beaker's contents struck him.

"Eureka! At last I've found it!" bellowed Wilberforce. Once would not expect a little man like Wilberforce to bellow, but bellow he did.

With his lab smock trailing mer-

rily behind him Wilberforce rushed madly out of the lab. As he hurried down the steps he was keeping his eye ecstatically on the beaker, so it was only natural that he did not see Dean Parker. And since Wilberforce was traveling with no mean velocity when he collided with Dean Parker, it was only natural that Dean Parker should go tumbling head over heels onto the grass. Wilberforce tumbled, too, but the beaker lost none of its contents.

"Thank goodness I didn't spill it," said Wilberforce.

"Who's that you're calling an *it*, sir?" roared Dean Parker as he uncoiled his lanky length from its undignified position.

"I didn't call you an *it*, Dean," said Wilberforce.

"You did!"

"I didn't!"

"Well, we'll let it pass for the moment. What's that stuff you have in that beaker, and besides it's very undignified to run about like a lunatic knocking over deans."

"I didn't try to knock you over and I apologize, even though you did look ridiculous rolling about on the grass."

Dean Parker's long face was getting dangerously red and his hands were making convulsive little grasping motions. Wilberforce stepped back a pace for safety's sake and then decided to tell the dean his story and let the collision incident rest. "This beaker, sir, contains the world's greatest chemical discovery since the discoveries of Pasteur."

"If it's like your last one I don't want anything to do with it. Your last discovery which was supposed to make cloth wear like iron cost me my best pair of striped trousers."

"But I told you I gave you the sulphuric acid by mistake."

"Mistake or no mistake, it burned the seat out of my trousers and you've never paid me for them. You better pay me soon or I'll take it out of your salary."

"Well," said Wilberforce hastily, "we'll discuss the trousers as soon as I tell you about my new discovery."

"Go ahead and tell me about it then. And stop shaking like a nervous cat!"

Professor Wilberforce Pinckney cleared his throat, swelled his small chest, and spoke with pardonable pride, "In this beaker which I hold in my hand is the secret which the alchemists sought and never found. Only after years of effort have my experiments been crowned with success. Due to my constant—"

"Confound it man! Stop talking long enough to tell me just what you have discovered!"

"I, Professor Wilberforce Pinckney, sir, have discovered the Elixir of Life."

"The Elixir of Life! Are you sure? Have you any proof?"

"That's the trouble, Dean, I have all the ingredients which should make a person feel younger, but I haven't tried it on anyone yet. After all I only discovered it ten minutes ago. I was thinking if you—"

"Oh, no you don't! You're not getting me to be the subject of another of your experiments. You've probably put arsenic in this one by mistake."

Professor Pinckney put his arm around Dean Parker's neck and said with great feeling, "Think of the service you'll be rendering humanity. And if my calculations aren't off you'll be the first man to benefit by my great discovery."

Dean Parker thought a moment, then raised his eyes heavenward in weary resignation. There really wasn't any sense arguing with this Pinckney fellow. He'd probably hound him all day if he didn't try out the discovery. "All right, I'll do it! But you're sure there's nothing harmful in it?"

"Nothing—unless I've made an error."

Eyeing the elixir warily, the possible martyr for humanity raised the liquid to his nose and sniffed cautiously. Anyway, the stuff had a nice odor. He raised the beaker dubiously to his lips then suddenly lowered it as a sudden thought came to his mind. "Pinckney, you pay me for those striped trousers now, or I won't drink the blasted stuff!"

Pinckney hemmed a moment and then reluctantly handed over the price of a new pair of trousers for the Dean. "Now be sure to remember your impressions after you drink the elixir," he admonished.

With a quick gulp Dean Parker swallowed some of the elixir. His body stiffened suddenly. His eyes turned glassy and hard. Like a man in a trance he stood with eyes fixed on something distant. Wilberforce cautiously removed the beaker from the dean's hand.

Slowly there spread over Dean Parker's face a happy and carefree smile. The professor watched him with great interest.

"Whoopee!" screeched the dean. Off came the second best pair of his grey trousers. There stood the dean with nothing but his scanty shorts covering his hairy and spindly shanks.

Again came the drawn-out screech, "Whoopee!"

Two surprised students looked out of a laboratory window in time to see the dean scamper across the lawn on all fours and swing up into a tree.

Said one, "Isn't that Dean Parker?"

"At least it looks like him."

"He seems to be enjoying himself."

"Well, if he's going to swing about in trees, I wish he'd put on his trousers. Those legs of his are too thin for public exhibition."

"If the dean wants to have his fun that way, it's okay with me. Let's get back to our experiment. Pinckney's down there and he'll see

that Parker doesn't disturb us." The students threw another casual glance at their dean and went back to work.

Professor Wilberforce was gazing up in mingled perplexity and awe at the swinging form of Dean Parker. "There must be something wrong," he thought. "The elixir isn't strong enough to carry a man back to the ape stage," he sighed deeply and started back to his lab muttering to himself, "Every great man makes mistakes." He gazed sadly at the beaker containing the elixir. "But perhaps I merely added too much benzene."

His meditations were interrupted by a shout. One of the students had returned to the window and called down, "Hey Professor! You better get Dean Parker out of that tree before he breaks all of the branches. That's the last Chinese maple on the campus!"

"Thanks," shouted back the professor, "I almost forgot about him. And by the way, how's your experiment getting along?"

"Fine. We're almost finished."

"Be careful it doesn't catch fire!"

"What's that?"

"I said, be careful it doesn't catch fire!"

"That's all right, we have a fire hose here in case anything happens."

Professor Pinckney shook his head and started to shout back when he remembered about Dean Parker. He ran over to the tree and peered up through the leaves. Dean Parker was swinging unconcernedly on one of the highest branches.

"Yoo-hoo, Dean! Come on down! I made a mistake again."

The dean looked down at Pinckney and leered. Pinckney shivered. It was the first time he had ever seen Dean Parker leer. He looked again to make certain. Dean Parker leered again, shouted down a "Whoopee!" and swung to another branch.

"I guess there's nothing to do except to wait until he tires of leering and whoopeeing." Whereupon Professor Pinckney seated himself at the foot of the maple and immediately

lost himself in mental plans for a new elixir.

"Oh, Pinckney," huskily whispered a voice from the top of the Chinese maple.

But Professor Pinckney, lost in his mental mazes, did not hear the faint call.

"I say there Pinckney," came the voice, this time a little louder.

Still Professor Pinckney remained silent. With tightly closed eyes, he was apparently juggling atoms and molecules with the hope of perfecting his elixir.

"Damn your hide, Pinckney! Wake up!" roared the voice from the tree top.

Wilberforce jumped to his feet as the shout blasted him loose from his elixir dreams. His eyes darted to the topmost branches of the tree and saw a very frightened and angry dean clinging weakly to a swaying branch. "Oh, so you've decided to stop playing, Dean Parker," he called up cheerily.

"Yes, I've decided to stop playing, you idiot! Get me my trousers and get me out of this tree before I fall and break the only neck I have."

By this time Dean Parker was glaring furiously and the professor was hesitant as to the advisability of getting him out of the tree. "Hmm," he mused, "if I get him down he'll probably fire me, but if I leave him up there, he'd probably starve and then they could accuse me of murder. Guess the best thing to do is to get a ladder for him."

"Wait 'til I get a ladder, dean," he said to the waiting dean who was still hanging grimly to the branch.

"Well, hurry up. After all I'm not made to hang like a monkey."

"You aren't?" said the professor.

"What was that?" sharply queried the dean.

"I said, you aren't cold are you?"

"No, I'm not cold and go get that ladder!"

Professor Pinckney ambled slowly toward the rear of a nearby building with the muttered curses of the dean

fading in his ears. Making certain that none of the janitors were around he awkwardly picked up a ladder lying against the building. Grunting and groaning he balanced the unwieldy structure precariously on his shoulder. He poked one end of the ladder through a window and broke a shrub with the other end, but eventually puffed to a halt before the maple tree. Straining heroically he placed the ladder against the tree. "You can come down now, dean."

"Be sure to hold the ladder steady and get my trousers ready," answered the dean.

The ladder trembled as Dean Parker started his descent. Then it shook and finally swayed nastily. A body crashed through the lower branches of the tree and a few moments later two dazed men struggled to their feet.

"Why didn't you say you were going to fall," grouched Professor Pinckney.

Dean Parker smiled the smile of a man who realizes that he has thought quickly in an emergency. "If I had said that I was falling, you would have jumped and as it was, you acted as a very efficient shock absorber."

Pinckney stopped rubbing his bruises long enough to glare at the dean.

Two girls walking along the campus stopped to stare at Dean Parker. They stared again and giggled. One of them said in a gurgling laugh, "I knew Dean Parker's legs would be funny, but not that funny."

Dean Parker whirled around, took one horrified look at the girls and made a frantic grab for his second best pair of striped trousers. With obvious interest the girls watched Dean Parker struggle into his trousers. Oblivious to the glares of the embarrassed man, they remained until the operation was completed, then strolled off remarking on the peculiar modesty of trouserless deans.

With his trousers once more in

their rightful position, Dean Parker felt more like his old self. "Pinckney," he said with quiet venom, "you're an idiot." He moved closer to the professor who started to shrink back, but could not. "Not only are you an idiot, but you are also a brainless, useless meddler with atoms. In other words Pinckney, you are fired!"

Professor Wilberforce blanched and said slowly, "Dean Parker, I like you. You're a nice fellow. I've always admired you. But there's one thing I want you to do for me. I don't want to disturb you, but I have a corn on my left big toe. Dean Parker, will you please get your foot off that corn?"

"Bah," said Dean Parker and stalked off with his coattails flying behind him.

Professor Pinckney gazed sadly at the dean's departing back and sighed deeply. He lifted the beaker of false elixir from the ground and absently placed it in his lab smock pocket. "Of what use is an elixir that makes people do whatever they want to do," he mused as he walked despondently toward his lab.

Once in his lab he sat down on a stool and darkly wondered how he was going to tell his wife what had happened. He was still brooding when a soft voice called from the lab door, "Oh, Professor Pinckney."

Wilberforce glanced up and his frown changed to a grin. It was the little female lab assistant who had been playing havoc with the hearts of all the professors. He had never talked to her before, mainly because it made cold shivers run up and down his spine when she looked at him with a certain glitter in her eyes. "Come in, Miss Burns," he managed to stutter.

Miss Burns walked into the lab and drawing another stool near the professor's, sat her nice curves down. She said sympathetically, "I heard your discovery flopped and I thought you might be blue, so here I am."

(Continued on page 23)

Love Story

GEORGE HARRISON

A Carolina tale of lust and fatalism. Not recommended for squeamish stomachs.

From the cool shadow of the tobacco barn she watched him approach. Down the lane between the long rows of tobacco he shambled, his head bowed as if shrinking from the heat of the sun.

La, ain't he awkward! she thought. He drags along like dead lice were falling off of him—just like an old nigger.

While some hundred feet from the girl, the man caught her eye and smiled. A few second later, he relaxed his mouth for a moment, but almost immediately set his face into a self-conscious smirk. Thus he walked toward her, determinedly showing his teeth.

Look at the silly ape now, she fumed, grinning and laughing at me just like—just like a nigger!

As he came into the shadow of the building, he spoke. "Heyo, honey!"

"I ain't your honey or anybody's that looks like you! You—you old cracker! And you better stop going around talking soft about me, 'cause you ain't got a chance. Why, I wouldn't even look at you even if you were the last man on earth—even if my pappy tried to *make* me do it!" She paused. "Well, what's the matter with you? Cat got your tongue?"

He looked up from the log upon which he had seated himself. "No, the cat ain't got my tongue, but I wish he'd get yourn."

"Think you're smart, don't you? Well, talking is a whole lot better than just setting still like a bump on a log like you're doing!"

"Well—maybe you're right, maybe you're right." He stopped speaking for the moment in order to wipe the sweat from his face. "I admit I ain't much to look at beside your fancy young Stuart, but—I'm your kind, Lilybelle, and you'd better stick to me. I know I'm poor and homely, but I'm a good man—you won't find

a better marrying man in the county—in all East Carolina, maybe—and you won't ever profit nothing out of carrying on with Earle Stuart. If your pappy knew that you and him



were seeing each other, nights he don't have nothing to do in town, I daresay that he'd bear down on you pretty quick. You know yourself that that boy's just trifling with you. You ain't good enough to marry a Stuart, even if you do think so."

"Why you low-down, ord'nary peeping Tom! What do you know about Earle and I? You don't know a *thing* about us!"

"Oh, so it's 'us,' is it? 'Earle and I!' Listen, girl, everybody all around knows how you've been making eyes at young Stuart just like one of them

there Greenville women! And they know that you've been meeting him, nights, down at the cross-roads, and riding around with him in that fine car of his pappy's. God knows where he takes you, but I've got a pretty good idea. Let me tell you, girl—if I ever find out that you've been Earle Stuart's whore, why—why, I'll kill you with my bare hands! You're going to marry me! See? Your pappy says so, and I say so! So what are you going to do about it?"

Flushed with anger, she spit out at him, "I ain't going to do a thing, you dirty-mouthed, evil-minded bastard of a field-hand!" Then, coolly, "But what business is it of yours if I do? We're going to get married as soon as he gets out of school. And when I'm Mrs. Earle Stuart, the first thing I'll do will be to come out here and fire you! And *then* what'll you do, you dumb, slew-footed fool? You'll starve to death! that's what!"

He sprang to his feet, his voice shaking with rage scarcely under control. "So you think he's going to marry you, do you? That's what Mary Clark thought about *Ed* Stuart! You know dam' well that old man Stuart ain't going to let his boys marry into his tenants' families!"

"What! You know God dam' well that I'm just as good——"

"Keep quiet, you Jezebel! Yeah, that's just what you are! Stay out all night with the landlord's son! Don't you think folks don't know what's going on!" His tirade ceased abruptly. He gulped. "Listen, Lilybelle, I want to marry you—I want to marry you, girl! You haven't been doing anything sinful with young Stuart, have you, honey?" he almost pleaded. "Tell Jim—he won't tell on you. Come on, now, Lilybelle—" he panted, advancing toward her.

"Get away from me, you dirty pig!" she screamed suddenly, strik-

ing out at him. "I ain't going to tell you a thing! What business is it of yours if I have—I'm going to marry him, I tell you! I'm going to marry him, marry him, you God dam' son of a bitch!"

The man recoiled as if struck by the hysterical exclamations. As she raved, he gazed at the pine trees just behind her. The wood was dark, and no one was near.

"So I ain't good enough for you, hey? If you're a strumpet once, you're anybody's woman. You hear me, you whore? You hear me?" He strode forward, seized her arm. "So I ain't fine enough for you, hey? So I ain't *good* enough for you!" he snarled.

II

The woman stood before the pale silver square of the window, putting on a great, baggy dress.

"Lilybelle!" she spoke sharply.

A long groan came out of the darkness.

"Lilybelle!" Wake up, girl!"

"Ummmmmmmm."

"Wake up, you lazy thing! Get out of that bed!" You've got to help me get breakfast! Get up!"

"Oh, Ma, it ain't time to get up, yet."

The darkness disappeared from before the window, advanced into the darkness.

"Get up, you good-for-nothing! Come on! Get up!"

The bed-springs cried, and there were two bumps—the girl had sat up on the edge of the bed, her feet on the floor.

"Ooooh, me!"

"I'm going and get the fire started. You hurry up and get dressed, now. You know you've got to help me get breakfast, so don't be so slow about dressing."

"Awright, I'll be ready in about five minutes." She shivered in the cold of the early morning.

For several minutes after the woman left the room, the silence was intermittently broken by clumps and swishings. Then there was a series of

footfalls as the girl went out of the room.

She entered the kitchen-dining-room as her mother replaced an eye on the range.

Without a word, mother, and daughter went through the routine of preparing breakfast. Impassive as ever, the girl's face gave no evidence or the event of the day before.

God, how my head's swimming! I wonder, she thought, if Jim will tell Pa what he done. I hope to God he don't—Pa might make him marry me. Ugh! That low-down bastard! Funny! I feel kind of dizzy. . . . Wonder if Earle would marry me. . . . It'd be wonderful to be married to a Stuart. Old man Stuart might try to stop us from getting married and Earle might not want to really marry me, but I guess Pa would fix that up. If I do marry Earle, perhaps I can have a blue silk dress like Thelma Waldrop's. Mine would be darker and more refined-looking, though, than hers, and I'd have a big white collar on it. Maybe I'd have a real diamond—

"Step lively with them there eggs! The grease is getting too hot—I can hear it sizzle!" scolded the mother.

Quickly, Lilybelle went to the cupboard, took out a handful of eggs, and rushed back to the stove. One after another, she stuck her thumbs in to break them and dropped the contents into the pan. Then she frantically scrambled the eggs for a moment and raked them, a hard, yellow mass, into a bowl.

A tall, loose-jointed man of middle age lurched into the room.

"God, I hate to get up and go to work at daybreak! God!"

"It's too bad you ain't rich, Roy," commented his wife. "You got a rich man's habits but ain't got no money. Too bad you ain't a land-owner."

He drew a chair up to the table and dropped into it. He buried his face in his hands, his elbows resting on the table.

"Ho-o-o-um!"

Then, sitting erect, he spoke as he served himself.

"Well, we ought to be able to finish picking the primings, today. Jim and Tom Howard finished theirs yesterday afternoon, so they'll be over to help us today. What d'you think of that, Lilybelle?" he inquired archly.

"I don't care! I ain't going to pay those no-'count boys any mind."

The father guffawed. "Huh! You'll be crazier this year than you were last about Jim Howard. I wouldn't be at all surprised to catch you and him kissing each other behind the barn again."

He paused; then, with new inspiration: "You know Mr. Bruce Cannon, don't you? He own's Farmer's Warehouse in Greenville—Well, he was out here inspecting the crops, yesterday, and he says that tobacco this year is going to sell higher than in 1919. And you know what that means? It means that Jim might ask you to marry him, this fall, if he gets a good price for his crop."

Apparently undisturbed, the girl continued eating.

III

The men had finished dinner, but they remained seated at the table, smoking. As the girl came in to clear away the dishes, her father turned to the Howards and said huskily, "Maybe you boys had better leave."

The two brothers arose and shambled out of the room, Jim glancing back over his shoulder, once.

"Lilybelle!"

"Yes, seh?"

"What's this Jim tells me about you and old man Stuart's boy?"

"Why—what d'you mean?"

Suddenly springing to his feet, the tenant bellowed, "You know dam' well what I mean! You've been whoring with that young pup, and you know it!"

He choked upon his words, glared at his daughter. She, her eyes bulging, was speechless.

"Well! Why don't you say something?" he exploded. "Why don't you say something? Is he right? Did you do it?"

Dumbly, she gazed at her father, but dropped her eyes. A big, blue-fly crawled slowly across the white oil-cloth on the table. From the yard came the sounds of horses moving about and of chickens clucking and cackling; once, the sound of a passing automobile came from the highway.

Rousing herself, the girl looked at her father again. Again she lowered her eyes, bowed her head. Faintly, she answered him.

"Yes, Pa, I did—and I think I've got a baby coming."

For some time, he stared at her unbelievably. Then he sat down on one of the chairs. He sighed.

"I've never heard of a crazier thing in all my life! I never thought that my daughter would get herself in such a mess. And with Earle Stuart, too! I'll never be able to make him marry you. Tell me, Lilybelle—*why* did you do it? Why did you let him do such a thing to you?"

The girl, still standing, fingered the ties to her apron.

"I don't know, Pa—I don't know, except we love each other."

"'Love each other!' 'Love each other!' D'you think Earle Stuart would be thinking about marrying you? D'you think old man Stuart would let his son marry his tenant's kid? You little fool! Let young Stuart trifle with you! And *my* girl, too! Why, don't you know——"

"We *do* love each other!" she flared. "We've been planning to get married as soon as he gets out of school. And we are, too!"

"That's fine—only it'd be about three years too late for you."

"Honest, Pa, he does love me. If you don't believe me, ask him!" she exclaimed, crying.

"You poor little fool—you little simpleton! So you really believed young Stuart would marry you! Well, all I got to say is you sure are blind crazy about him."

"Before God, Pa, he'll marry me. I just haven't told him about the baby, yet, but soon as he knows about

it, he'll marry me. I know he will!"

"Like hell he will!"

"Yes, he will. I'll tell him about it, tonight——"

"'Tonight'! I'll be dam' if you'll go whoring tonight, you—you"—He



gasped for breath. "You're not my child—you don't belong to me! No child of my flesh and blood would——"

The girl broke down into a convulsion of weeping. Her sobs resounded, harsh and dry, throughout the room. As her father watched her, his face softened, except for two deep lines of pain about his mouth. Wearily, he arose from his bench.

"Well, Lilybelle, I'll go see old man Stuart now. Tom and Jim'll finish the picking, this afternoon, so

you go on down to the barn and help hang it."

IV

Methodically, she was "hanging" tobacco. From the pile on the crude table beside her she would draw a handful of leaves, arrange about twenty of them, butts up, in a bunch, and wrap a leaf around the butts. Having completed the "hand," she would part the leaves and hang it astride, as it were, a "tobacco stick"; then, with a length of "tobacco twine," she would tie the "hand" to the stick with two or three loops.

She paused in her work for a moment in order to straighten out her dress, which had gone awry.

Up the path beside the field came Jim Howard, walking beside his mule. The animal was drawing a "tobacco truck," about eight feet long by three feet wide, with "tow sack" walls as high as his head, piled high with green tobacco leaves.

The squeaks of the little wooden wheels of the wagon, accompanied by the hollow "plops" of the mule's foot-falls, seemed to cleave the humid silence of the scene. Louder and louder the sounds became as the little group approached. Finally, it stopped at the barn where the girl was working; the farmer walked over to the girl.

"I just saw your pappy down at the other end of the field, and he says for you and me to come up to the house. He says it's important. Wait a minute until I unhitch Sally and I'll walk up with you."

Without replying, the girl finished the "hand" upon which she was working, "hung" it, and started toward the house.

The man looked up from his work and watched her. Hell! he thought. If the dam' girl wants to pout, let her! See if I care!

She plodded slowly down the path.

I wonder what old man Stuart told Pa. I wonder if Earle's going to marry me. Maybe that's what Pa wants to see me about. God, I hope so! That would be really fine. If we got married now, though, Earle

would probably have to quit school and go to work in his father's office. Well, that's all right. They ain't no sense to a person going to school all their life. He's eighteen now—and I'm sixteen. That's just right for getting married. Ma was only fifteen when Pa married her.

All the Stuarts will be mean to me at first, I know, but I'll be real sweet and nice and refined so they'll get to love me. It won't take long. And after the baby comes, Earle will start taking me out—maybe to the country club dances. We'll go there in a big car—and he'll have on a pure white suit, and I'll be wearing a white and red dress like Miss Mary James White's (I wonder—Why, sure, I'll call her by her first name! I'd have to get to know her, though. . . .) We'll drive up to the clubhouse in a big car, and all the tenants around here will be standing out in the dark under the trees, and they'll see Earle and I go in there like a king and queen. And la! we'll stay there until two o'clock in the morning. . . .

"Oh, God, please let me marry Earle Stuart—please, please!" she muttered. "I want *so* to marry him! I'd be a good wife to him. . . . God! How I'd love to be a real lady!"

We'd have a little house in Greenville and a car and a gas kitchen-stove and an electric refrigerator like the one I saw in Smith-Warren's store-window, last Saturday, and a nigger cook, maybe. That would be wonderful!

Every once so often, Earle and I would go out with his pappy to inspect the crops. I'd see Jim out in the field, picking tobacco, and I'd stop and I'd say, "How d'you do, Jim? How's that harness holding out? My husband—Mr. Stuart—asked me to tell you to come and see him if you don't think that it'll last you the rest of the month." And he'd have to tell me all about it and say, "Yes, ma'am," and Oh, lordy, lordy, here comes Pa, now. God! What's he going to say? Am I going to marry Earle or not?

Slowly, the two drew together.

"Lilybelle——"

"Yes, seh?"

"Where's that Jim?"

"On his way up here, I reckon. I left him down at the barn, unhitching his mule. He'll be here in a minute, though."

"That's fine. Uh—I talked with old man Stuart and—well, you know what he said, Lilybelle—his boy can't marry you."

Oh, God A'mighty! He's the landlord's son, and I'm the tenant's daughter. That's all there is to it. We're miles apart. But he loves me! I know—no, I don't, either. Well, he got what *he* wanted! But I might have known it. I shouldn't have hoped. A Stuart and a Blount! Oil and water! God, how dumb—but I won't see him any more! Oh, God, I can't stand that! No more—

"How'd you like to marry Jim?"

Jim! Jim and I! God, that son of a bitch! I can't live with him! There'll be children and dirty clothes and—oh, God! And that filthy ape will probably—oh, well, I've got to get married, so I might as well. Living with Jim Howard can't be any worse than starving to death. And that's what would happen to all of us if Pa tried to make Earle marry me. Ejected! That's the reason, I know, that he hasn't put a shotgun to Earle. But maybe he *wants* me to marry that niggerish-looking——

"Maybe he won't marry you, baby, but I think he'll do it. He's a good boy, and has always been sweet on you. Speaking of the devil! Yonder he comes now."

Down the long path beside the field of tobacco he came, his body bent as if weighted down by some heavy burden.

"What d'you want to see me about, Mr. Blount?"

"Well, you know what you told me this morning—about Lilybelle and Earle Stuart?"

"Yeah, what about it? Have you seen old man Stuart yet?"

"Uh-huh. This afternoon. He says young Stuart can't marry her."

"I never thought he would. Well?"

"Uh—would you like to marry her? She's a good girl, Jim. You

know that. You've known her all her life, and you used to be kind of sweet on her. Besides—besides, I'll pay you fifty dollars."

I wonder if she's told him about yesterday afternoon. I bet she has, and he just don't want to let on to me that he knows about it. If he told old man Stuart about it, he would throw me in jail, sure, if—maybe I'd better marry her. But, hell! She didn't mind much, yesterday, leastways she didn't fight much—just a little at first. But it would look pretty bad in court, especially with old man Stuart prosecuting—God dam' him to hell!

"Awright, Mr. Blount, but you understand that I'm doing this for *you*, not for your girl—not after the way she's treated me."

"Thank you, Jim."

He gazed for a moment at the father and daughter, then moved off. God dam'! God dam'! God dam'! The Stuarts! All my life the've run everything about me. They made me help cure tobacco when I ought to've been in school, they wouldn't help pay for Maw's operation, and they made Paw keep on working tobacco until he dropped dead in his tracks from heart trouble, and now—now Earle Stuart's having a baby out of Lilybelle, and I've got to marry the strumpet! God!

On he walked in the middle of the road. Soft grey dust covered the road and settled in his shoes at every step.

He clumped across the porch and entered the house. The odor of frying sausage came to him as he passed through the "sitting room" into the kitchen.

His brother was turning the sausages in the frying pan. He turned around.

"What the hell you doing here so late, Jim?"

"Nothing much."

"Well, suppose you go get some kindling-wood, then, because they ain't none left in the wood-box."

(Continued on page 22)

Land Sakes!

I do believe I'll try one



..for one thing

Chesterfield is the cigarette that's Milder

..for another thing

Chesterfield is the cigarette that Tastes Better



Freshman Counsel

DON McNEIL

Containing enough sound advice to impress even the mighty greybeards.



FOREWORD: There comes a time in the life of every man when he feels called upon to explain his design for living, or more bluntly, to give advice. Fortunately, this pernicious habit is usually confined to one's elders whose ideas may be waved airily aside with an "Oh, that's old-fashioned." Like diabetes, however, *give-adviceitis* is most virulent when contracted during one's youth. When afflicted with this strange malady I sought an outlet which would be least painful to you, my fellow suffering students. The following is the result: I reasoned that freshman would be aptest subjects for my discourse, since they know nothing, believe nothing, and pay attention to nothing. What is more, if the present members of the freshman football squad taking non-credit English are any criteria, few of our freshmen can either read or write, so I don't suppose this will hurt them. With these warnings and apologies, I begin.

Gentlemen, I salute you in the midst of one of the most hectic periods of your life. It is a time of changing values, of orientation, of an

infinite adjustment of the individual to a particularly artificial form of communal life. Some members of the faculty and of the student body will tell you that your freshman year is the happiest one, that it will furnish your most lasting memories, et cetera, ad infinitum. With all due respect to the aforementioned so-called authorities, this is one of those banal attempts to make the most of a rather trying time. It is only rarely that a student begins to enjoy a school until he has been there at least two years.

One's freshman year, nevertheless, represents a distinct challenge, a chance for the fledgling to try his wings without fear of parental interference. As such, there is a certain appeal to the adventurous. The fields of activity are legion, and it is here that the difficulty lies. Most freshmen muddle along, seeking a movie here, and a football game there, ever seeking to cloak their bewilderment in a mantle of sophistication.

All of which leads me to lay down the first rule: take stock of *yourself*, and decide what you want to do with your four years here. No one can decide for you, as there are many ways for a man to get a lot out of college. Some men get more by engaging in extra-curricular activities, some by concentrating on their studies, and still others by having an exceedingly good time. Unfortunately, the opportunities for doing the latter are rather limited in the wilds of North Carolina.

Your work should occupy a certain definite part of your college life, which is quite contrary to the notion inculcated by *College Humor*, and by the current motion pictures. Unless you are an engineering or pre-medical student, however, only a small portion of your time will be spent in attending classes and studying. A man



who is willing to average from two to four hours a day on his books can expect anything from a C average to Phi Beta Kappa grades, depending on his mental capacity. With six hours a day devoted to work, and eight to sleep, what do you intend to do with the other ten?

A great portion of you will spend these hours loafing, for which I heartily commend you. Loafing, however, must be made a fine art, and should bring one a host of companions and friends. Friendship and one's work are the two biggest things that college has to offer. The man who is harassed with activities, who rushes from sport to meeting to conference makes a lot of acquaintances, but few real intimates. Nowhere but in school will one find so many people of one's own age and tastes with sufficient leisure to fully enjoy one another. The accomplished loafer should diversify his afternoons and evenings, now batting a ball leisurely around a tennis court, now attending a movie, swimming, listening to the radio, riding horseback, sitting in on a bull session. The loafers who have



learned *how* to loaf escape after four years with every nerve intact.

There are others among you, who, as Julius Caesar remarked to one of his buddies, "have a lean and hungry look." You are the *fratres* of the itching palm, the lads who want to do something and be somebody, and get as many honors as possible so the lassie back home can get round-shouldered from wearing gold keys. That may be all right for the few, but I wouldn't advise it for the vast majority. You must be something of an automaton to do it.

But we all have excess energy, and unless you seek an outlet for that energy in agreeable fields, you are doomed to disappointment. extra-curricular activities offer a splendid opportunity for ascertaining one's capabilities, but as ends in themselves they are rather futile. If you have no real love for football, and only scant possibilities of making the team, why, start out? Your only hope is to get a letter, and in return for that you are merely grist in the mill. True, you are learning "fair play" and "sportsmanship" and "self-sacrifice," but what compensation is that if you leave school walking on your heels, and minus the old sheep-skin? Don't take my word for it. Ask a football player. And under the present collegiate system, other sports are only slightly less gruelling. The satisfaction of playing a varsity sport and the campus pre-eminence involved, make sports worthwhile for the extremely proficient, but for the rank and file, this is the least attractive field of endeavor.

For those who are interested, and have the ability, publications offer more than any other branch of extra-curricular activity. One gets valuable experience, ego-satisfying prestige, and is paid for it in the devalued, but ever-welcome American dol-

lar. The jobs are difficult ones, and they monopolize one's time pretty thoroughly, but they are well worth it.

Music lovers will find plenty of opportunity for a display of their talents. The Glee Club, the symphony



orchestra, and kindred organizations pay high dividends in personal satisfaction and cultural development. The same thing can be said for those who are interested in dramatics. The Duke Players offer a splendid opportunity.

Debating is, unfortunately, rather a dead issue. Very few avail themselves of a real opportunity to acquire confidence, facility in speaking, and organized logic. Recruiting debaters is pretty nearly as hard as selling Elbert Hubbard's *Scrapbook* to Balinese dancing girls. If only the aspiring Websters could be assured of an audience, they would get much more out of this field than they now do.

There are two general theories of attack for those interested in extra-

curricular work. One is the specialization theory, which is the one most generally used. The student chooses the one or two fields in which he is most interested and most proficient, and tries to become expert and successful in these fields. This is the surest way to victory, but tends to hamper the development of a really versatile personality.

You will probably work at one job for the rest of your life, so why not have the enjoyment and benefit of working at the other man's while you have the opportunity?

This is my pet theory,—the try-everything-once system. You may not make much headway, but you have a lot of fun, and you get a pretty good idea of what each branch has to offer. In addition, it tends to keep one's ego deflated. It took me only one year to learn that I couldn't play football or basketball. It took me two years to learn that I couldn't sing. If I had time I'd like to prove to myself that I can neither act nor debate, but I guess I'll have to take my word for it.

This article has already become unreasonably long and involved, and I have yet to discuss the East Campus, the administration, school politics, and a number of other things concerning which I am equally misinformed. Don't cancel your subscription to the *ARCHIVE*, however, because I'll probably never get around to these other topics anyway. Editor Helm has to publish something of mine once in a while because we are fraternity brothers, and because he sympathizes with me.

If any of you have read this far, I want to conclude by offering you my sincere condolence. After all, I've given you advice in a way in which I would resent taking it, so do as you damned please. You will anyway.



Love Story

(Continued from page 18)

"Ain't got time. I don't want any supper."

"What's the matter with you, Jim? Ain't you feeling good?"

"Hell, they's nothing the matter with me. I'm going gunning for young Stuart—he's got Lilybelle Blount with a baby."

"Need any help? I'd be glad to take a crack at——"

"Naw, naw. I got to do this myself. But I'd like to borrow your 20-gauge."

"Sure! In the corner of the closet."

A few minutes later, Jim returned to the kitchen.

"Well, so long!"

"Hey—wait a minute! What time you coming back?"

"I don't know—about eleven o'clock, I reckon."

"Awright. Good luck!"

"So long!"

V

What's the matter with the little devil? I know he's been in that room for half an hour sure, but he hasn't passed the window but once, and that was real quick so I didn't have half a chance to shoot. Hell, he's probably setting in there listening to that radio of his pappy's. That's probably what he's doing, 'cause you can hear the music clear out here.

It reminds me of the kind of music that that nigger band what old man Stuart brought down from the North when his girl got married last spring played. God! Those uppity niggers! It tickled me when Charlie Lewis and Ed Forbes caught that little one and made him shine everybody's shoes. And him in a swallow-tail coat, too!

I heard that the Stuarts paid them coons two thousand dollars just to play one night, but I don't believe that, though. Old man Stuart may throw away a whole lot of money at times, but I know he wouldn't pay them coons two thousand dollars just

to toot on their horns for a couple of hours. He's too dam' tight, and, anyway, he ain't no nigger-lover.

That's the only thing in his favor, though—the old skinflint! I think I'll—naw, I better not shoot him. Hell, why not? If I shoot just Earle Stuart, the old man will get the sheriff after me, so I might as well fix 'em both. They're the only ones who know about Lilybelle and all, excepting Mr. Blount and her, of course.

Sure! The old man and his bastard! Sure! Hell, I think I'll kill all the Stuarts—the old lady, too! I got nothing to lose! Chances are, I'll probably get electrocuted, anyway. Sure! I'll blow the whole God dam' breed of cold-blooded money-grubbing bastards to Kingdom Come!

Dam'! What's getting into me? Earle Stuart is the only one I want! Old man Stuart—hell, he probably don't know a thing about me, and, besides, he wouldn't——

"Drop that gun!"

A man was holding a pistol at his head.

"Here he is, boys, over here sneaking around in the bushes."

Almost immediately, seven or eight men appeared on the scene. After staring and cursing at the prisoner for a few minutes, they led him, handcuffed, stumbling through the dark. Eventually, they reached the side porch of the Stuart home. Old man Stuart and his son met the little procession on the steps.

"Here he is, seh. He was out there in the bushes, just like you suspected, and he had a 20-gauge on him, too."

"Good work, boys. Who is—Jim Howard! Hummm. Lend me your pistol, Sheriff, I'd like to see this man alone—he's a tenant of mine."

"Sure, sure, glad to be of service to you, Mr. Stuart!"

With the farmer beside him, the planter entered the house.

"This way, Howard. We'll go in the library."

Silently, the two men walked through the hall and into the library.

"Sit down, Howard, I want you to tell me something. Why did you come out here, tonight?"

The tenant sullenly refused to speak.

"Damn you, then. If you won't tell me, I'll tell you. You came out here to kill my boy because he got mixed up with that daughter of Blount's—and because you wanted to marry her. Is that right?"

Still no reply.

"Well, you needn't talk! It would not do you any good, anyway. But I'm going to make you a proposition, as it were. Marry Lilybelle Blount and tonight's incident will be forgotten; refuse me, and—well, at least twenty years. What d'you say to that? It's fair enough—more than fair!"

The tenant stared at the landlord. He, a slender, grey-haired man, dressed in linens, was seated in a big chair. Beside him, a lamp upon a small table glowed; on the table were a cigaret-box, a humidior, and an autographed photograph. Behind him, shelves filled with books rose, tier upon tier.

My God, this is a Stuart I'm talking to—a Stuart who owns the whole county and controls the courts and everything. I'm his tenant, and I'm in a mess with him. God, they's nothing I can do! A Stuart!

"Thank you, seh, for your offer. I'll be glad to marry her, and—I'm sorry about tonight, seh. I guess I kind of lost my head—I'd been drinking a little, and——"

"I understand perfectly, Howard, I understand perfectly. If you hadn't already been drinking, I'd give you one to seal the bargain, but as it is—well, I'll see you in the morning about the marriage."

Pinkie's Elixir

(Continued from page 14)

Professor Pinckney managed a weak smile. "That isn't the worst part, Miss Burns, I've also been fired."

Miss Burns pouted her rich lips and said, "Since you've been fired, you can call me Carole, and since you've been fired, we must celebrate. Have you any alcohol?"

"Yes, but I don't drink."

"Then this is the time when you start," said Carole firmly.

"But my wife wouldn't like me to drink—let alone drinking with a woman she doesn't know. She'd probably divorce me."

"Would you mind if she did divorce you?" whispered Carole as she slid closer to the professor.

Professor Pinckney hastily drew his body away from Miss Burns and frantically thought of his wife and

what the marriage laws demanded.

Carole smiled tauntingly at him. "Come on, we'll make alcohol sours. We can use these lemons you had for your experiment. You squeeze the juice into a beaker like this. Then you add the alcohol, hoping that the supply clerk didn't give you denatured alcohol by mistake, and then stir well. Now taste!"

Gingerly the professor drank of the alcohol sour. A warm glow spread over his face—at least it spread over that portion of his face that was not covered by the vandyke. He sipped again and satisfied with the result took a long pull at the beaker.

The two sat in silence while the level of the liquid in the beakers slowly fell.

"You know what, Professor," said Carole suddenly.

"No, Carole. I'm afraid I don't know what. In fact I've never gone into the history of whats. But they must be a very interesting animal. Just think of all the whats that must be wandering around without any homes. I think something—"

"Stop talking about whats," interrupted Carole, "I just thought of a name to call you."

"Well, what is it? And mind you, no vulgar language."

"I'm going to call you Pinkie."

"What! Don't you dare call me Pinkie!"

"You'll let me call you Pinkie or I'll call for help."

"You wouldn't dare," said Professor Pinckney aghast.

"And I'll also kiss you and think what people would say if they came in here and found me kissing you."

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The vision of people thinking was too much for Pinckney and he weakly said, "All right. You can call me Pinkie!"

"Okay, that calls for another drink, Pinkie."

Once more the lemon juice and the alcohol combined forces to undermine Pinkie's superficial reserve and stability.

Professor Pinckney drained the last of his fourth very potent alcohol sour and began to smile. The smile crept into a large grin and the grin gave way to a huge explosive laugh. Miss Burns stared at Pinckney in amazement. His neat little vandyke was pitching as if alive and his eyes were streaming tears of merriment.

Alcohol and lemon juice were conspiring successfully.

"Pinkie, why the sudden glee?"

"I just thought of something."

"Well, what is it?"

"I just happened to think how perplexed a bartender would be if his customers started to display the same symptoms that Dean Parker did."

"I wonder just what he'd do," mused Carole.

"Probably blame it on the liquor," gurgled Pinkie.

"Let's find out," blurted Carole.

Pinkie stared puzzledly at her. "Find out what?" he said. Even before he asked he had a vague fear that things were going to happen.

"We're going to find out what happens when a bartender dopes someone's drink with your elixir."

"But that means going to the city," remonstrated the professor, "and my wife might get angrier than ever if I went to the city—especially with you."

"You've needed this relaxation for years, and wife or no wife, you're going to get it," cooed Carole. "Here's your hat and here's your elixir. Come on, we're on our way to give the city a surprise!"

And the shapely Miss Burns dragged Professor Pinckney through the doorway and onward to mad adventures that were to make a changed man of Pinkie.

(To be continued next month)

Captain Masque

(Continued from page 8)

was on duty in a hospital. It was hardly a romantic setting but it served its purpose.

"We left for Paris two days later and were married. I could never express in words the happiness we managed to cram into those ten days. It was almost too perfect. I can't talk about it even now, so I'll just skip it and go on with the rest of the story. Do you mind?"

The Captain moved me more by his silence than he had by the eloquence with which he had told his story up to that point; so I said, "Of course not, Doug," and he went on.

"We thought being married and having all of our happiness to look back on would make separation easier if anything did happen, but I guess we were wrong about that. The things we had taken standing up before, we felt more deeply when we went back. Things hummed around us and we were confused. We were out of touch with them. I know it was days before I could go up on the simplest kind of patrol duty without getting a bad case of nerves,

and that might have been all right for a buck private, but for a captain who was supposed to be a veteran flyer after almost a year and a half of active service it just would not do. It was bad enough, God knows, for the first three weeks we were back. I could see Jean once in a while. We did not tell anyone we were married because no married women were allowed at the front and she would have been sent back if it had leaked out. Well it wasn't so bad for a while. It shouldn't have been any harder than before we left. If anything, it should have been easier. I shan't even try to explain why. It was quite clear in my mind but it sounds paradoxical when I try to put my finger on the difference.

"After the first three weeks the Germans made a drive, and Jean was transferred to a hospital nearer the front. That was a blow neither of us had expected but there was nothing we could do about it. We could not correspond between the two points in the middle of the fighting even if we'd had time to write

letters. It seemed as though hell had broken loose. We lost men right and left and I didn't think I'd ever get hardened to losing my new men the first time up if I lived to be a hundred. Every day was worse than the last, until one came that I'll never forget."

Douglas stopped there and I thought for a moment that he was not going to go on. I was too interested in his story by that time to let him stop so I broke that silence.

"And that day, Captain?" I asked him softly.

He remained quiet after my question long enough to light a cigarette and I watched the glowing end through the darkness as he continued.

"That day it was my turn to face misfortune. I was flying a plane with a gunner behind when our patrol met a German one out over No Man's land. We got into the toughest dog-fight we had ever been in and my gunner was killed. I tried to duck out of the fight long enough to get my machine gun into operation and one of the Hun pilots saw me and followed on my tail trying to

get my plane in the sights of his gun long enough to fire a string of bullets at me. I hadn't fired that gun of mine for days and when I tried to, it jammed. It was then I noticed the German behind me and realized I was in a damned tough spot. I had to keep dodging so he could not center his gun on me and I had to get the defective bullet out of my gunbelt at the same time. The bullet was too hot to touch so I grabbed the identification tag off of my wrist and slipped the chain around the shell. Just as I was pulling it out I felt a jab of pain as if a point of fire had touched my right side and almost simultaneously another in my right arm and I dropped the tag on the floor. In my hurry and anxiety to clear that gun, I could not keep my eyes on the enemy plane. That was almost a fatal error. I must have lost consciousness for about a minute from the shock because the next thing I knew I was spinning perilously near the earth. I could not avert the crash but I managed to level off enough to avoid a complete smash-up. I was concentrating every effort toward crawling out of the plane and I did it somehow before a spark hit the gas line and caused a terrific explosion. I think that must have put me out completely. Nothing is absolutely

clear in my mind from that time until I found myself in Madame de Chambrier's hospital after the armistice had been signed. The interval between is just a blank to me, but I can tell you what Antoinette de Chambrier told me. You see, I had lost my identification tag before I crashed, and when the red cross squad picked me up on the field I was just another unknown soldier to them. Anyway, they took me back of the lines to a dugout dressing station where I must have been under treatment for several days. The officer in charge told the Vicomtesse that I would have been moved to a regular hospital before that, but the lines had moved back and the dugout had been under fire. Madame de Chambrier was going through one dressing station after another taking their more serious cases so they might receive special attention at her private hospital. In going through the station where I was, she recognized me and took me as one of her cases. I'll never know how she even knew who I was with several days' growth of beard and bandages on me but she recognized me and it was a good thing that she did.

"The first person I thought of when I knew the particulars of my accident was Jean, and I asked the

Vicomtesse to let her know about me so she wouldn't worry. A long time passed and Madame gave me no news of my wife. One day I asked her if she had heard anything and she changed the subject. That made me suspicious so I tried to find out what was the matter and she began to cry. By that time I was really alarmed.

"'For God's sake, Madame,' I burst out. 'I'd rather hear anything than be kept in suspense like this.'

"You see I had never imagined there was anything worse than that Jean could not be found in the temporary confusion after the armistice. If I had only known!"

The Captain paused again but this time I was afraid to interrupt him. The room was very dark and I could not see a thing but an occasional light under the half-drawn shades at the windows, but I know he was deeply moved because in crushing out his cigarette in the ash tray on the sill, he upset the tray and its contents on the floor. I just waited silently and finally he went on.

"Through her tears, Madame looked at me sadly and I had a premonition of what was coming, a sickening feeling of dread. I closed my eyes and waited.

(To be concluded next month)



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The Goats of Zalenar

G. E. HEWITT

The author of "Philosophy of a Lemon Squeezer" extols nudism and questions civilization.

I dreamt one night that I was a horse-chestnut tree growing at the edge of a huge dump in a distant city, a dump so huge that roving herds of goats lived wild upon its vast surface and roamed at will over the rubbish that they lived on. For six years I grew there, and this is the story of the tribe of goats I sheltered.

Ughuff, which is the nearest I can come to the name his companions called him, was a goat possessed of the greatest curiosity of all the goats of the dump of Zalenar. Whatever he saw that he knew nothing of he at once investigated. Sometimes it was a car chassis, or a coffee pot, or perhaps an old umbrella, but whatever the case, Ughuff insisted upon thoroughly exploring all the newly arrived refuse. He came to momentous decisions concerning the use of the junk he discovered; he knew the coffee pot was some kind of a small stove, and the tin cans were what the ashes heaped about on the dump came in. This exploring was profitable not only because of the education it afforded him, but also because he frequently came across strange new foods, he poked about that tasted better than tin can labels. At least Ughuff thought them so; personally I preferred good clean dirt to live upon. One day, however, Ughuff got himself in a jam, that is; a jam between the sides of a huge oil-can that fitted over his body like a suit of armor.

Ughuff was in quite a predicament when first he was caught in the can. He kicked and rolled, and raised a mighty fuss unto the God of Goatia, but never could he budge the can. I almost laughed to see him flying about banging that old can around, but I remembered that I was a horse-chestnut tree and recovered my poise in time. So finally Ughuff was forced to give up, and the thing remained upon his back when he went out to search for the rest of the goats and some tin can labels for dinner.

It so happened that the rest of the goats had not seen Ughuff get caught in the can, so they were at a loss when they saw him as to the reason for his strange appearance. Ughuff was a rather sensitive goat, and rather than get laughed at for having gotten into such a thing while poking about, he said that he had put it on to wear as a decoration.

The other goats had always thought Ughuff to be quite a great thinker, so when they beheld him dressed up in such a becoming fashion in a shiny tin-can they at once applauded the idea and went forth to seek armor for themselves. The lady goats tended toward burlap bags and old pieces of cloth, and the males attired themselves in medieval tin cans, half boilers, strips of metal, and all the shining odds and ends that litter any respectable rubbish-heap. Some came back wearing tin cans over their horns; some succeeded in squeezing into joints of stove-pipe, and in no time at all most of the tribes of the dump were vying with each other to see who could find the most brilliant form of dress.

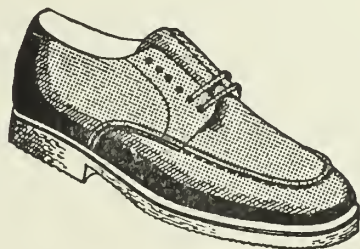
Naturally this custom caused the goats considerable discomfort, but why should they care for a little thing like that? Did not all the other goats look elegant in their tin can suits? Certainly no goat could be blamed for following the style, and all accordingly kept up the decorating for five long years.

Now Ughuff had never liked the idea of wearing the can in the first place, and when his own had finally rusted away and left him a free goat again he desired anything but to have to wear such an encumbrance again. So, being a rank individualist, he refused to replace his old can with a new one and went about stark naked before the goats of the dump of Zalenar.

It was not long before the goats saw the folly of their useless decorations. The female goats seemed to like Ughuff just as well as they did the others, and so not many days passed before the last goat on the dump had cast aside his can. It is true that some of the goats continued to wear a tin can over one horn, or a strip of rag about the neck, but those goats were considered to be shieks by the rest; they were not liked.

So once again the goats of Zalenar roamed free and unhampered in the beauty of their heavenly world. Happily they grazed on the luxuriant rubbish piled high among the perfumed garbage heaps; peace and contentment reigned supreme, and all was again Utopian for the tribe of the tin-can-eaters and for Ughuff, the explorer.

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Sponge Fishing

R. G. HOWARD

In Tarpon Springs, Florida, there is a million dollar industry which is one of the most interesting and romantic in the United States. Here in the sub-tropical atmosphere of the Florida Gulf coast is the world's largest sponge market. Here in this little seaport town live some four thousand people. They are not native Americans, most of them; they are Greeks, descendants of the ancient sponge-divers of the Aegean, who have forsaken their ancestral homes for the new world. But they have lost none of their native skill, nor have they left behind in Greece any of their culture and traditions. Modern reproductions of the sponge-fishers of the Golden Age of Hellas, they have made their new home the very center of the world's sponge industry.

Every fair morning the fleet of a hundred small boats sets sail into the warm blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico, to return by nightfall laden with long strings of fresh sponges. These small sailing craft are independently owned (strangely enough big business has kept away from this thriving little industry) and are often manned by the sons of their owners; the crew consists of five or six men, almost all of them expert divers. Sailing only a few miles off shore the little fleet comes to anchor over the sponge beds. The divers put on their diving head-gear (for in the shallow waters of the Gulf there is no danger from the dreaded "bends" which often seizes men in deep water). There is a friendly rivalry among the men, both divers and crew. To bring up the first catch of the day is considered a feather in the cap of the winner.

A diver from each ship goes over the side and is lowered into the water. In his hand he carries a razor-sharp, curved knife which he uses to cut the sponges from their bases on the coral rock formations of the sea-bottom. He works quickly while he is below, and skillfully he detaches the animals from the rock. After a few minutes he signals to the men on the boat that he is ready for the basket. From above comes the large, net-like basket into which he quickly scoops his catch. He gives another signal, and both he and the basket are hauled to the surface. After a short rest he descends again. All day the spongers continue their fishing, until, toward sundown, the little boats prepare to return shoreward. The sponges are gathered and strung on long ropes. Sails are hoisted and the fleet goes in.

When they reach port each boat pulls up to its place at the municipal wharf. The crew unloads the catch from the deck to the wharf, where the sponges are spread to dry in the sun of the following days. To be sure the drying animals give off an odor of decaying substance, but after a short stay near the waterfront, one comes to associate the smell with the romantic industry which it signifies, and is not annoyed. When the sponges have dried they are moved across the street to the owner's section of the community warehouse, where they remain until they are sold. During the time they are stored

experts carefully sort the sponges according to their size and quality.

Four times each year a great auction is held in the warehouse to sell the sponges. Buyers from all over the world come to bid for them. The auction is a community affair, but, strangely, the advantage of the sale rests entirely with the buyers. As the sponges are brought up for sale the buyers place their bids secretly. The seller may refuse only the first bid; if he should refuse the second there is no sale, and he must dispose of his own wares as best he can. When the sale is made the buyer pays his money not to the owner of the sponges, but to the secretary of the exchange, who in turn pays the owner. From the sale price the exchange deducts two per cent for the support of the community church and another two per cent for its own maintenance. The earnings of each sponge boat may in good years amount to more than \$15,000.

An integral part of this thriving industry is the Greek Orthodox Church of Saint Benedict to which all of these people belong. Several times each year special services for the sponge-fishers are held. On one special Sunday in the spring is held the world renowned Feast of the Epiphany, which is presided over by the Archbishop of the Greek Church.

Early on the morning of this festival crowds of people flock to the church of Saint Benedict; the many who can not enter wait on the outside. After the elaborate, impressive ceremony in the church, the Archbishop leads the people in a solemn procession through the narrow streets to the wharf. The young men of the group come to the front and form a line at the edge of the pier where the priests are conducting their ritual. Suddenly a white dove is released and when it has disappeared in the distance, the Archbishop throws a bronze cross into the water. Instantly the men dive for it, and soon one bursts to the surface holding the cross. He is the hero of the day and for the entire year all of the people will look upon him with respect. The rest of the day is given over to revelry until sundown, when again the sponge-fishers and their families gather at the wharf. The Archbishop offers a final prayer asking that the sponge industry prosper and that the men suffer no mishaps through the year.

The visitor to Tarpon Springs may have noticed a beautiful, unusually large sponge hanging on the prows of some of the boats. Had he investigated further he should have learned that the owner of the particular boat was a young man, unmarried. But this young man would not be unmarried much longer, for on the day of the Feast of the Epiphany he would hang his prize sponge upon the door of his beloved in token of betrothal. For this, too, is a custom among these descendants of Poseidon.



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THE ARCHIVE

MARCH, NINETEEN THIRTY-FIVE



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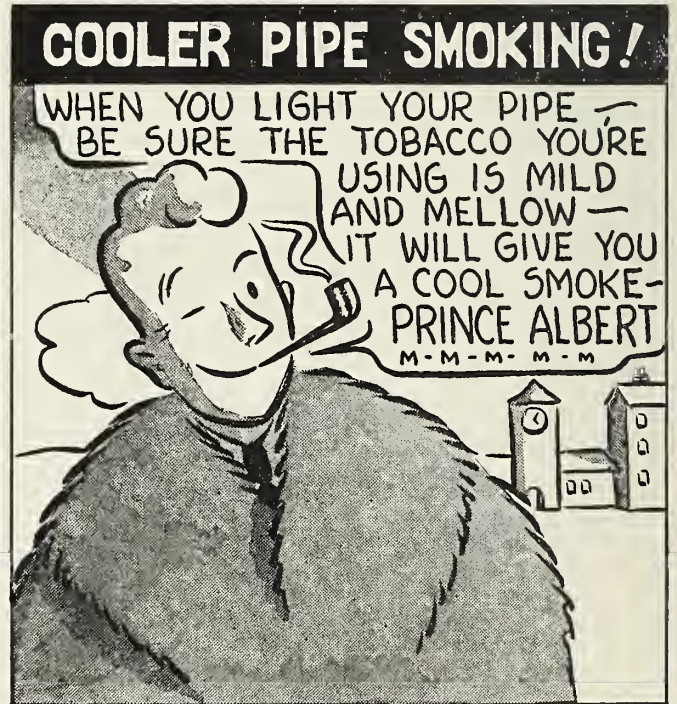
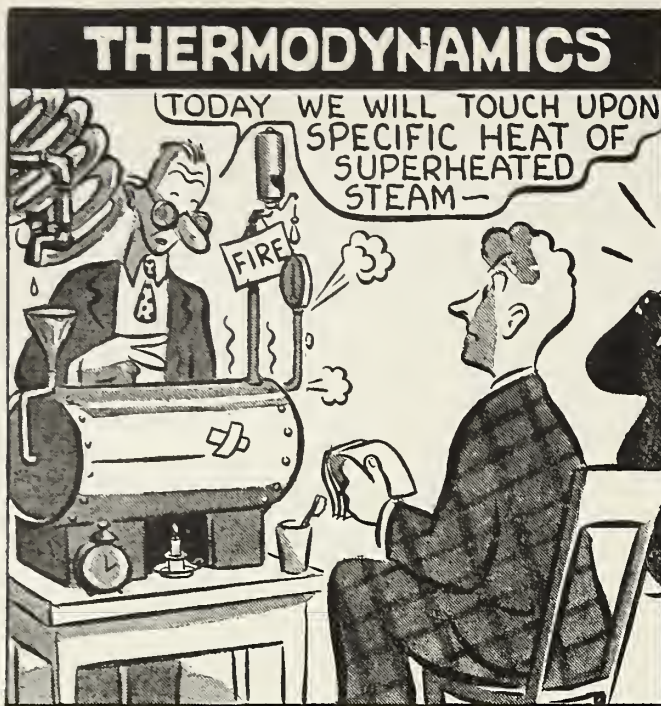
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The Love of Timothy

JAMES P. HELM III

Wherein a wanderer of the sea encounters strange love ashore.



Timothy Blake was sick of the Sailor's joint anyway. It was four o'clock in the morning, and he was drunk.

"Get th' hell away from me," he said to the blond woman who was clinging to his arm. "I ain't got any more money!"

"That's all right, Honey," she murmured. "You don't need money to stay with me. I kinda like you, see. Come on, Honey, it's too late to go home now!"

But Timothy Blake wanted to go home. He was tired of women, and noise and drinking.

"Get th' hell away from me," he said. "I'm going home."

The shrieking blare of the mechanical victrola made his head ache, and the crowded couples who were dancing made the room hot and smelly. He shook the blond woman from his arm, and made his way toward the door, walking with the elaborate care of the drunken man. The Sailor stopped him. The Sailor was big and paunchy, and little beads of sweat stood out on his forehead.

"Ain't goin' home, are you, Tim?" he asked. "It's early yet."

"I'm sick of your joint," said Timothy. "Anyway, I ain't got any more money."

"Oh." The Sailor's little black eyes stared at the man before him. "Well, see you again sometime."

Timothy bowed low, being careful not to lose his balance. "It's been a pleasure," he said.

But the Sailor was already gone. He couldn't waste any more time on a bum who was broke. The Sailor was pretty certain he *was* broke. Mae would have attended to that.

Timothy watched the Sailor's fat back disappear into the little office at the back of the room. A moment later the blond woman left the bar, and followed him in. Timothy smiled ironically.

"Of course," he thought. "She's got to split even that money with the Sailor."

He walked out of the door then. The tang of the night air felt cool against his face after the hot room. He walked along the docks slowly, breathing deep of its freshness. It seemed to clear his head. As he gradually sobered he became at first remorseful and then angry. Two

years on a banana boat for a measly hundred and fifty dollars. Two years of work and sweat, and the heat of greasy tropical ports. Two years for that money, and he had thrown it all away in one night.

The woman had liked him. He knew that. But that was the way it always was. There was something in his weak, handsome face that attracted women. They always wanted to have him for a sweet man, and keep him close to them. It was too easy. Anything so easy couldn't be worth much. At least that was Timothy's philosophy, and he was careful not to get tangled up with them too much. Some of the women had even wanted to marry him. He always left them, then. He was lazy, and had no scruples about taking money from them, but he loved his freedom passionately. Somewhere among Timothy Blake's ancestors there had been aristocrats, and their degenerate son was strangely like them. He longed for something better, something that he could not explain, even to himself. He could spend money, when he had it, with the complete abandon of the very rich. But he always repented afterward.

Timothy remembered the blond woman, and shrugged. He had seen her go through his pockets, but he hadn't cared about that at the time. He had been much more interested in watching her smooth, white body, and the deep scarlet of her lips when she laughed. She had pleased him for a little while. Why shouldn't he pay her? What else were women for? Liquor and women! Somehow they seemed to go together. At least they could make him forget for a moment the futility of his life.

He leaned against a wharf post, and looked out over the bay. The lights from the ships had been extinguished long ago, and now only

little red signal lights marked their whereabouts. Over there to the right, he knew, was the banana boat. It would sail again in a couple of days, and he'd be aboard when it sailed. Deep inside Timothy loved that boat, and what it stood for. It was his escape.

He lit a cigarette, and drew the smoke deep into his lungs, exhaling slowly. It was very quiet and peaceful here. For a while Timothy stood still, and listened to the gentle lapping of the waves against the wharf.

Suddenly he heard a different sort of sound. Some one was weeping. For a moment he paid no attention to it. Then curiosity got the better of him, and he looked around. She was standing not far away, looking at the water. She was crying very softly.

Timothy wasn't particularly surprised to see a woman around the dock at this time of night. There usually were some. But this one was crying, and it disturbed him.

"How about it, Baby?" he asked.

She turned around quickly, with a little gasp of fright. She was just a kid, not more than sixteen or seventeen, and looked scared to death. Timothy noticed that her eyes were wet with tears, and that they were too big for the little, thin face.

"What the hell's the matter with you, Kid?" he said.

"Nothin'," she answered, and her voice was very low and soft, different from the voices of the women Timothy knew.

"Cut out th' bawlin'" he said. "Broke?"

She nodded.

"Well, that makes two of us." He tried to laugh. "It ain't so bad after you get used to it."

Her lips quivered as though she were trying to smile, and couldn't. A sudden feeling of pity swept over Timothy. She looked so little and helpless.

"Come on, Kid," he said. "Let me take you home before you do somethin' crazy."

She shook her head. "I ain't got any home," she said.

Timothy looked at her sharply.

For a moment he was suspicious. Then she looked up at him, and her eyes were so completely trusting that he even forgot what he had been suspicious of. Timothy wasn't used to having women look at him that way. He felt embarrassed.

"I got a room, Kid," he said. "You're welcome to that."

She hesitated, half-willing, half-afraid.

"Mister, are you sure it won't bother you none?" she asked, timidly. "I'll leave the first thing in the morning. I'm scared to stay out here all night."

"O. K." said Timothy. "Let's go."

The Kid looked up at him again, and again Timothy felt oddly embarrassed. He turned away abruptly.

"Come on," he said. "There's no use just standin' here."

She followed him, trailing a few steps behind. "Gee, Mister, this is swell of you," she said.

"Forget it," he said, shortly. "I'd do as much for anybody."

• • •

Timothy had a little back room at Mrs. Kelly's rooming house. Four dollars a week, without board.

"It ain't much," he said, "but it's a place to come when it rains, anyway."

"I think it's swell," said the Kid softly. "You don't know what you've done for me, Mister."

Timothy looked at her in the light. Her face was soft and sweet, like a child's. "You're pretty, Kid," he said.

She blushed when he said that, and looked down at the floor. Timothy had never seen a girl blush.

"I'll sleep over here in the corner," she said.

Timothy made a magnificent gesture. "You take the bed, Kid," he told her. "I'll sleep on the floor. I'm used to it."

"I don't understand you, Mister," she said, simply. "You're different from anyone I've ever met."

Timothy felt strong and protective when she said that. He liked the feeling. "Call me Timothy, Kid" he said. "It sounds more like we know each other."

"Timothy," she repeated softly. "I like that name. It sounds kinda strong, somehow."

He turned out the light, and stretched himself upon the floor. He could hear her undressing, and creeping into the bed.

"Good night,——Timothy," she whispered softly.

• • •

He awoke early in the morning. The smell of frying bacon and fresh coffee filled the room. The Kid was watching him when he opened his eyes. She looked happy.

"I found a little food," she explained. "I thought you wouldn't mind if I cooked your breakfast."

Timothy smiled. "Let me at it, Kid," he said. "I'm hungry as a wolf."

"There's no cream for the coffee," she said, and laughed.

"And no eggs for the bacon, either," said Timothy. "But it'll taste good anyway."

"Listen, Kid," he said, when they had finished eating. "If I ain't askin' too many questions, where'd you come from?"

"I ran away from home yesterday," she answered. "I couldn't stand it any longer. I thought maybe I could get a job."

"The docks is a hell of a place to look for a job, Kid," said Timothy. "You're lucky I came along, instead of some one else. You wouldn't have had a chance."

"I know it," she said. "I was so desperate I was goin' to drown myself. A man tried to pick me up last night, but I ran away from him." She shivered as she remembered it. "I guess I'd better be leavin' now. Thanks for everything—Timothy."

"You don't have to go, Kid," said Timothy. "The people from the Home are liable to catch you. Why don't you hang around here for a couple of days?"

The Kid had a funny look in her eyes.

"I'd like you to stay," he added, awkwardly.

The Kid didn't say anything. She
(Continued on page 24)

The Bells Ring Loud

RUBY FOGEL

The prize-winning story of the Eko-L contest.



Like dim ghosts of the past stood the dark houses, looking out across the mist-covered water. Behind the blurred, vaguely elegant white columns which adorned their porches, lighted Christmas wreathes hung—like misplaced haloes on inanimate saints. Upon the water the dimly visible lights of boats seemed like lame fireflies groping slowly through the mist.

In a car parked along the seawall of Charleston's battery, a young girl stifled a yawn and murmured, "I can't see you any more, Bob. You look like the shadow of a grey ghost sitting over there."

Outside the window the mist hung around them like a white curtain, and the air was thick and wet.

"Aren't you afraid of ghosts?" he asked her from his semi-obscurity.

"Afraid of ghosts . . . but not of you."

"Romantic old town," he said half musingly, looking out upon the waterfront.

"Romantic, indeed!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I'll catch cold out here for all its romance. This dingy city," she rambled on, "not even snow for Christmas, and what, I ask you, is Christmas without snow?"

He opened the window to breathe the air. "It smells . . . it smells good," he decided.

"Smells wet and cold," she contradicted. "And I wish you'd close the window."

She pulled her grey lynx fur close around her throat until it buried her nose.

"Miriam," he said almost hesitantly, "but you are glad to see me, aren't you? It's been a whole year now that. . . ."

He wanted to tell her that it had been a whole year he had waited, a whole year he had dreamed, a whole year he had looked forward to this moment. Don't you remember, he longed to ask her . . . don't you remember that just at St. Michael's bells rang you said you loved me . . . don't you remember, his mind repeated monotonously, while he marvelled that her face could seem so white and cold against the fiery turbulence of her red hair.

"My feet are cold," she told him, arousing him from his lethargy. "Let's go. . . ."

"I thought we'd wait to hear St. Michael's bells greet Christmas."

"And do you want to stay up to see Santa Claus?" she asked provokingly.

He thought of the bracelet in his pocket.

He had planned to put it around

her arm just as St. Michael's bells rang. The bracelet was fashioned of jade stones set in slender silver links. It had seemed to express her personality so completely . . . the cold flash of shining silver, and the oriental mystery of jade . . . jade for her green eyes.

When the bells rang their first cordial *Noel* of the year, he would fasten it upon her arm. He had waited so long . . . and now the time was not far distant.

She became impatient. "I thought you said we were going down to the Harris yacht for a cocktail party. Instead you park your car out here in the damp fog so we can both freeze to death!"

"You know how those Christmas parties are," he said apologetically. "Everybody half-shot, and . . . anyway, it's more pleasant and peaceful right here. Sitting here and talking to you . . . don't you feel how wonderful it is, Miriam? Can't you see that you are all that matters. . . ?"

She interrupted. "Who wants pleasantness and peace on Christmas Eve night, I ask you?" She pushed the red hair out of her eyes. "I'd like to shoot Roman candles, and have some cold champagne and smooth music!"

"Remember last Christmas?" he ventured.

"Not particularly."

But she did. She remembered that at this very place she had told him that she loved him. But she had been giddy—giddy with her first cocktail—and young. She had told so many people that she loved them. It had lost its significance for her. She was bored; his company seemed irksome to her; and she wished he would shut up with his sentimental platitudes.

"I haven't forgotten," he said. "It's been one year exactly. And this is the first time I have seen you in a whole year. It means so much to me

... being here again. Don't you remember that you. . . ."

"I don't remember anything," she snapped.

"What do you mean?" he asked her wildly. His mind was reluctant to drink of the bitter cup of her indifference.

Her green eyes seemed to pierce his flesh. His brain seem to sicken and shrivel beneath her gaze. "You mean," he began bitterly, "you mean this has to be good-bye?"

"Yes," she said. "This has to be good-bye."

Her tranquillity angered him. "So it has to be good-bye," he said again vaguely. "It has to be good-bye."

Repeatedly the clamor of these words seemed to beat against his mind. Then he said with an effort for nonchalance, "Well, shall we go to the cocktail party at least before we call it . . . the end?"

She assented eagerly. She liked crowds and noise and bright lights and fizzy cocktails.

The party at the yacht greeted them with good cheer. Here was Christmas Eve in modern dress, as far removed from that First Christmas as the synthetic electric star which adorned the cone-shaped tree was removed from the Star which had hung at Bethlehem.

"Merry Christmas, Miriam . . . Merry Christmas!"

Her green eyes were bright and gleaming; her red hair seemed peculiarly appropriate to the lights and noise and music. It belonged there, in the center of that mad crowd; it fit there perfectly, like jade stones in silver settings.

Miriam was drinking profusely. "Ooh," she said, "I gotta catch up with everybody else. I gotta catch up."

Bob watched her from a cushioned divan in a corner of the cabin. She

fascinated him with a strange fascination he could not understand.

She was giggling. She always giggled when she had drunk too much. Last year he had adored that giggle with its silver tinkle.

A girl with bright blonde hair came and sat beside him on the divan. She was holding a glass of mysterious mixture. "Ish my first cocktail," she told him. "Ish my first." She added incoherently, "Are you going to the Debutante Ball?"

"Debutante Ball?" he repeated absently, arousing himself. Miriam was beautiful. She sparkled.

"Yeah . . . guess you never heard of it, Mr. High 'n' Mighty. Just because you've been away a year . . . well, ish a good old Charleston custom . . . not that you didn't know it!"

He ignored her and strained his eyes through the crowd of hilarious people who surrounded him. Where was Miriam? He caught no glimpse of her shiny green satin dress, and slipped to the upper deck of the yacht to look for her.

The fog was thick. He saw not more than an inch in front of him. He came upon Miriam suddenly. She was trying to light a Roman candle.

He saw her smile through the enveloping mist.

"H'lo," she said. "It was too hot below. And I found a Roman candle."

There were other people on deck. "It was too stuffy," she continued vaguely. She was drunk.

"I got an idea," she said to the people on deck. "It's too stuffy. So let's go swimming 'n' get all cooled off!"

She said no more and began climbing down the side of the boat. Her entrance into the white water looked like a plunge into white down. The people on board laughed and cheered.

Bob knew she was a fool. He knew

it, and he hated himself for knowing, because he also knew that he loved her. Ever since last Christmas he had known it. If she didn't care . . . oh, but he could not bear life, thinking she did not care!

From far off, the bells of St. Michael's began tolling the new Christmas. The sound came through the fog. He remembered the silver bracelet in his pocket. He had planned to put it on her arm just as the bells were ringing.

He had an irresistible impulse to feel himself fastening the tiny clasp upon her arm. He had imagined himself doing just that so many hundreds of times, while the bells announced Christmas morning.

Bob climbed down the side of the boat. He heard the people on deck still laughing and cheering; he felt his stiff tuxedo vest cracking and scratching his chin; and he felt the icy water close in around his legs.

"Here I am," he heard Miriam calling to him. "Here I am." He followed the sound of her voice.

He had the bracelet all ready to put around her arm. By some miracle he found it in the chilly water.

As he did so, he said, "It's got to be good-bye. It's got to be good-bye."

She disappeared from his sight and the fog closed in all around him. He heard St. Michael's bells still greeting the new Christmas. The sound came through the mist. And the people on deck were still laughing boisterously.

By this time, Miriam had struggled up the side of the boat to the deck. The water had sobered her.

Suddenly she moaned and then she sobbed. "He couldn't swim," she said. "He couldn't swim!"

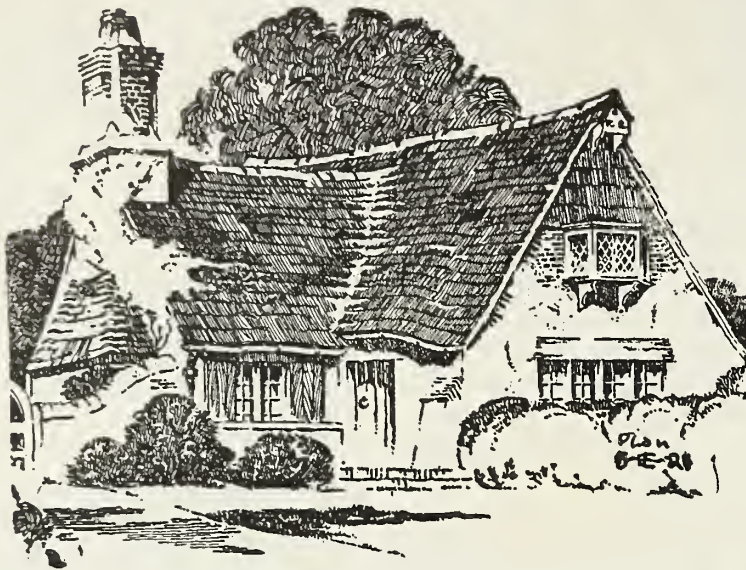
The mist hung around like a white curtain, while the invisible water beneath lapped softly in the still Christmas dawn.



David Gunn

STUART SIMPSON

A quiet story of a man who had a sense of humor.



David Gunn was dead. It was hard to realize that cheerful, patient David was really dead, but it was true. Ever since the death of his second wife we had lived together, just David and I, in the little white cottage on the edge of town. I had grown so accustomed to his cheery presence that the little house, darkened now for his funeral, seemed somehow haunted.

My dark suit and white cotton gloves seemed uncomfortably warm as I stood on the tiny porch talking in subdued tones with other friends who had gathered to bid him goodby. It was a sultry day in early March and the sun, bright and hot, was rapidly evaporating the bright haze which hung close to the earth. It was a cheerful day, just such a day as David would have picked to begin work on his tiny garden in the rear of the house. I could see him now in his old corduroy pants and worn hunting jacket pattering around that garden all morning long. He had always been a vigorous outdoor type of person no matter what the weather. Even of late, when we who knew him began to notice that he was commencing to falter, he had continued his long walks in the open accom-

panied only by his little dog, Ben. He spent his whole day out of doors, either tramping over the surrounding country gossiping with his many farmer friends, or in his garden. Of late I had noticed that he seemed much more time than usual when he returned with the dusk for his evening meal. I couldn't remember when I first noticed that he was failing, it came so gradually. He just seemed thinner and more tired. His happy smile never faded. I don't think David knew until just before the end what was happening to him. Even when I insisted on calling in "Doc" Small, David had grumbled about unnecessary expense. "Doc" had mumbled a few unintelligible words to me about David's condition and although I didn't comprehend their exact meaning I knew that nothing could be done. Even last week when David finally had to take to his bed he did so protesting that he would be up and around again in a few days. He never rose from that bed again. One morning I found him peacefully lying there, his eyes closed and that faint smile touching his lips. He had died sometime during the night.

The little group on the porch shift-

ed and silently moved toward the door. Inside, the house was cool and dark. Occasionally a rebel beam of sunlight stole into the room under the shades and spilled over the rug. Lined up across one end of our small living room where chairs with the undertaker's name, William S. Cole, neatly stencilled in stiff-backed letters across the backs of them. Silently we took our places and waited for the gray-haired minister to begin.

Finally he stood up and began to speak in a gentle and subdued voice. He spoke sincerely, as if he meant every word he said, and I knew he did. He did not indulge in the usual flights of eulogy common in funeral sermons, it would have seemed almost sacrilegious over the remains of this simplest of men.

My thoughts, however, did not remain with him, rather they fled back to the time when David Gunn and I had been boyhood friends. Even then he had shown signs of the peculiarities which later had caused him to be dubbed "queer" by his fellow townsmen. I remembered the time he had set out to build a boat. It was an ambitious undertaking, but then that was David. We worked for weeks, side by side, building it. Quite some boat it was, too, about twenty-five feet long if I remember correctly. We used no blueprints or plans of any kind. David had supplied the directions and I most of the labor. At last it was finished. Both of us were, of course, delighted at the successful conclusion of our work and enthusiastically set about getting it down to the water. That was a bigger job than we had anticipated but shortly she rested in her ways on the edge of the sound. David, with his love for ceremony, broke a bottle of seawater over her glistening white prow and audaciously christened her the "Hot Cat."

(Continued on page 26)

Grist for the Mill of the Muse

LEONARD BLOOM

Further insight into collegiana and a confession of faith.

There is constant warfare between the sad poets and the unsad ones, for the former regard the unsad poetry as blind irreverence and the latter believe sad poetry is no poetry at all. So this writer must confess at the outset that if he were a poet he would try to be an unsad poet, and if he could not be one he would cease trying. For he believes that poetry is the peculiar province of youth and that youth is both an achievement and a privilege. What is more he believes that those who are in colleges have an especially good chance to be young and to have poetry.

The chance is well sought after but not well taken, and for this the youth themselves are partly to blame for providing substitutes for poetry; and those who set themselves up as patrons of poetry are to blame for accepting substitutes. In short they are to blame for being patronizing, for being satisfied too easily (perhaps with themselves), and for inviting only what they can live.

If the once-young or never-young display a pollyannic satisfaction with the verses of those who are concerned being young, that is their affair. Those who know that 'spring is more than a season' by something closer than hearsay or the remembrance of things past must prefer it not to be a psychosis. They know that spring is something to laugh with and be with. They know that one who peels the bark from a budding sappling to wrap around his own hurts is a fool and a wastrel. There is something sick about him, and youth knows no illness.

A verse which says simply, "I am sad and broken and bewildered" is not verse, just as the prosaic satisfaction is not verse. "Woe is me" is a cliché of no more value than "glee is me." Yet the former asserts that it should be regarded as poetry when the latter has too much good grace to make any such claims. One never discovers what he is by shouting that he is unhappy with being.

One of the special privileges of poets is to surprise life in its unguarded moments. This is so because youth itself is capable of being surprised, because everything it meets is not quickly and neatly categorized and placed in relation to self, because it is flexible and vulnerable. It is flexible as only a few geniuses succeed in being for long. It is vulnerable in that it is sensitive to life without being at the mercy of it.

Youth is impatient. With all time at its call it has not time enough for a moulded discipline of creation. But it must have time for an inner discipline which will arise from the very impatience that gives poetry instead of prose. The youth are in fact impatient with themselves and each other and those who would not be impatient with them. They have large things to do with a world to explore and themselves to discover. Under such circumstances the most nearly perfect crystallization of experience is barely satisfactory.

The poets are the true historians of their time just as they are the young men of their time. Their abilities to see things in their own terms and to be vulnerable to them make their undeliberate insights the best contemporary statements. And this leads us logically to the question as to what the unsad poets will have to say about our avowedly sad times.

In addition to what they must say about the discovery of the world, they must say something about a kind of world in which it is quite difficult to be a poet. They must not miss man's insecurity born of his will to power, and they must not fail to feel humility before the strength of man—and his weakness. They must unwisely see whatever they can. If it be less desirable fortune they will not cringe; if it be not they will be just gracefully eager.

These are some of the things that the unsad college poets may have and a little of what their poetry does mean and can mean. Thus we bemuse ourselves in only a slighter degree than do the poets as long as we can smile with them.

Infamy Hall No. 2

Compulsory class meeting attendance, because they are a product of high school despotism, because they come at a time when there is always something more important to do, because, according to regulations, one is automatically suspended from school after more than four absences, regardless of his previous record, because it is grossly unfair, because the few interesting meetings do not compensate for the many stupid ones, because they are a waste of time.

The Chanticleer, because it costs the students entirely too much for what they get out of it, and most of them think so, because it serves no practical purpose, because with the exercise of a little ingenuity it could be published by an arrangement more satisfactory to those who pay for it, because that ingenuity has yet to be exercised, because the "sentimental value" attached to year books is in this case just so much slush, because many are wondering whether the present "Editor" will exclude himself from membership in Alpha Sigma Sigma.

The service in the Coffee Shop, because in no dining place at any university in the United States is it so consistently poor, because the employees seem to resent one's eating there, because one is made to feel like an outsider, because the beverage that one orders invariably arrives after the dessert, because if the prices are moderate so is the food mediocre, because it is a moot question whether one who has a class the next hour dares take a chance on getting served in time to make it.

The statue of James B. Duke, because it is in extremely bad taste, because the cigar in his hand is the keynote to its vulgarity, because it will be an object of ridicule to all who see it, because it is the unremoved price tag on Duke University, because placing it in front of the magnificent chapel is comparable to having a picture of Robert E. Lee in the rogue's gallery, because were Mr. Duke alive he would perhaps have the modesty to ask that it be placed elsewhere.

Auction Fever

VICTORIA BONEY

Pete was out of a job and didn't like capitalists anyway.

"Five hundred I'm bid; do I hear five fifty?" the voice of the auctioneer boomed out across the courthouse plaza. His little, black eyes shot from one prospect to another as his voice intoned its cry: "Five hundred I'm bid; who'll make it five fifty? It's cheap as dirt at twice that."

A bedraggled relief worker, attracted by the crowd, stood shivering the cold. To his left he recognized Jim Morton, the city's richest man, talking with his secretary. In front of him stood Frank Wilcox, a lawyer, scribbling on a piece of paper. And here he stood, the wind fanning his thin coat against his legs. If he didn't stop shaking, his teeth would rattle clear out of his mouth. Why was he loitering here anyway? Why should he stop to listen to these miserly old ninnies?

The slowly accumulating contempt of years of poverty bloated his anger into a frenzy. How he hated those swindlers and all the rest of their tribe! If he could put them in their places just one time! If the public could be made to see them in their true light! He could die in peace then.

"Six hundred I'm bid; who'll make it seven?" the auctioneer continued. "Six hundred; do I hear seven," he shouted, his eyes fixed on Morton.

The face of the relief worker grew red. He gritted his teeth. His whole being bristled with the anger which surged through his body into his face. Look at Morton, at the tenseness in his face. He was afraid they would run it up on him. Afraid he would have to pay a little something for the house. Morton—praying in the church on Sunday, buying up foreclosed land on Monday, buying votes to get to the legislature, giving away parks to get out of paying income taxes—

And old Wilcox over there. The

gaunt old miser. Buying up bankrupt land until he owned half the county, voting against an air port, against old age pensions, school taxes, against anything that might yank some of the dough from his over-stuffed pockets.

The relief worker shuddered. The things his family had to eat. Those men ought to know how it feels to see their own children sit down to a meal of fat back, greens, and the other rough stuff which the relief store doled out each week. They ought to know how it feels to be chased from one dump of a house to another by grasping landlords—houses within spitting distance of Negro shanties. Sometimes he wished he were a Negro—a low-down, good-for-nothing Negro—lying around on a pile of filthy rags, drinking foul whiskey, working at the factory for some slave driver.

The cry of the auctioneer shocked him back to his senses.

"Seven hundred; who'll make it seven fifty? Who'll make it seven fifty, gentlemen? Do I hear seven fifty? Seven hundred I'm bid. Seven, seven, seven; who'll say seven fifty?"

A relief worker couldn't bid on a doll house. Relief worker. Wouldn't he ever get used to being on the relief, or being called a "gov'ment worker?" Some said "government employee." Why, that sounded as if he were a senator or something. Government employee, hell! He was more like a prisoner serving a stretch on the road. One walked up to a desk in the Federal building and told his tale of woe. They asked him silly questions. "Had he lived in the city as long as six months?" As if the length of time he had been in their dirty town had any connection with the state of his stomach. Investigations in the way of mysterious telephone conversations were made. Then

a sour-faced woman handed him a card, said "Report to Mrs. Brown at 812 Maple Avenue in the morning. Be there at seven-thirty. It will mean three or four hours' work." Sometimes one got a card the next day. Mr. Jones might want his garage painted. Morton and Wilcox never wanted anything done, though. They'd hire men who already had good salaries. Then there were so many days when one didn't get a card. Meanwhile, his little bunch at home was eating fat back and soggy, crumbly corn bread, made without an egg.

"Seven fifty; who'll make it eight?" Again the raucous voice of the auctioneer aroused him from his thoughts. It awakened and routed out of his subconscious self something akin to the force which sends soldiers charging into battle, or drives men to murder. Seven hundred. The thought of it caused the anger to mount into his face. Seven hundred green bills. Seven hundred written in neat figures in a bank book, a bank book with his name on it. What could he do with seven hundred dollars? He could rent a house, a house on a decent street, a house without cracks through which the daylight could be seen. He could buy wholesome food for his children, a warm coat for his wife—

If he could only show them up. Morton and Wilcox—the graspers. Show the town that they were conniving thieves, robbing folk of their homes. Maybe then they would have to learn how it feels to have the bread give out when one is still hungry, how it feels to have people say: "There goes Pete. He used to make speeches to the unemployed. Now nobody will even give him a job. He's a trouble-maker."

"Seven fifty; who'll make it eight? It's a song at eight hundred—eight,
(Continued on page 23)

Lament

J. STUART GILLESPIE, Jr.

I

I'm bad.

I ain't never been no good

Just workin' and slavin'

Day in, day out.

I ain't never asked nobody for favors

And I don't need none in return.

Ma used to tell me

I ought to study, and be bright and

Maybe someday, I'd be a great man,

Like Lincoln.

But I never paid no attention to Ma

She was allus tryin' to larn me

How to read, an' write, and be educated

Like them folks she washed for on the hill.

She was allus bringin' high class things back

For me to read.

But I never read 'em—

I hated books.

I was more like my ole man, I guess

He was allus sittin' around the hut

Or under the trees when it was warm enough—

Drunk, for the most part, I reckon.

But I liked Pa.

He never tried to teach me nothin'.

He'd just sit there, with his dirty old bottle

And hum some old song

And when I got big enough,

He used to tell me stories

About some wench he never married.

And I'd laugh when he did.

'Cause I really didn't know what he was rantin' about.

One hot summer day

He gave me a drink.

It wasn't much, just a smeller, as he called it,

But I liked it all right.

Later on, when he was dozin' off,

I took another shot.

Yep, I liked Pa a heap sight more'n Ma,—

But, I was young and ignorant, then.

II

Once I came home drunk.

It was an awful night

I'll never forget it.

The wind was blowin' and whistlin'

And the rain was comin' down in buckets

And I was soakin' wet.

It must have been way past two—

Ma was waitin' up for me

Like she allus did whenever I was

Late gettin' in.

"Where you been, son?" she asked, in a tired,
toneless voice—

I staggered towards her, "What the hell's it to ya?"

And I struck her across the face.

I musta been awful drunk.

I didn't remember a thing after that

Then when she didn't come in to kiss me

I knew I musta done somethin' awful

And I began to sober up.

I got up and went to the dingy, little hole

Where she slept

But she wasn't there. . . .

I musta knocked the poor old soul down

'Cause when I found her

She was lyin' on the floor

In the hallway, where she had waited for me.

One leg was twisted behind her,

And there was a little blood on the floor.

I shuddered when I saw it

Blood always made me shudder.

I had to wake Pa

And we carried the body to my cot.

I told him to get Doc Brown while I waited with her.

I'll allus remember those last moments.

She looked so peaceful, lying there on the bed,

Just as if she was restin'

Her face was a little wrinkled,

I guess that was 'cause she'd had a heap o' worries,

And she looked kinda tired like,

And her little hands were awful shrivelled

As if she'd had 'em in a dishpan of hot water all her life.

Poor Ma, she allus worked too hard.

It seemed like ages 'fore the old Doc arrived.

I guess the storm musta delayed him a bit and then, too,

Pa had to go to the Steven's big house on the hill

Where Ma worked

To use the phone.

We didn't have one 'cause

We was jus' poor white trash.

It was all over so quick like.
 The Doc only just bent over Ma
 And put his head against her breast.
 It couldn't taken more'n o couple of minutes,
 And when he did straighten up,
 He looked awful grave
 An' I saw him glance at Pa.
 I couldn't hear all that he said 'count o' how hard it was
 Rainin' out.
 But I did hear him a tellin' Pa
 That she wouldn't never get up again.
 First, I thought he meant that she was goin'
 To be a cripple.
 Poor Ma, and she was allus so busy. . . so active. . .
 And then, suddently I knew what had happened. . .
 Ma wasn't just sick, she was . . . was . . . dead! . . .
 Ma. . . was. . . dead! . . .

My head began to get awful faint like
 And I fealt sick in my belly.
 My throat got all thick and choked up
 And I wanted to cry.
 I tried somethin' terrible not to
 But I jus' couldn't seem to keep the tears back. . .
 Pa and the Doc
 Musta thought I was a sissy.
 But I didn't care,
 I didn't care what anyone thought. . .
 There was poor Ma lyin' on the bed
 Dead.
 And I. . . I had done it. . .
 I had killed her. . . I. . .
 My own, poor, Ma. . .
 My own. . . Ma. . .

The next thing I knew
 I was kneelin' on the old floor
 By the side o' the cot
 And my face was buried in the folds
 Of her torn old dress.
 Someone tried to pull me away
 But I only clutched at her hand,
 Her cold, lifeless hand. . .
 "Oh, God . . . forgive me . . . I didn't mean to do it. . .
 Honest I didn't, honest. . . only please. . . please
 Forgive me, . . . Oh Ma! . . . Ma! . . .

III

Ma didn't have much of a funeral.
 Pa didn't have no money and we had to use everything
 Ma had saved.
 I didn't have no kin folks,
 That is, no one 'cept Pa
 And he wasn't no damn good.
 The Stevens' were real nice

And the day she was put away
 In the old, mud covered ground
 Next to the apple orchard she'd loved so much,
 They sent us a whole basket full o' grub.
 I guess they musta felt sorta sorry for us
 Not havin' no woman in the house
 To look after us.

I allus liked the Stevens after that.
 They was sort of human and kind,
 And they took a li'lle interest in me
 Even if I was just poor white trash. . .

It's been 'bout three days now,
 Since she's been gone
 But it seems a heap sight more'n that—
 As if it was three years.

I wonder if Pa's in bed, the good for nothin'
 Son of a bitch!
 I don't care if he never gets up,
 Do ya' hear me, Ma? . . .
 I don't care if he never gets up. . .
 Never! . . . Never! . . .

It sure is plenty cold in this Goddam hole,
 I wish that confounded rain would quit.
 It's been rainin' ever since
 Ever since. . . Ma died.
 Yea, ever. . . since. . . Ma. . . died. . .

Ain't it never goin' to stop ?
 Just keeps reminding me of . . . of . . .
 Oh, God, can't you make it stop?
 Can't you make that sun come out again?
 Shore, ya' can!
 It wouldn't take much, if you really wanted to do it. . .
 Yea, I know what you're thinkin' . . .

I know I'm rotten. . .
 Rotten as any man 'round
 And I've stolen, an' been wicked
 With bad women.
 An' I ain't never been to church,
 Nor said my prayers or read my Bible,
 Like I oughta. . .
 But honest God, I ain't really bad,
 Honest, I ain't. . .
 But I'll begin all over again.
 I'll work, and save,
 An' I'll even be decent
 Like Ma wanted.
 And I won't take nuthin' more to drink, never. . .
 Only please, God, . . .
 Don't let it rain no more!

Captain Masque

MARGARET ISAAC



The story so far: Helen Morris who assists a magician in a company of traveling performers meets a stunt flyer, Captain Masque who joins the company while they are playing at Coney Island in the summer of 1920. During the course of their friendship, Helen learns that his real name is Douglas Gordon and that he was a Captain in the aviation corps during the war. On a long trip to Atlanta, the Captain tells Helen the story of his college days at Yale, about his cousin, Mary Allan, his roommate, Jim Bennett, and his roommate's sister, Jean Bennett; of his marriage to Jean during the war in France; and of his being wounded and taken to the private hospital of his friend the Vicomtesse de Chambrier. The Captain asked Madame de Chambrier to find his wife and she, unable to delay longer, is forced to tell him the truth. The story continues:

"'I have news of your wife, Douglas,' she answered me hesitantly, 'but it is sad news. She was killed in an air raid on the train she took to Paris.'

"That stunned me so that I really don't know what occurred from that moment until hours later. Madame told me afterwards that I seemed to lose the will to recover and that she and the doctors feared that there was nothing they could do for me without it. I guess it did make me bitter. It was the first time I had ever heard of a man's coming through a war and finding that his wife had been killed. I was miserable myself, and I must have made life uncomfortable for all those around me. When I think of it now, I wonder

how Madame ever put up with me; but she seemed to understand. I was at her chateau for about ten months, and when I left the doctors told me that I must not fly. I left as soon as I could. I couldn't stay and sponge on the Vicomtesse and I wanted to be doing something. Idleness gave me too much time to think and my thoughts were never very pleasant ones. Before I left, the Vicomtesse gave me Jean's coat and watch and the last letter she had received from me, which the war department had sent to the hospital when Madame made inquiry about Jean. Now, when I think of Antoinette de Chambrier, I am ashamed of the way I took Jean's death. After all, she had lost the two people dearest to her and I must have made her feel pretty badly about it.

"I went to Paris after I left Madame and I found conditions there so changed that it seemed like a different place; and I came back to America on the next ship that sailed. On the way over, I asked a table mate about my father and found that he had made money on the war and was one of the few successful business men left. I was too stubborn to go home after the way he had treated me so I set out to find a job as soon as I landed in New York. I tried place after place and was laid up in bed for several days recovering from the exertion. It was then I realized that dugout surgery was not the best in the world and that it was more than likely that I would always feel the effect of it. There did not seem to be anything in the line of work I was fitted for except flying and I knew what the doctors had said about that, but they were beginning to fly the mail over here and pilots were in demand; so I applied for one of those jobs any-

The dramatic escape of three people from the effects of post-war despondency.

way. As soon as I found out that a doctor's examination was necessary in order to land the job, I knew my goose was cooked. And I was right; they turned me down. I didn't know which way to turn after that; and when I met McLain in the lobby of my hotel one day and found out what kind of a show he ran, I asked him to try me out. He always had one eye out for material and he agreed. The show was playing Coney Island then and I stunted the first time there. McLain gave me the job and I made up that name, *Captain Masque*, to keep anyone from knowing about me. McLain warned me that I would have to fly rented planes or have the mechanics take them from place to place for me and I agreed to that. I was so damned glad to find something to do that I think I would have agreed to anything.

"That's my story, Helen," he concluded. "I have kept you from your supper. I'm sorry."

I don't know what I answered then. It was late and I wanted to think about what he had told me; so I didn't stay much longer. When I left his room, the other people in the car stared at me, probably thinking all kinds of things about the Captain and me, but I didn't care. I knew our relations were purely friendly ones and that's all that mattered to me. My berth was made down and I crawled into it and lay still, thinking. I didn't expect to go to sleep but I did.

When I awoke next morning, we were in the yards at Atlanta. I was too busy that day and for weeks after to see much of the Captain. I had to spend all the spare time between performances and on the train rehearsing a new trick for the act.

On our way back north in the middle of the summer, we were going to fill a big contract in Philadelphia. We went through Baltimore in the morning and had a lay-over waiting for a through train to pass us. I saw the Captain get off and buy a paper in the station and thought nothing of it. It was just one way to pass the time. I did not see him again until we got off in Philly that afternoon. The expression on his face haunted me when I saw him; and though I was near enough to him to see that a letter in his hand was addressed to the Baltimore *Sun*, he did not speak to me. He did not even seem to see me. I could not help wondering what he had seen in that paper to upset him, and I had enough curiosity to go and buy one at the nearest newsstand.

There was nothing I could see in it that should make him write to the paper and I thought what a fool I was to even imagine any connection between that paper and the story he had told me on our trip to Atlanta. Anyway I watched him stunt that afternoon and he came so near a crack-up that I knew something was wrong. After that, he had papers sent to him through the insurance company and he bought the *Sun* when we were traveling from place to place too fast for them to reach him promptly. I had dropped my copy of the edition that bothered him in my bag and one day when I was packing, I picked up a sheet of it to wrap around a pair of shoes. A name seemed literally to jump off that printed page and hit me in the face. I dropped the shoes and read the paragraph in a gossip column. It had a double attraction for me because I knew both parties concerned. It was just a short paragraph containing the supposition that the widow of the late Capt. Douglas C. Gordon was about to become engaged to John Wilkinson, prominent Baltimore banker and financier. I felt that I knew Jean Gordon after I heard her story and I had known John since grammar school days. I

wondered what Doug would do. It was obvious that he did not intend to go to see her right away and I wondered why. The more I thought about it, the more I thought I knew. I will never be certain because I never asked him and he did not volunteer the information but I think I know what was going through his mind. Being sensitive as he was and finding almost conclusive evidence that his wife had gotten over grieving for him sufficiently to fall in love with another man, he was thinking only of her and how she might have what she wanted. I guess he figured that he had caused her enough trouble and that if she wanted to marry again, he would not stand in her way. I'll always believe that his first impulse was to see her immediately but he had long enough to wait after the train pulled over on the siding and during the subsequent trip to Philadelphia to reconsider. He must have decided to keep track of her through the Baltimore paper and clear the coast for her to marry again when he was sure she wanted to. They were nice morbid thoughts I was having but they were based on fact. He had been obviously more reckless and more nervous since that day in Baltimore; but nothing happened.

I often looked through his discarded copies of the paper and once or twice I bought a copy for myself. When we were making a slow trip from Boston to Washington playing smaller towns on the way, my search was rewarded. There was an item in the same column about Jean Gordon stating that she was taking a job in Washington at Emergency Hospital and there was apparently no romance brewing. My feelings were mixed when I saw that. . . I felt both sorry for John and glad for Doug; but I think my happiness for Doug was greatest. I went in to see him on the train and asked him if his Baltimore paper had come yet. He seemed surprised and said that it had not and I showed him the item in



mine. He looked even more surprised, if that were possible.

"How the devil did you know about that, Helen?" he asked me.

I answered him evasively. "I buy the paper sometimes. I used to live in Baltimore."

"Holy mackerel, what a difference that makes to me!" he exclaimed. "Let's see . . . we play Buffalo this afternoon . . . then Jersey City . . . Trenton . . . Wilmington . . . Say, it'll only be about ten days before we play Washington."

"That's right," I affirmed. I don't know why but I was not as glad as I had been before.

"I'll write to her at once," he said, taking out his fountain pen. "No . . . I'll go and surprise her like I did when I returned from Germany. When do we get in Washington?"

"At two o'clock in the afternoon and you're on at three," I answered hardly knowing that I spoke.

"I'll go right after that performance. I don't know how she survived that air raid, but I will in ten days. Ten days! God, I can't believe it!"

I left the room and I don't believe he even knew I was gone. I went in the wash room and cried. I guess it was just nervous excitement.

The day we arrived in Washington was cloudy and cold. It was getting on towards November and we had had several bad bits of weather. We all went over the river to Bolling Field for the stunt flying. Temporary grandstands had been put up and a good crowd was expected. The Captain had been in a nervous tension ever since he had heard the good



news and that day he was so excited it had made him ill. His performances had been all right, though; so I did not worry about him. That day at Bolling Field I was standing by the hangers when he went up. As soon as he started stunting, I noticed that bit of unnecessary recklessness that he sometimes displayed. He was keeping the crowd of people on the edge of their seats. The plane spun, went into a falling leaf, and did a barrel roll almost too near the earth. It climbed, the straining motor singing into the wind and then it went into an outside loop. About half way around, the Captain cut the ignition switch and the atmosphere so suddenly silent was charged with expectant uncertainty. Standing by the main hangar, I watched the gyrations of the falling plane. I glanced at the set mask-like faces of the people in the stands. I looked back at the plane and my heart leaped into my mouth. I had a sensation as if needles and not streams of blood were running through my veins. And the tense silence was broken by a splintering crash. A woman fainted in the stands, several others screamed and the shriek of a siren became momentarily more shrill. I heard someone say "There's an ambulance here. They always have one on the field when those fool pilots stunt in Jennies." A white-coated interne brushed by me and went into the hangar to the phone booth. I was glued to the spot, too dazed to move. The interne had returned to the ambulance and it was leaving the field when I came to myself enough to hail a taxi from the line of cabs

waiting for the crowd to break up.

"Follow that ambulance, driver!" I ordered. "Where do you think it is going?"

"Emergency Hospital," was all he had time to answer.

We couldn't keep up with the ambulance but we went as fast as we could. When the cab skidded to the curb in front of the hospital, I pushed a bill into the driver's hand and rushed up the steps. At the desk I asked for Captain Masque and no one seemed to know anything about him but they promised to find out for me. While I was standing there wondering if I had come to the wrong hospital, a doctor came in and asked the girl at the desk to tell Mrs. Gordon to come down at once.

I almost forgot what I had come for when I heard that name. All I could think of was that I was going to see Doug's wife. There was only one nurse on the next elevator and the doctor's expression told me that it was she. I could do nothing but stare at her. She was small and slender with wavy golden brown hair knotted neatly under her cap. She had large brown eyes that looked so worried that I wondered if she already knew; but the moment the doctor spoke, I knew that she didn't.

"Mrs. Gordon," he said, "about that Bolling Field accident case to which you were assigned. The patient died in the ambulance so I am giving you the little boy in 104. It's a mastoid case. You'll start now and be his special day nurse as long as he needs one."

"Yes, Doctor Shaefer, I'll go right in." She seemed relieved and went down the hall and into a room at the end of it.

The girl at the desk turned to me. "I am sorry, Miss," she apologized, "but that was the case you asked me about."

I was too stunned to speak. One of the nurses took me in a waiting room and gave me a dose of amonia. For a moment I thought I should tell Mrs. Gordon about it but

I decided it would be best to leave it as it was.

After that day I worked on like a machine, hating my job because of what work in that company had done to Doug. Three months later, I found the courage to quit and use what little I had saved to get a better job. My stopping then was a good thing. I didn't find anything for a time and I was beginning to despise my false courage when I got a small secretarial job with the government and went to Washington. I had a little apartment and made some friends. I was gradually regaining something I had great need of and was losing, my self-respect. I knew then that I had been inwardly ashamed of my job. Those secret misgivings had been the basis of my friendship with Doug. I was surprised when I found another of my own kind in a job of that sort and proud that he had recognized my superiority over those around me. His being there blinded me to the shame of my cowardice in hiding behind a position like that. I had found it and taken it in a moment of despair and had lacked the courage to start out again. But water finds its own level and so do people in time. I met men in whom I could take genuine interest and women who did things and were somebody. As much as I cared for Doug, I believe now that his was a form of bitterness and weakness too. A man of his education and talents could have found something else. It was the sudden let-down from the excitement of the war; and on his part, grief and illness too.

My new life was refreshing. I met and fell in love with a Doctor George Haynes. After six months of going around together pretty constantly, we became engaged. Little by little the events of that strange period in my life were becoming a closed chapter when one day, George and I went on a house party at Ocean City, Maryland, and the pages were turned back again. After dinner on Friday night, we were sitting around on the screened porch of the cottage talking

with the other guests when John Wilkinson and Jean Gordon came in. I met her then formally. She had reconsidered and was going to marry John but her love and enthusiasm struck me as being a little artificial. I liked her though! I talked alone with her several times during the week we were there. I made it a point to be nice to her and to cultivate her and it was not hard. She was friendly and likable, even lovable. I could see easily that she had the charm and appeal that inspires love and devotion. John adored her. The merest stranger could have divined that if he saw them together. I was not so sure of Jean's love for John. I found that she had given up her job and was to be married in October. John interrupted our conversation once when we were talking about the wedding.

"I wanted to be married in September but Jean preferred October," he said, standing behind her chair and patting her head as one might indulge a child. "She's full of little whims and prejudices like that!"

Jean dropped her eyes and toyed with a ruffle on her dress. I understood at least that whim; why she preferred not to marry twice in the same month.

Before we left the beach I had asked Jean to visit me and she had accepted. We saw a lot of each other before and after her marriage. Once about a year ago when John went away on a business trip, I went over and stayed with Jean for two weeks in her home in Baltimore. She seemed restless but not unhappy. She was thinner and more nervous than when I saw her before. We had become extraordinarily good friends in the six months I had known her. I wondered if she thought she knew me well enough to tell me her side of Doug's story. It was not curiosity alone that moved me but the hope that if she would tell someone, it might make her feel better. I tried to lead up to talking about the war by telling something about myself and my canteen work and how terri-

bly let-down I felt after it was all over and I could not find anything to do. I did not tell her about my job because I was ashamed to. I realized in that moment that she might even have lost some of her illusions about Doug if she had known about that period in his life. The old saying that confidence inspires confidence must be a true one; because before I left, she told me her side of that story. It all coincided with the one Doug had told me until it came to the point of his accident. There my interest was awakened and I listened to it very closely. It seems that she returned to the original hospital after two weeks at the one nearer the front. She arrived late at night and was put to work at once at the third floor night desk. While she was sitting there wondering how long it would be before she could see her husband, a nurse asked her to make a list of missing people for the Paris office of the war department and the nurse gave her a box containing letters, pictures, identification tags, and the like to get the names from. In that box, she found her husband's identification tag and that of his gunner. She became hysterical and the people at the hospital found out from some of the things she said that she was married. They told her she would have to go home at once because of the regulation against having young married women at the front. The morning she left was in the early fall and it was unusually cold for that time of the year in France. Jean and Frances Ellis, a nurse going on leave, planned to take the eleven o'clock train together. Frances had to do some errands in the village and had only a light spring coat and it was terribly cold and windy; so she borrowed Jean's heavy coat and promised to return it on the train. Jean did not mind because she was not planning to leave the hospital until train time so she lent her the coat. After Frances had gone out, Jean finished her packing and missed her watch and a letter from Doug which she remembered



leaving in the pocket of her coat. She had dropped the watch in her coat pocket because the crystal was broken and she was afraid that she would break the hands too if she wore it. After she remembered where it was, she did not worry about it because she knew it would be on the train.

Jean left the hospital half an hour before train time and walked toward the station. On the way she saw a man who had been in Doug's patrol at the time of the accident. She ran across the square and stopped him to find out all she could about Doug. It was so cold that they went into the canteen to talk. He told her what he knew of the accident, but he thought Doug was killed and said so. Not having her watch, Jean did not realize how late it was getting to be and she missed the train. That train was bombed in an air raid and Frances was killed wearing Jean's coat with the letter and watch in the pocket. Jean herself knew nothing about the accident until she came to the place where they were repairing the track next day. There had been other trains through there and Jean never thought about the wreck being that of the train she had missed. When she arrived in Paris, she went to the place where Frances had planned to spend her leave. She found that the people were still expecting her but that she had not come. Jean began to be worried about her and went to inquire about the train that was wrecked. She learned that it was the train Frances was on; but when she asked the

(Continued on page 24)

Mountain Woman

Face furrowed
With an age-old tracery of wrinkles.
Back stooped
From struggle with a barren soil.
Your fingers bony, gnarled, and dark with earth stain,
Your step a dull, flat tread that shouts of weariness.
Sullenly you barter with the world.
Stolidly you stare it eye to eye.
There is no light or laughter in your face.

Was there no laughter in your youth at all?
Has nothing touched your woman's heart?
Has grappling with crude elements of life
Crushed passion in you from its very start?

Glance sceptical,
With a marked hint of disbelief.
Mouth guarded
With a fear of giving self away.
No emotion here unless defiance.

Sphinx of desert! Riddle of mountain, you!
Can a mountain do this thing to you?
The self-same mountain that inspires a thousand men?

Sullenly you barter with the world.
Stolidly you stare it eye to eye.
There is no light or laughter in your face.

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-take it from me
Chesterfields Taste Better





A Youth

All people say that I am good and clean
Because I do not do the carnal things
That others do. They have not read or seen
The cost: a soul that's cowed; that never sings;
A heart not glad, but painfully alone;
Imagination chained by ignorance;
As much a symbol of a life as bone—
Like eager feet that do not know dance.
If they so treasured me that I should be
Thus guarded, then I lost to be so dear.
For now desires that ever surge in me,
Inherent powers, are crushed by fostered fear.

When selfishness disguised as love sets guard,
The life it seeks to rule from life is barred.

EDWARD POST

Isle of Human Foolishness

G. E. HEWITT

Another discourse from Mr. Hewitt's Dreams of a Maniac.

I have become so used to changing into strange things at the most unexpected moments that I am somewhat surprised upon this occasion to find myself not only a human being, but the same one that I was an hour ago. At least the geographical location has changed, that is some satisfaction. I am sitting in a small boat off the coast of a subtropical island; with me is Professor Brown, the world's most degreed scientist. He holds the degrees and titles: The right (and left) Hon. Rev. Dr. Prof. Brown, A.E.I.O.U., F.O.B., C.O.D., C.C.C., F.E.R.A., N.R.A., B.S., M.D., A.B., LL.D., Ph.D., D.D., S.A.P., N.Y.U., U.S.A., R.S.V.P., C.M.T.C., P.D.Q., R.F.D., A.D., B.C., A.M., P.M., S.P.C.A., S.W.A.K., U.S.S.R., P&G, W.E.A.F., K.D.K.A., W.F.B.L., NaCl, H₂SO₄, Hcl, W.C.T.U., Doz., etc. At the present moment we are preparing to go ashore on a hunting trip for some rare animals, so I think I shall leave the rest of the story until I return. After all, it hasn't happened yet.

• • •

I was somewhat at a loss concerning the exact nature of the beasts that we were supposed to capture, but not long after having set foot upon the island I was enlightened. "The first beast," said the professor, "that we must capture is the pink-eyed whifflegoof, sometimes better known as the religio bird; in all probability we shall at the same time be able to obtain a specimen of a whufflegiff if we are carfeul."

"And what, may I ask, are whifflegoofs and whufflegiffs?"

"Why my dear fellow, don't you have any knowledge of psychohomozoological science? The whifflegoof and whufflegiff are two very rare species of parrots, which are for some

strange reasons always found in the same bush. They remain in each other's vicinity primarily because both of them like to eat the fruit of the quarrel-bush, and neither is willing to leave before the other unless the tree is dead. Te quarrel-bush has two top branches; one bird sits on one and the other bird sits on the other, and from these perches they ignore each other but talk to themselves alternately by the hour, each loud enough so that the other can hear. Each bird, although he pretends not to, always listens in the hope that the other will change his conversation, and each is always disappointed because the other always says the same thing. That is why the birds are rather hopeless as pets; their speech is so monotonous."

"But what, may I ask, is the nature of this unusual conversation?"

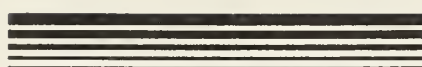
"That is simple enough; the athie, or whiffleguff, first says, 'Poor Goof, he certainly is bad off. Thinks there is a God. I guess people like that just haven't thought about the matter. Why, consider valence, and the atomic theory of matter in chemistry, that explains everything and proves there can't be a God. Religious people certainly are narrow-minded.' Then the whifflegoof, or religion bird says, 'Poor Guff, he certainly is bad off. Thinks there is no God. I guess people like that just haven't thought about the matter. Why, consider valence, and the atomic theory of matter in chemistry, Gods own laws, proving there must be a God. Atheists certainly are narrow minded!' That is about as far as the conversation ever goes, and save for a little time spent in eating the two birds are inclined to sit on that same bush for as much as fifty years at a time; each throws away a life worrying about the

other's chances of getting in a point that might have a basis of fact, which neither can do."

"But what if the bush grows up, or branches out, or what if it dies, don't the birds move to other branches?"

"Don't be absurd. The birds always pick a quarrel bush of a species that never grows. It simply exists there on barren ground and lives forever without changing. Even the two branches always have the twigs the birds sit on arranged in the same manner, although they are at times farther apart than at others. You can always tell a quarrel bush by the fact that it has a single trunk for the first foot above ground, and then it branches into two, which grow up side by side. Some species of quarrel-bushes always have the branch on one side longer than the one on the other, but that is due primarily to unfavorable environment. Quarrel bushes have a bad habit of sprouting up where they haven't a chance to grow. Another thing of interest about them is that they often have leaves of a fiery red color, and in the slightest breeze the leaves buzz and rattle about until the bush seems to be burning in crimson fire. Well, we had better get started inland."

We accordingly set out into the jungle, intent upon securing either a species of whiffle or some other of the numerous rare beasts that inhabited the island. We crept through the thick growth, as noiselessly as possible so that we might not scare the game, and finally halted for a moment to reconnoitre. "I think," said the professor, "that we may be able to see something of interest in this cleared space ahead. It looks like a good spot." Thereupon we became even more silent as we approached the opening in the forest.



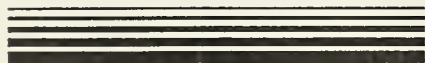
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When we were almost at the edge of the glade I heard a thumping sound, and looking up quickly from the path I saw the queerest looking animal that I have ever had the good fortune to look upon. It was not exactly fat, but the region of the chest was swelled all out of proportion to the rest of the body. It seemed to be some kind of an overgrown rodent, but its markings were rather fantastic for that; around its head ran a swollen ridge, and even more unusual than that was the fact that the animal was wearing a red thing about its neck that looked suspiciously like a necktie and was smoking a huge black cigar. I had little time to make further observations before the beast vanished into a thicket of bragg bushes.

"What on earth was that?" I asked.

"That," said my fellow hunter, was an egot, but we won't have to worry much about him. We can come back tomorrow and capture him without any difficulty, but unfortunately I haven't the equipment with me today. The egot is not at all a rare species, but I certainly would like to see one that could be tamed."

"But what is the nature of the beast, and how will we hunt it? You have no guns on board."

"That is easy; you noticed that the egot was smoking a cigar? Well, that is one way the egot has of satisfying himself; the other is to listen to the praise of a woman. Perhaps that is why women never like cigars; they want all the egot business for themselves. At any rate the egot far prefers woman to the cigars, not because she is woman, but because she is the world's greatest praiser. All I will have to do to hook the egot is to have my egot-gun put together, then it will be a cinch. The egot-gun is an invention of my own, but I assure you that it cannot fail. It consists of a phonograph hidden in the barrel of a shotgun; the phonograph, upon being wound up, is connected so that when I pull the trigger the words "You're wonderful"

will be directed by the barrel at the ear of the egot. At the same time I fire I will hang a woman's picture over the front of the gun. I'll smear on a stack of encyclopedias as high as the empire state building that the egot will be so hypnotized that all we will have to do is put him in a sack and carry him back to the ship."

"Very interesting, I must say; it seems entirely logical. Shhh! What's that thing over there? No, not that way, over there behind that bush. Do you see it?"

"Ah, yes. Very interesting specimen, but we must wait until tomorrow to capture that one too. That is a vanit, sometimes thought to be the female of the egot. They are similar in many respects, but the vanit is best caught with a mirror; there should be a beard hanging from the bottom of it to introduce a masculine element, and the words "You're beautiful" written across the top of it. We can't use the phonograph as we will with the egot, for the vanit would be so anxious to hear the voice she would squeeze into the machine and kill herself. The vanit will never be able to resist our bait, and it will be a simple matter to set a pitfall for her. Even if she saw the pit she would gladly leap into it to get closer to the words of praise. Well, we'd better be getting back to the boat; have a cigar?"

"No thanks. I hate to think of myself looking like an egot with one of those things in my mouth."

"Huh. You idiot! You ought to know that man cannot help his egotism. He can hide it, but it looks worse hidden. Do you think you will resist praise just because you know there is a purpose behind it? Knowing the truth will do you no good; if woman wants you she will have you, and even if you know her methods she is frequently irresistible. Smoke, man, and be happy. The secret of your success lies not in resisting woman's age-old artifices, but in using the same ones yourself. If your wife says "You are wonderful.

(Continued on page 25)

Auction Fever

(Continued from page 11)

eight, eight; will anybody make it eight?"

Eight hundred dollars! What difference did it make to the widow whose home was being sold? That wasn't merely a house to her. It was her home, the place in which her children slept, ate, and romped. It represented her position as a respected citizen. Eight hundred dollars. Just chicken feed to men like Morton and Wilcox. To them, poor people were not people at all, just names on a list to whom baskets must be sent at Christmas. While the poor devoured the contents of their baskets, Morton and Wilcox just as ravenously devoured the newspaper articles telling of their benevolence.

If he had what one of them made in a week—in a day—he could live a year. Not just exist, but really live. Not like a pig in a sty, with people pitying him, calling him a "gov'ment worker." It would be too good to be true to be able to spend this Christmas as he used to, years ago, not to see the minister and several of the women of the church drive up on Christmas Eve with a basket of fruit, a piece of meat, and toys for the children. He hated himself for saying, in answer to their kind inquiries, that he really didn't mind their bringing the things, that he was so glad they had brought toys for his children. What lies! What he wanted to do was hurl the basket at them, tell them to get out, that he was a strong, able-

bodied man, that he would go to the stores and buy things for his family.

"Eight fifty I'm bid; who'll make it nine? It's dirt cheap at twice that. Who'll make it eight seventy-five?"

The relief worker stared at the auctioneer out of glassy eyes. If he heard eight fifty again he'd go mad. He'd fly at the man, choke him, make him swallow the filthy words.

"Eight fifty; eight fifty—"

The number shot through him as an electrical shot.

"Eight fifty; who'll make it nine?"

He couldn't shake off the impulse which clutched him. He didn't want to shake it off. If nobody would make it nine hundred—well, he would. He'd buy the widow's home right out from under the noses of old Morton and Wilcox.

He steadied himself, threw his chest out—"Nine hundred and fifty dollars." The words rang out over the crowd to the auctioneer with frightening reverberations.

People jerked their bodies around to face him. They half gasped, were shocked into dumbness. Look at old Wilcox and Morton. They were looking at him. Their mouths were gaped open. They were looking at each other. Two of a kind—the dirty rats.

"The gentleman over there," the auctioneer said, pointing in his direction, "has offered nine fifty. Will anybody make it a thousand? Nine fifty I'm bid, gentlemen. Are you all done? Nine fifty once, nine fifty

twice, nine fifty third and last time, and sold to—will the gentleman step right up and give his name?"

The gentleman would have run but he was hemmed in by countless of unrelenting eyes. He'd give his name. Just as well go through with it now. What did he care? With a shrug of his thin shoulders he started to edge his way through the crowd to the little man standing there with a handful of papers. The auctioneer had already begun crying for a bid on other property.

"My name is Pete Mason," he said.

"You?"

"Yep."

"Have you got a two fifty deposit?"

Two dollars and a half or two hundred and fifty. It was all the same to him. "No, I haven't. But wait a minute. You just wait until I get it for you."

He sneaked through the crowd, rounded a corner, and ran the two blocks to his house as fast as he could.

A policeman came to his house that night and handed him a warrant written in big, black letters. Calmly the relief worker read these words: "Falsely bidding at public sale."

He faced the judge the next morning after a night spent in jail.

"Why did you bid on the property when you didn't have a cent?" the judge asked.

"Just for fun," he answered, quietly.



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Captain Masque

(Continued from page 17)

officer if the name "Frances Ellis" was listed among the missing, he said no. She never thought about her own name being on the list and she did not hear anything about Frances or see anyone she knew before her ship sailed. When she got to America, she went to Baltimore where she visited some friends. She liked Baltimore so much that she got a little apartment and lived on some money she had inherited from an aunt before the war. She met John and he fell in love with her. That was about two years after the war. She said she was very lonely for her brother during that time. She had never been separated from him before but he had died from being gassed. Doug hadn't told me that but I guess he didn't know it. Jean said she did not love John and when she was offered a job at Emergency hospital in Washington, she took it.

She told me that a peculiar thing had happened there one day. A stunt flyer, Captain Masque, crashed at Bolling Field and the doctor in charge of accidents had given her the

case because she had nursed aero-plane cases during the war. She had a queer feeling about it and it made her remember more than she wanted to about other experiences. But she had never had to take that case because the man had died in the ambulance. She was relieved when she heard it because she wanted to forget the associations with Doug it would have made her remember. She lost interest in her job after that and when John came over and asked her again to marry him, she accepted. She was still wondering if she loved him but she was very fond of him because he was so wonderful to her.

I tried to hint to Jean that she was measuring John by a standard that did not exist in the realm of human beings and that she should forget the past and judge John for himself alone. She wouldn't listen to anything that made Doug any less perfect in her eyes and I was tempted then to tell her all I knew about him. She would have stopped trying to remake John if she heard that but I decided to wait and think it over.

Today I had lunch with Jean Wilkinson and I know she is unhappy and I know why. I know if I should tell her about Doug it would dispel some of her illusions and make her happier in her marriage with John. I have written this whole story as I have heard it so I could weigh the case and see if more would be gained by telling Jean than by not telling her. I know now in my heart that it would hurt her to hear about a part of Doug's life which she did not share but it would change her attitude toward John. It is best that I tell her but who am I to make Doug less perfect to anyone? I could shout his praises from the rooftops! I could never convince Jean that his life was any worse than when she knew him because I would not tell her the truth. I have not told the absolute truth in writing this because I had not the courage to tell it. I don't care now! I loved him! I was his mistress! I can never love George Haynes as I loved him; so why should I expect the same thing of Jean! Yes, I should tell her but I can't, I can't!

The Love of Timothy

(Continued from page 5)

came over and stood very close to him. The nearness of her made him tremble. The smell of her hair was sweet and fresh. "I'll stay, Timothy," she said softly. Her arms were about his neck, her body pressed gently against him. Timothy felt soft warm lips kissing his. He picked her up and carried her to the bed. How light she was, how easily she nestled in his arms. "Timothy," she whispered. He kissed her again.

• • •

The Kid clung tightly to him. She was crying. "I'm afraid," she said.

"You're all right?" he asked, gently.

She buried her face in his shoulder. "It's the first time, Timothy.—You believe that, don't you?"

"Yes," said Timothy, and his voice was very low.

The Kid reached up and drew his head down to hers. She kissed him again. "Do you love me, Timothy?"

When other women had asked him that Timothy had always casually assured them that he did. Now there was a curious tightness in his throat.

"Yes, Kid," he said. "I do love you."

"But you'll be going away soon."

Sudden resolve made Timothy's weak face strong. "I'll tell the Cap-

tain I'm not sailing. Then I'll come straight back to you, Kid. I won't be gone more than an hour. And we'll get married, Kid, if you'll have me. I haven't a cent, but we'll get along somehow."

He dressed quickly. The Kid's eyes were filled with tears when he kissed her just before he left. "I'll be a good wife to you, Timothy," she said.

The Captain stared at him incredulously. "I never thought you'd be one to settle down, Blake," he said. "We're going to miss you, not having you with us any more. And I reckon there'll be a bunch of girls that'll be missin' you too." He chuckled,

and nudged Timothy with his elbow. "Well, son, I don't know whether you can get over the sea that easy or not, but I wish you luck. Wouldn't be surprised if I shouldn't have settled down long ago, too."

On the way back to his room Timothy was troubled. He was giving up the life he had always known for one that was completely strange to him. Suppose he found later that he didn't love her after all. Suppose she should have a baby. He'd be tied down for the rest of his life, and there'd never be any escape. He'd just rot away at some landlubber's job and—"Hell!" said Timothy, "I *do* love her. And she can make me happier than I've ever been. Any-

way, I owe it to her. There's no telling what might happen to the Kid now without me. . ."

Mrs. Kelly greeted him angrily from the doorway. "See here, Mr. Blake, I'll have you know I'm runnin' a respectable house. What do you mean by bringing that little slut in my place and keepin' her here all night?"

Timothy was furious. "Listen!" he said. "I'm going to marry that girl, and if you open your dirty mouth against her again, I'll. . ."

Mrs. Kelly stared at him in amazement. "You're goin' to marry her?" she said. "*Marry her?*" Suddenly she began to laugh. "Well, I don't reckon you will unless you can find her. She

left here right after you did. She stuck her head in the front room as she was leavin' and says 'Tell that guy Timothy not to wait for me too long. And you can tell him this is the first time yet anybody has had me for as little as it cost him.' Then she went on outside. Picked up a man right in front of my house, and they walked off together. And you're goin' to *marry* her!"

Mrs. Kelly was no longer angry. She was too much amused. A relieved smile suddenly crossed Timothy's face.

"I was just joking with you," he said. "*Me* marry? You knew I was sailin' tomorrow on that banana boat!"

Isle of Human Foolishness

(Continued from page 22)

Can I have a new fur coat?," simply reply, "You are beautiful. I'll get myself some cigars instead."

So we went back to the ship, slowly, and in a somewhat thoughtful mood. We passed through funny-looking idiosyncrasy bushes on our way, and through a woods of ration-

alization trees. We saw a few modesties in the trees, peeping out through the leaves with all but their heads concealed; they made funny noises, but for the most part they kept out of sight in order to arouse our curiosity. Gay birds flew off through the jungle as we approached

the edge of the sea again, and once I thought I heard the parrot etiquette far off in the green underbrush saying '*So* glad to know you. You simply *must* come visit us sometime.' I didn't like the sound of that, though. All the hypocrite birds have unpleasant voices. I was glad to get back to the ship.



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David Gunn

(Continued from page 8)

Then with a tight feeling in the region of the heart we pushed her out upon the water. For a moment she floated gleaming and high on the surface. Too high, for slowly she turned bottomside up. For a moment despair settled over me to see the object of all our labor floating ignominiously with her green-painted bottom exposed to the afternoon sun. Not so David. Immediately he decided that what she needed was a motor to furnish ballast.

Encouraged, we pulled her up on the beach and, with the aid of a friendly boatman, installed a second-hand motor which we managed to acquire. Once more we pushed her out on the water. This time she stayed upright although still perilously high.

This time David decided to do something drastic about the situation. A second time we pulled her up on the beach and this time David calmly sawed six feet off the back end and boarded it up again. David insisted on christening her all over again and now called our craft the "Hot Cat, Jr."

I chuckled softly at the remembrance and looked up to find my friend and next door neighbor, Gus Thompson, staring at me. Yet I felt that David, if he knew, would not have minded for he had a real sense of humor himself. In all the time I had known him it had never failed him.

There was the time, in our younger days, when David and I had gone courting two sisters, daughters of a farmer outside of town. I recall the

farmer brought in a jug of hard cider, of which we were expected to partake sparingly. It wasn't a very large jug but it was enough for David. He seemed to be trying to consume it alone. The little party gradually grew hilarious until, when it came time for us to leave, David was in the very best of humor. Throughout the long ride home David sat at my side chuckling to himself but saying nothing. Finally, as we climbed out of the buggy and started unhitching Old Tom, David tured to me and said, "Ben, it sure does beat all how much fun came out of such a little bottle."

The minister's kindly voice brought me back from my reverie. Presently he finished and, in a sorrowful silence, the rest of us approached for a last look at David.

He was dressed in that rusty black suit of his and a black string tie. He had owned that suit for fifteen years but I don't think he wore it more than twice in all that time. Yes, twice was all I could remember. The first was for his marriage to the Widow Brown, and the second was to her funeral. David had always abhorred dressing up for anything. Even on Sunday when going to church, as he did occasionally, he refused to deck himself out in what he called his "glad rags." He preferred to wear his old every-day clothes, contending that he could worship just as well in them as in his good ones. He always said he didn't believe God put much stock in clothes and such; all He cared about was the hearts and souls of His

people. David was not religious, at least not in the old church-going sense.

David used to play the cornet some in his youth and it was the delight of the choir-master of our church to collar David for a Sunday morning solo as often as he could. David didn't mind a bit; playing to an audience had never bothered him. What he really didn't like was the thought of losing a bright and cheerful Sunday morning listening to a dry octogenarian lecture to his congregation for upwards of three quarters of an hour. David used to say that he didn't want his religion given to him in regular doses administered every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock.

One sunny Sunday David had just finished his solo and had settled back in his seat, prepared to endure the sermon. With a clearing of the throat, the white-haired domini thumbed vaguely through his huge Bible, stopped at a page and began, "Simon Peter went a-fishing. . ."

"By Godfrey, that's a good thought," said David to me where we sat in the first pew, and without further ado, he rose, tucked his battered horn under his arm and strode up the aisle and out of the church.

Yes, to some people David Gunn might have seemed queer, but to me he was the most intensely human person I have ever known. And so, that evening as I sat alone in our tiny cottage, for the first time in many years I was lonely; lonely for the kindly companionship of my life-long friend.





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Ballet Biographies

JOHN PEPPER

To those whose sales resistance remained unbent before the persuasive spiel of the dark program vendor at the *Ballet Russe*, and to those who were not fortunate enough to sit beside one who did purchase a program, it may be interesting to review some of the engaging facts which surround Colonel W. deBasil's company of artists.

As such, it is only since 1931 that they can boast the name, for in that year Diaghileff, famous as organizer of the Diaghileff Ballet, died, and Colonel W. deBasil formed a group of Russian singers, along with which appeared a ballet, though one of considerably less intricate perfection and excellence than the present one possesses. This first company, however, served an important interest by continuing Diaghileff's ballet tradition, since Colonel deBasil's ballet used Monte Carlo as its headquarters, as did Diaghileff's, and thus established a link between the old and the new.

That their headquarters are a link in common between the two ballets perhaps terminates the attending resemblances, in a certain sense; for the problem of organization that Colonel deBasil faced was one of creating a company which would be "new and original, but still classical," one which would embody certain artistic differences from the concepts which the former master Diaghileff had employed, and to do this it devolved upon Colonel deBasil to gather about him young talent, but yet names which were in the making, for in their potential fame lay the difference between success and failure, between heavy box office receipts and empty houses.

And by thus choosing his company Colonel deBasil has experienced satisfaction and achievement in such dancers as Tarmara Toumanova, Irina Baronova, David Lachine, and numerous others, most of whom are Russian but not all of whom are, since (to our surprise) we find that there are eight countries represented in the assembled company of artists. Those who are not Russian, however, have rapidly picked up that language during their short association with the Slavonic dancers—possibly in self-defense.

Three of the dancers, Tarmara Toumanova, Irina Baronova, and David Lachine, have especially interesting histories and are especially important to the

Ballet Russe. Tarmara Toumanova (who drew forth the first genuine applause from the audience in the *Ballet Russe* presentation here) is but seventeen years of age, a Russian born in Siberia, and one of the "hits" of the show by virtue of her slender grace and eleven years of uninterrupted dancing; that is, since she was five years old—when her family fled the impoverishment of perturbed Russia and went to Paris, where Tarmara Toumanova's mother put her under the instruction of competent dance artists. She has been with Colonel deBasil since the organization of the Ballet Russe in 1931 and, as you may expect, is the youngest of its dancers.

To Irina Baronova, also a Russian, belongs the advantage of four years (1928-1932) of study in Paris under O. O. Preobrajenska, one of the four prima ballerinas of the Imperial ballet (Russian) who have studios in Paris. Her dancing career began when she was eight years old, and in 1931 she became connected with Colonel deBasil's company, with which in the American tour last year she was an outstanding success.

Another of the *Ballet's* indispensable characters is found in that of David Lachine, who danced with Irina Baronova the love conflict in "Les Presages"—the depiction of passion. He is twenty-five years old and has experienced more actual stage performances than either Tarmara Toumanova or Irina Baronova, thanks to former connections with the Diaghilev ballet and Pavlova's corps de ballet, after study in Paris since he was about ten years old. David Lachine was in Colonel deBasil's opera in 1928, before the present company was in existence.

This present company consists of eighty persons, who have been working together for four years now, has a repertoire of sixty-seven productions; it is a living, growing organization which is making constant provision for the future by keeping a number of children as young as seven years old in Parisian dancing schools.

Compliments go to Leonide Massine, formerly with Diaghilev's ballet, he has created many ballets himself and is instrumental as artistic collaborator, and that René Blum gave Colonel deBasil both moral and financial support when the enterprise was in an inchoate state would be an injustice done to Leonide Massine and René Blum.



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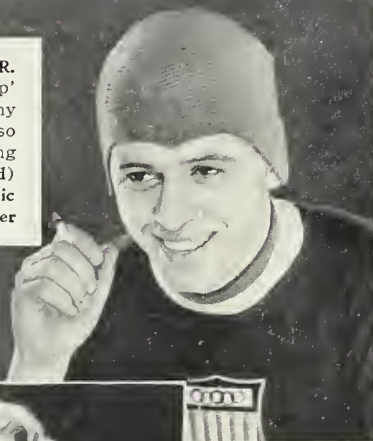
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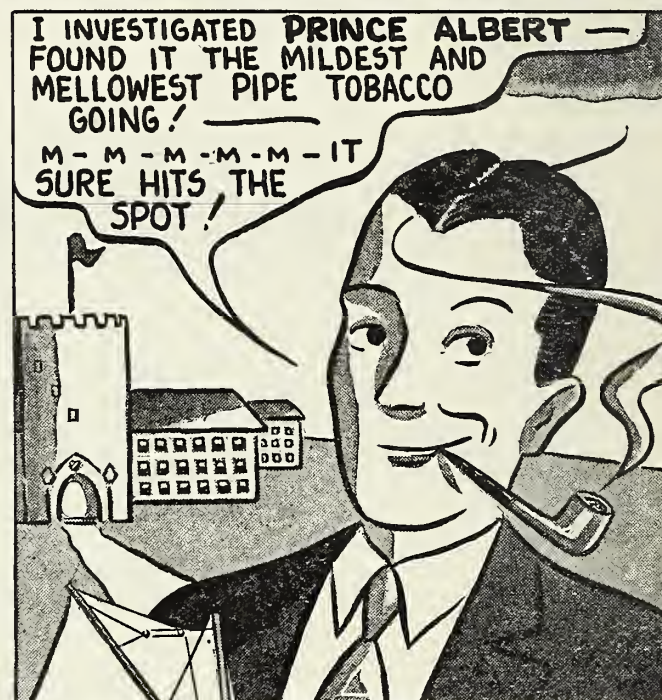
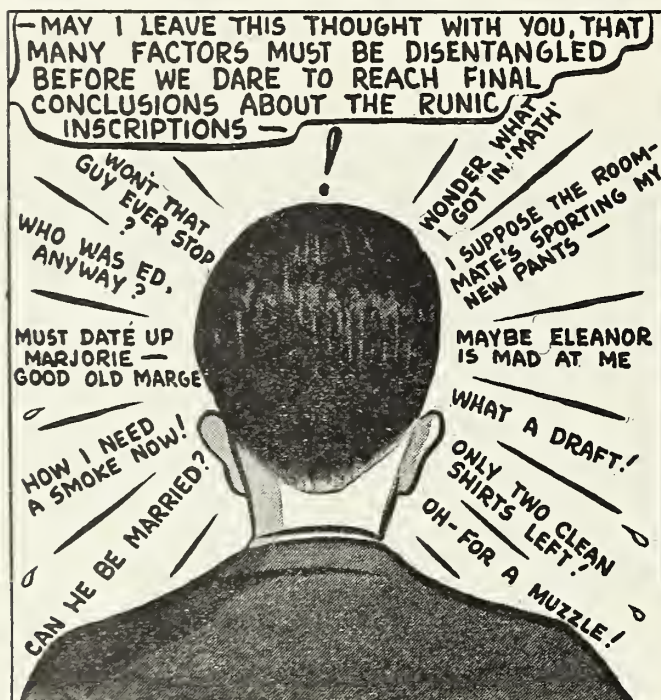
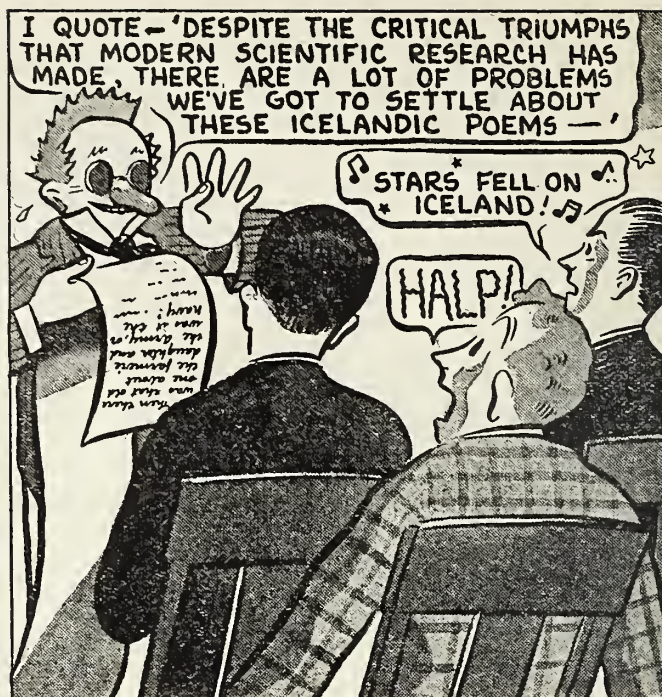
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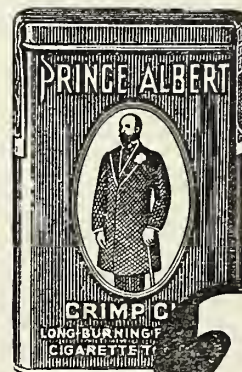
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Moon Island and Beyond

WILLIAM L. HOLLER

Wherein a Japanese warrior becomes an unwilling Crusoe on the island of Tsukishima.



Two squadrons of somber-grey warships stood on the horizon to the east of Tsukishima, a Japanese possession. The day was dawning, and the copen-blue sea was calm. The dreadnoughts, increasing in size rapidly, were steaming for the east coast of Tsukishima, a Pacific island, which had two very high mountain ranges running the length of it, ending in Mt. Yashikoko, a dead volcano, snow-capped the year around. The ranges divided its 1100 square miles into uninhabited tropical forests on the east and a seaport, Tsuki-Wan, a modern manufacturing and winter-resort city, and a naval base and coal-ing station on the western half, according to the British Geographic Society.

The battleships now loomed dangerously close to the eastern shoals as they rose and fell in the heavy groundswells. Black smoke poured from the funnels of the monsters. Both squadrons were the Silver Fleet of the Japanese Navy, engaged in sham-war maneuvers; they were bent on capturing Tsukishima, a possession of the Golden Fleet. The inharmonious grating of iron against steel as the anchors plunged downward carried through the forest to the foothills. A medley of strange wild cries of tropic birds screamed a protest against the unusual disturbance.

After the boats were beached in the

sand, the companies of bronze-faced sailors disembarked and advanced through the green belt of cocoanut palms, and disappeared in the forest growth. Now that Tsukishima was captured, the landing forces were going to execute a few sham-battle drills. The sun had risen in a cloudless sky.

Behind the southern beach the two furthest platoons were deployed, and the last machine-gun company, the Ninety-fifth Dragons, from the battle cruiser H. I. M. S. *Amagi*, was placed between them. As the last battle line struggled along in the undergrowth, the second member of the Ninety-fifth Dragons, Jiro Kobayashi, a petty officer, straggled sadly. Being a veteran campaigner of the bombardment of Chapei, the attack on Shanghai, and six months on the Yangtze, Jiro Kobayashi was rather bored with it all, and allowed his interest to be absorbed, partly, by the wild plant-life.

His much-adored sister, Haru-ko, loved strange wild flowers. She had many specimens in her miniature botanical garden. Jiro knew that just one of these gorgeous plants of "Moon Island" would keep him well-worshiped and well-attended for a year or more at his home in Tokyo.

Kobayashi didn't give a good "*Ima-ima-shiina!*" about this sham-battle. He had served four years and six months of his *Tenno's* conscription service in the *Kaigun*, and had just five months and twenty-three days to do before he would go back to his *obon* making, decorating and lacquering trade, as well as to his creative porcelain-decoration designing, which he expected would one day make him famous.

Not to infer by this attitude that Jiro wouldn't give his life without a thought for the Empire, should it go to war again, any less than he had gladly offered it in the other cam-

paings. His older brother, Taro-San, was killed near Peiping in driving the rebel Chinese forces to the Great Wall, and his entire family was proud of it, and could show anyone that many of their ancestors had given their lives for Nippon.

However, being the second member of the machine-gun outfit, he was at this moment carrying the rifle part of the machine gun, and two blank-cartridge belts—a heavy load for man of Jiro's small stature, though he was strong enough for his twenty-four years—but compulsory duty was far from the glory of voluntarism. A strange wild flower of clashing colors attracted his attention. He lay his gun on a patch of moss, and studied the unique flower with wonder. The odor fascinated him.

It was almost inconceivable to Jiro how this blossom could have within its petals brilliant colors of yellow, lavender, vermilion, blood-red, and a purple center. The outer petals were yellow, that was enough to justify his naming it Tsuki flower; "moon" flower—what better could one expect in the middle of a sham-battle? He must preserve the plant until he could take it to his *Nee-San* in Tokyo. He began digging the dirt away around the roots.

Jiro struggled with the flower until he had it uprooted. Then for the first time during the last ten minutes he realized he was in the midst of war. The deployed platoons were out of sight ahead in the underbrush. Kobayashi grabbed up his part of the gun and dashed after his comrades. He raced along as fast as he could, considering the foliage he encountered. Coming abruptly to a small ravine, he leaped in the air in an effort to clear it, but his trailing foot tangled in several protruding roots, which, with the momentum of his body, whipped him down into the ravine with a terrific force. His head

struck the butt of his gun, and he remembered no more for the time being.

When Kobayashi regained consciousness, he found himself twisted as cruelly as the roots, half upside-down, with his head and foot throbbing with pain. He untangled himself and massaged his swollen ankle. The stillness of the forest startled him. He jumped up and strained his ears, but heard not a sound of his shipmates. How long had he lain there? Don't they make noises in sham-battles? Fearfully he picked up his gun and hobbled in the direction in which he last saw his shipmates, crying as he ran:

"Yamamoto! Help! Taro Hamaguchi! Wait for me! Stop! Matsudaira! Inouye!" But only the sound of his frightened calls echoed back. He came to a halt and listened again. He heard nothing but the faint cry of tropical birds. He must get to the beach. He made a sharp right-angle turn and hobbled as rapidly as he could. His ankle could be sprained only slightly, if at all. He finally worked his way to the row of palms and down to the sand. What he saw left him frozen with horror.

Both squadrons of the fleet were standing out to sea, now very small objects on the horizon. Poor Jiro was frantic. He screamed "Come back! Come back! Yamagata-Taisa! Please come back!" Hurriedly inserting a belt of the blank cartridges, he fanned the gun wildly as he pressed the trigger. The total effect was that the tuk-tuk-tuk of the firing scared the wild life and the recoil caught him off balance and knocked him down in the sand.

Since he was emotionally incapable of anything else for the moment, Kobayashi sat there in the sand and wept hysterically, un-Oriental as the act may seem. He was lost. Marooned on an uninhabited side of an island with an impassable barrier in the center. Marooned on a highly inhabited island with civilization practically unacceptable to him. He cried: "*Kami-yo! Sukui-tamae!*" but God did not help him. He would

never again see his dear *Oka-San*, nor his grey-haired *Otô-San*, nor his sweet *Nee-San*, Haru-ko, nor his sweet-heart, Yuki-ko—only would he soon see his ancestors that were now in heaven. With only five months and twenty-three days to do! It was unbearable. There must be a way back.

With the afternoon mostly gone, Jiro found himself doing nothing but thinking black thoughts on an empty belly, so he went into the undergrowth in search of food.

His meal of mangos, papayas, bananas, and a few berries of an unknown variety was novel enough, but not completely suited to his diet. He took stock of his position as he ate. He had no knife, no fire; only a canteen and the heavy part of a machine gun with blank cartridges, with which he could only scare the birds and drive himself half out of his wits. His position was not so good.

But surely the *Amagi* would send somebody back for him; naturally a battle cruiser with twenty-four hundred men could not be detained for one man. He bent his head back to examine the ranges of mountains. It would take him weeks to cross both ranges and the plateau and get to Tsuki-Wan or the naval base. But he could never do it; some man-eating animal would have finished him long before he could get to the second range. His eye followed the range south. Ah, Mt. Yashikoko stood out in all its snow-capped glory. Sheer vertical cliffs shot up from the sea on the eastern shore to a breath-taking altitude, then took the dip and curve that formed the volcano's mouth. If he only had a knife, or a brush, or his *obon* tools! He could design many masterpieces and take them home to Yuki-ko and Haru-ko. He would be their hero for evermore. "*Ima-ima-shiina!*" he exploded, and forgot the subject. He was just 950 sea-miles from his Tokyo. He knew from the maps that Tsukishima lay in the same latitude as Taiwan, below the Tropic of Cancer, in the longitude of 131 degrees and 28 minutes east—good knowledge for what?

He looked down at his ankle. The

swelling was going down now. Suppose they did send some vessel back for him, how would he explain his accident? Did he have a legitimate excuse? Would they believe him, or would they accuse him of deliberately running away or acting carelessly? Suppose they should court-martial him! Never, they could not do such a thing to Kobayashi. It would kill his family. He would die of disgrace. He left the subject, vaguely uneasy, and went into the hills to look for fresh water; his canteen was running desperately low.

Jiro found a very feeble trickle between two rocks on the hillside. The water was sweet, and he liked it; it tasted like water from an artesian well. The sun had dipped beyond the range, and the deepening shadows had almost caught up with him. He struck out for the beach. The startling call of each wild bird made him jump fearfully. He hoped he would have no unfortunate experience with a flesh-eating animal. This was no place to die unsung.

On the beach he tucked himself in a little dried grass he had gathered. He fell asleep listening to the strange musical quality of a bird's call far over in the foothills.

An hour or two before dawn Jiro awoke with a fearful start. A horrible lot of vermin, larger insects, beetles, were crawling all over him. He was terrified, and jumped up and brushed himself violently all over before the *chikusho* had a chance to bite him, or devour him alive. Then he looked to see what was attacking him, but could see nothing in the darkness.

Kobayashi walked down the beach and sat down, felt about for the horrible beetles, but touched none. This was unreasonable of Tsukishima. He awaited the dreadful vermin to catch up with him, but they did not. He fell asleep and did not awaken until the sun was well up.

Jiro gathered his fruit, finding also some *takonoki* on his morning search, and ate reluctantly and moodily. The *takonoki* was a poor substitute for pineapple. He felt unclean. All the

horrible vermin, crawling, crawling, waiting to feast on him in his sleep. Ugh, they were *chikusho!* no, they were worse than devils, for they would not take so long to eat him. He must take a bath. He would take a swim, and make himself sticky with the dried salt from the sea; perhaps it would spoil the devils' appetite.

Kobayashi finished eating, and walked down the beach. After stripping off his clothes, he waded into the small breakers and scrubbed the garments viciously in the aquamarine foam, keeping his eye out for shell-fish. A little dried salt in his clothing would make him scratch, but it could not be worse than the beetles. By the time Kobayashi had the dripping uniform hanging on a leaning bamboo shoot, his dejection was nearly dispelled. He dashed back into the breakers and swam out to a small coral reef and back, irresponsible enough to forget about sharks and barracuda. A renewal of muscular tone brought with it better spirit. He ran madly up and down a short distance of the white strip of sand several times. The beads of water on his muscular bronze body glistened in the sunlight.

His body was soon dry, the beads of water leaving faint white streaks of salt on the skin. "*Ara-ma!*" he exclaimed aloud, "who cares about a little itching." It would not take the sun long to dry his clothes. Kobayashi walked along the beach looking up at the cocoanut palms. He found one with several large cocoanuts clustered in the top; they appeared to be ripe enough from the beach. Jiro jumped upon the back of the bend of the lower trunk and walked up, balancing himself, until he had to apply his hands and commence climbing. *Ara-ma*, this primitive life wasn't so bad. He began to sing to prove it: "*Suihei, suihei—*" no, no—that sailor song was too wicked. He did not mind indulging in bad songs so long as they did not offend the spirits too much, not to mention his own ears. "*O-ji-san sa-kei-non-dei yo-pa-ra-tei sin-ja-ta!*" The clear tone of those syllables seemed to float all the way back to

the hills. It tickled him. Even the birds seemed to like it. Kobayashi did not think it would hurt to sing about an old man who got drunk on rice wine and died; anyway, it was a beautiful ditty, so he sang it again:

"*O-ji-san sa-kei-non-dei yo-pa-ra-tei sin-ja-ta!*"

O-ba-san so-rei-mi-tei bi-ka-ra-shi-tei sin-ja-ta!"

The singing of it carried him back to Tokyo, reminding him of the fellows—how lustily they would sing it after a cup of *saké!*—the geisha girls, the summer festivals. "*Kuso!* Forget it. Forget Tokyo." He reached the most difficult part of the palm, where it ascended almost vertically. It was necessary to apply all his strength in the climb. His naked bronze skin revealed a steady ripple of muscles as he bent over, going up hand above hand, foot over foot on the semi-smooth, ribbed bark of the palm, until he was forced to straddle and hug the trunk.

At last he was at the tuft of palm leaves in the top; by means of the stem bases he pulled himself up to the cluster of cocoanuts. After resting for a moment, he wrestled with each nut until it was twisted off the stem. He tossed four of the larger ones down to a convenient spot on the beach and descended. His worst struggle was in removing the tough outer covering of the cocoanut. He sweated and swore, finally getting an opening by diving on to it, bayonet-charge fashion, with the muzzle of the gun.

The cocoanuts were not ripe enough for the milk to be much more than water, but he drank it with relish, using the milk of the second to keep from choking while eating the layer of meat in the first. The sun was now overhead. He put on his clothing, leaving the canvas gaiters on the sand, and strolled down to the beach, looking for turtle eggs and shell-fish.

While digging in the sand for eggs, Kobayashi had the intuitive impulse to scan the horizon. He looked up. He thought he saw traces of smoke on the blue rim to the north. It was!

His heart began to pound wildly. He grabbed up the gun and ran down the beach to a rise, half dazed by the supreme hope of being freed of the place. Oh, he knew they would send somebody back for him sooner or later. It was so foolish to think they would forget him.

The ship was well in sight now. It was a Japanese destroyer. Black smoke from the two stacks was tumbling away in the wind, and the white swell from the stern ran high in the blue water, indicating her great speed as she ploughed through the Taiheiyo towards Tsukishima.

Jiro's chest swelled with an indescribable feeling as he thought of Tokyo, his dear *Oka-San*, his sweetheart, Yuki-ko, and his *Nee-San*, Haru-ko. The world was not lost to him after all. Haru-ko! he must take his sister some of those strange flowers! Especially the big golden-rimmed flower he had named after the island, the beautiful Tsuki; it was a gorgeous spectacle; anybody would be proud to have such a wild thing in his garden!

Kobayashi grabbed up his gun and dashed off into the foliage and undergrowth. The varied striking colors of the Tsuki reminded him of the geisha girls' kimonos. When one examined this exotic bloom, which was flat like a sunflower without the seedy center, it gave him an odd feeling of being near to the beyond the Beyond, whatever such a feeling could possibly be. Jiro found one of the other strange specimens before he had gone far. It had dark purple inflorescent blooms that hung down like tiny pagodas, and emitted an almost sickeningly sweet odor. He uprooted it without sentiment and went on.

On the crest of a little hill, about 500 yards from the beach, Jiro found a beautiful specimen of his Tsuki. He would uproot it very carefully and not touch the bloom if possible. As he bent over, the delicate, almost sensuous odor reached his nostrils, and he looked up at the blossom. The flower might as well have been his *Nee-San*, his sister, in all her loveliness. The entire fear of his position

fell upon him, weighing upon him like a spell. Suppose they should accuse him of desertion? What defense could he offer. The swelling of his ankle had gone down; the bruise on his head had almost disappeared. What proof did he have that he did not run away, that he *had* been detained by an accident?

Since he had been conscripted, they would court-martial him like a dog. They wouldn't shoot him or cut off his head, but they would either give him a number of years in a military prison at hard labor, or double his conscription service, which was almost as bad. No, no, that would be unbearable! The disgrace of a court-martial would kill his poor grey-haired *Otô-San*, and his dear *Oka-San* would die of grief. His Yuki-ko would never forgive him, would marry somebody else; his sister, Haru-ko would become ill with grief, as she did when his brother, Taro-San was killed.

"*Kami-yo!*" he cried aloud. How could he get in such a horrible situation! The grating clang and the splash of the dropping anchor startled him. The sudden shrill cries of the birds made him crouch like a frightened animal. The destroyer backed water just beyond the reef. From the shrubbery on the hill he could see the man-of-war plainly. It was the H. I. M. S. *Namikaze*. The men were lowering a boat.

He must go back. Kobayashi started down the hill. They must believe him. It was his only chance of ever getting home again! He must take the chance; it would be sheer cowardice not to do so! He struggled through the underbrush. If they believed him, it would mean home to Tokyo; if they did not, all his family and Yuki-ko would be disgraced. The good name of Kobayashi would be forever defiled with his memory; all his dead ancestors would weep in heaven; they would send down *chikusho* to haunt him. Perhaps the men on the *Namikaze* would believe him, but when they took him back to his ship, the *Amagi*, the *Taisa*, old weazle-face Captain Yamagata, would grin

at him and say: "Dirty Tokyo liar! Court-martial!" And the *Shoshô*, Admiral Maruama, would look at him with glittering black eyes, stroke his thistle-like beard and let out his usual joke, "Many a *good* lie has saved many a *suihei* from a court-martial;" and add, "better have him up to tea tomorrow afternoon, *Taisa!*" "Quite so, *Shoshô-Dono!*" When they talked like that, whatever court they headed found the prisoner guilty.

Kobayashi approached the clearing. That's what happened to Saburo Mitsuhashi! They gave him six years for jumping ship in Honolulu. Oto-



taro Inogato Kashikan got from four to eight years for insulting a *Taii* when he was drunk! But they would not do that to Kobayashi. He *must* take this chance, or lose it forever!

He could see the destroyer very plainly now. It was in the breakers, approaching the beach. The bronze-faced lads in white were pulling the oars mightily to catch the swell and ride in on it. They did, and the boat was beached. They were armed! The *Shoi* was armed with an automatic, and the three men had rifles strapped to their backs! Kobayashi jumped back into the thick herbage. He was thunderstruck. "*Kami-yo! Sukui-tamae!*" he groaned half-aloud. "They have come to take me prisoner! They think I am a run-away! I am lost!" He crept through the foliage back towards the hill as the *shoi* instructed his men.

Jiro heard the men going through the underbrush. They were calling to attract attention—pushing through the forest over to his left. He hid

atop the hill. They were calling him by name now. "Ko-ba-ya-shi! Oh, Ko-ba-ya-shi! Are you there?" They pushed farther over. "Jiro Kobayashi! Kobayashi *Kashikan!* We have come for you! Where are you?" The men shot off their rifles with frightful staccatoed explosions. The wild birds and animals stirred up a bedlam of weird cries.

When the men reached the extremity of the sham-battle site, they started back. "Kobayashi *Suihei!* Are you there?" They became more polite, almost pleading: "Oh, Jiro Kobayashi-San! Jiro Kobayashi-San! Where are you? Call out if you are injured, Kobayashi-San!" He knew the men would cover the hill on their search back; he retired towards the foot-hills, making very little noise.

The sun had gone beyond the high mountain range, and the shadows were deepening, although they had not reached Jiro. The shouts of the men carried back to the foot-hills, then echoing back to Kobayashi. It was all very strange. Nobody had ever made such an uproar over Kobayashi before in all his life. A mixture of emotions was coursing through him, wracking his soul. He could hardly think.

Jiro reached another hill overlooking the coast. The sailors had now reached the other end of the sham-battle site. Shadows had now crept down to the beach. The air was suddenly engulfed in a terrific blast from the ship's whistle, which sounded like the mighty bellow of an injured ox, being followed by two sharp screeches from the ship's siren and another hoarse bellow from the whistle. It was the signal to weigh anchor; a recall for the boat crew. The entire fowl and animal life in the forest seemed thrown out of sorts by the new disturbance. In some sections the sky became dark with crying birds. Kobayashi was frozen to the ground; but the immobility of his body was not indicative of the intense pain he was suffering. This recall affects a *suihei* to his dying day. Seamen blind staggering drunk

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To Every Man—

NANCY HUDSON

Jan liked quiet, so he didn't like women. But—



The shadows of the clear summer twilight sketched the trees in lean, warped silhouettes on the ground, lengthening like harpies growing great on the blood of the dying sun. The greenness of the bushes in Jan's yard was growing dimmer, and his flowers were being shrouded in blue veils of dusk. Manifold crickets called to one another in their cheerful, hoarse little croaks, and from the river came the steady, dreary drone of mosquitos' wings. And the river itself was like the pale belly of a moccasin snake, twisting, sliding into the forest beyond. The first glows of the full moon struck silver glints on the overturned milk pail and the bucket at the well. From the barn came occasional dull thuds as Jan's cows lumbered against the wall in shifting their positions. Jan absorbed it all musingly, half-perceiving, mildly approving. These were the friends of his evenings, of whom he had grown so fondly accustomed that he saw them separately no more. They had long before merged into an harmonious mood, and were to him like warm, living listeners. They were the still outer silence, with its inevitable overtones of murmuring sound. This lat-

ter Jan did not know, nor would he have admitted it had he known, for he was no poet; he only knew that there was something comforting and friendly in all this quiet world that filled his evenings, and that, having it and his dog for companions, he needed no other creature.

Mrs. O'Hara, whose oldest daughter, Katy, was of marriageable age, did not agree with him in this, nor did Mrs. Bailey, the mother of several presentable young ladies. The girls themselves seemed rather to side with their mammas, and quite a number of them made eyes at Jan in church and found occasions to stop him on the street. Jan definitely had no use for girls; they were silly, giggling creatures who simpered when they spoke. After marriage, he had noticed, their simpering shyness rapidly gave way to a more aggressive personality, but he was rather suspicious than pleased at this feminine characteristic. Only once had Jan been brought around in the matter. This had been in the case of Mary Ellen Thomas, a pretty little girl who lived about a mile down the road. Not only maternal Mrs. Thomas, but shrewd, sharp-nosed farmer Thomas,

who had cast an appraising eye on Jan's flourishing farm, had inveigled him into a courtship with their daughter. His lethargic wooing had lasted until a city man with an awesome knowledge of books had moved into the neighborhood and won Mary Ellen's heart. Jan realized that if *he* had had this auspicious learning, he would probably have won the lady instead, but he was not sorry either way. He felt he was better off without books; he also felt he was better off without Mary Ellen. Since then the most persistent of his feminine antagonists on the matrimonial question had been Martha Joe Allen. Martha was buxom and ruddy faced. Like most of the country girls, she was very strong; her muscles rolled powerfully under her tan skin. This Jan saw and would have approved, had it not been cancelled for him by her perpetual blushing and giggling, and her light, constant chatter. Why did women have to chatter? Jan much preferred the man's way—strength unashamed, gruff understanding, and silence until there was something that needed to be said. Such a relationship, in fact, had existed for years between him and his dog, Snap. Snap was a man's dog. With him there was none of this womanly patting and cooing. Snap went and came with Jan, and at night he lay down at his feet. Sometimes Jan reached down and awkwardly rubbed the dog's ears with his mighty, calloused hand, but this was only at special moments. Snap would have as much disdained to be coddled as Jan would have rebelled at coddling him. Snap, Jan reflected, was the kind of companion to have. Indeed, he needed no other. A woman—Jan shuddered: a woman would be forever breaking the quiet of the land with her shrill chattering. With her there would be no more still deep twilights. There would be

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Heine To Camille

JOHN LELAND GARRISON

Actually, the last meeting of Heine and Camille took place on an afternoon, one or two days, preceding his death. She had been kept in her room for over a week by a cold, and when she came she found him broken and melancholy. —As she was leaving she heard him call weakly: "Tomorrow—do you hear? Don't delay." But because she was ill, or did not care to meet Mathilde's angry glances again, she did not come.

Can that be you at last, Camille, or dreams
Again; for such I've had too much of Mouche
These seven days. And only dreams come now
To this sick Jew;—Berlioz, it's true, but then
Berlioz was ever original! The rest
(I almost said) Mathilde keeps away
—But no, she loves me Mouche, and that
Redeems all else. Yet what a night we had,
The cat I mean, it fell and scratched its ear,
That gave us great concern; and she was up
Throughout the night. She's never so for me.

. . . I spoke of dreams:—there was a garden laced
By arabesques of light, that moon-stuff forms
Caught in the hair of rank-grown weeds and grass
All desolate. And there—beside her pedestal
A Venus, fallen in decay and splotted
By leprous leaves, gave back the moon one cold
Pure gleam of marbled limbs—and nothing more.
But then there came a boy with fearful tread
To where the image of the goddess lay,
And knelt and kissed the silent marble lips,
And murmured broken words—the rest have I
Forgotten. —But there sang a nightingale,
Or so it seems. . . . Come sit beside me here
And let me look on you, if seeing be
These glances from under palsied lid I lift
As one, by hand, would brush a curtain back.
Yet I could only wish a tapestry
Resistant to this half-dead hand of mine
For one day as I watched the Avenue:
—A baker boy, ladies in crinoline,
—A little dog came trotting by and I
Must turn away for envy of the dog!
So I shall be content—now look. Why tears?
You never heard me say, "within the grave"
And so—For do you think six feet of earth
Can ever weigh so heavily as this,
A bed that knows by day no emptiness.
But now we speak of such, I think you'll come
E'en there Camille for things have been more strange
And I once sung of lads who left their graves
To dance. —There'll be none else to come I know,
For they can scarcely find a certain room
Four flights up, just off the Matignon.

. . . And happy Mathilde with tears—for she
Is jealous still, and that shows love although
Her actions spell it strangely. It gives me
No small concern to think what will become
—The shepherd's part is now played out and she
Remains a child, and so extravagant.
My wife,— Why did you see me smile? And so—
It was but habit. My wife, I began,
The grisette wife of Heine if you will
For I am past a shrinking on the point
—She has a dress of silk I call the robe
Of *Vitzliputzli*, for it cost just what
I got for "that" in the *Romancero*.
But she loves me, I'm sure—or almost so
—And it is much to bear these few eight years
A legless man, whose heels hang crazily,
On crooked limbs, like a flaccid doll's in front.
—And such gay company—and only once
Was gone so long that I must send to find
The parrot here; for she would never leave
Without Cocotte. . . . But come, dear fly, and I'll
Confess I've played a maudlin role for you.
I've been not quite alone for Gautier came
Who called me once, when I might stroll and eye
Mincing cocottes along the boulevard,
"A German god"— Of Heine, the long-nosed Jew.
Ach—there were women then that I could please
But "One" I never pleased; and so I made
My soul a singing school of Göttingen;
Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam—you recall;
And filled a garden in a *Märchenwald*
With moons and loreleys and love-sick lads
Enchanted roses, sphinxes, all known of old.
—But when they came to hear the nightingales
That sang from seven branches of a strange tree,
I launched black arrows from a perfumed heart,
And wept, and laughed, drunk with the poison-flower.

. . . I told of visitors, for there were two!
And Meissner, one, who had a question of
My Mother by the *Dammthor*. "You write still?
And is she not unhappy then to know—?"
"How can she know?" And I must show him then
How Heine yet can spin a tale to make
A Mother glad. And for the rest she reads
No papers. And if any rumor came
To undeceive—no mother would believe
That any son could be as sick as I.
There is a legend known of how there came
A Mother to the aid of her son bound;
But "that One's" name was Earth, and mine is such
As scarce could help me from the petty clutch

Of Gruby's breed of doctored vultures, who,
Must come as eagerly to this sick Jew
Eight years interred upon a mattress-grave,
As the grave-worms crawl to a corpse new-earthed.

. . . Come do not look so sad, la Mouche, I know
You could not come before, and I can wait
Not so impatiently, but I forgive.
I kiss your hands one after other, thus,
And all is well. —Yet it was long to wait
—There is a song of Mendelssohn, and it
Has been forever running in my head,
For the refrain was mine, "Come soon, come soon."
—And it may be you need not come again
Du Schoner Todesengel, for I feel
That—certain something—heavier on my brain.
The jest grows old but still I play it out,
Though this sick heart is not so tightly caged
Within a frame of dying animal
But such a hand as mine could let it out,
And sing my soul to keep it perched upon
The loos'ning trapeze of the carnal flesh.

. . . So long ago at Weimar, "One," once said
"Heine has all the poet's gifts but love."
I know his name, no matter—it is one
The world knows well, and loves, and that is more
Than that world ever had for a poor Jew;
Though I am one it shall not soon forget
And that is something—to be hated to
Eternity;—and it is something more
To be a German poet, though less than "One"
And that "One" but the greatest of them all.
—I made once the Weimar pilgrimage,
And I had thought so many winter nights
Of things sublime to talk of when we met:
—But only said, "The plums were beautiful
Along the road." . . . Ah so it's been—But still
The world shall not forget so easily,
For in the motley harlequin garb
Of a Jewish beard and an old pagan's heart
I lashed the seven thongs of scourging wit,
On serpents lurking by the altar stones,
And the philistine apes in jewelled crowns.
Behind the half-cracked shield of mockery
I flung a song such as Apollo sung,
Descending like night on the Grecian horde,
Launching the arrows from his silver bow,
Ich bin das Schwert, ich bin die Flamme! Ah so,

. . . You do observe me passionate. I thought
To curb these wild emotions long ago,
And fit them to a professorial chair!
And still they soar against my will. —Ah yet
Though I can laugh it rankles in my breast,
That it must be so long before the world
Can laugh, as I at the invidious grin
With which the goat-faced herd do stare at me;

I laugh too, at the foxes, who with bare
Gaunt paunches, sniff and gape, all hunger-thin.
I laugh too at the apes that look so wise
And swell themselves to arbiters of thought;
I laugh too, at the craven good-for-naught
Who with his poisoned steel in ambush lies.
But when the laughter grows cracked thin with pain,
I wrap this nauseate brain within the thought
Of darker jests to come from out that "chest"
Of metal, sealed Pandora like, where lies
A chemic for a malady or two
Of this sick world. *Ja*, Mouche, I have them there;
And as I warm my thoughts by this black flame,
I think upon a certain Moses Lump,
Of Nuremburg—do you recall—. When he
Comes home on Friday night from wind and rain,
To find the seven candles lighted there,
The table covered with a fine white cloth,
And fish with garlic sauce. And as he mouths
King David's psalms, thinks of the wicked ones,
King Pharaoh, Haman, Titus, all who're dead,
And Moses Lump alive and eating fish:
So must there come to him a gleam of that
Which strikes in me, when I consider how
The tiger's claw shall rend—from out the grave.

. . . *Vergiftet sind meine Lieder* they have said,
Or did I say it once—no matter now,
For stranger things they yet shall speak of me,
A Christian Jew. For I have sung such songs
As shall recount my name like Psaphon's birds,
In every language syllabled by fame:
And yet he said "all gifts but love,"—So see!
How far they err:—Good God! that's all I had.
For I was one who loved this world too much,
To live in it. —Or such, I think is said,
Of yet another Jew, a Nazarene,
Who had also his Passion, and wore too,
The misery of the world close to his heart.

. . . But come, I'll lay the mask aside—appear
"—Like Christ," you say. Mephisto, in his guise
Perhaps. It's strange how yet the bitter wit
Lies quick upon the tongue—And yet the mask
Fits ill, though I had thought it one for death
—Composed myself to wear it to the grave,
For I shall need it there no doubt when I
Excuse myself to the devouring worms,
For bringing bones so thinly wrapped that I
Must wonder that the carnal-stuff should cling
With such tenacity. —Yet "like Christ" you said
But that is not so strange for I have been
This month a Christian Jew. Franz said it shows
Power of religion, and it does, perhaps,
But through the phosphorescent vapors of
Exalted thoughts,—and morphine and poultices, no doubt,
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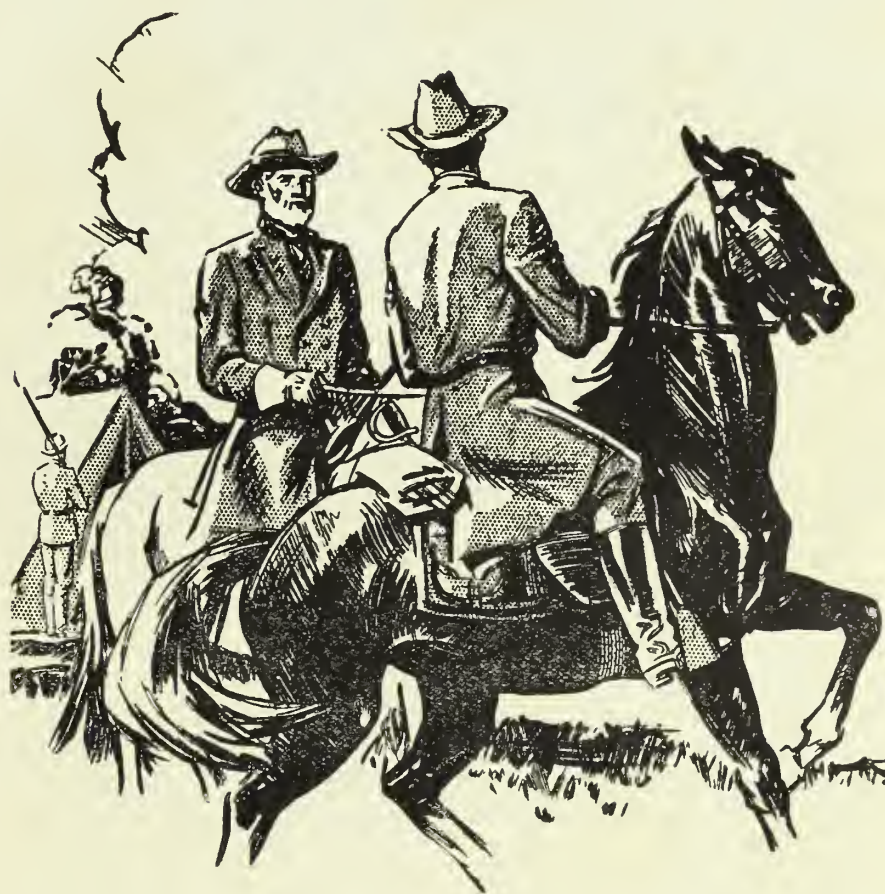
Rob Was So Funny

PEGGY ISAAC

A story of the Civil War and of Jeanie, who hated a lie.

War-time Richmond was a confusion of grey-uniformed soldiers and rumbling carts full of munitions and food. Jeanie knew all about those carts and what they contained. Her mother had taken her to Richmond to sell the diamond brooch that had belonged to Jeanie's grandmother. It was a beautiful brooch and her mother had not wanted to sell it. Jeanie knew that too because she had seen her gently wipe a tear from each of her pale blue eyes and whisper "Mother" with her hand clenched over the pin. They weren't really poor. The Cranes had always lived in the big white house with tall white columns and there had always been plenty of food on the table and plenty of black smiling faces to get you anything you wanted. There had always been some little pickaninnies to run after Jeanie's ball when she tossed it far over the green lawn, but they were all gone now. All the pleasant black faces were gone except the pleasantest of them all. Old Aunt Eliza had stayed. Miraculously it seemed that dear Aunt Eliza had not gone with the others and two little pickaninnies had stayed because they belonged to Aunt Eliza. They chased Jeanie's ball whenever she wanted them to but the lawn over which they ran to get it was almost as brown as their little bare feet.

Jeanie was sitting on the steps waiting for supper. She was excited. Mother had said they were going to visit Aunt Mary near Washington. That was the capital of the United States and it must be a terribly exciting place. Jeanie knew all about it because Daddy had shown her pictures and told her all about the monument and the big white dome of the capitol building. Jeanie sighed. She wished Daddy would come home. Wars were silly things but they must



be pretty awful too. She had seen some grown women crying when she was in Richmond. It must have been something very bad that happened because one of the ladies had grey hair and old people like that didn't ever cry unless they were ever so sorry about something, like Mother was about the pin. Jeanie smoothed the ruffles of her fresh white dress and sat on the steps on a pillow. Her mother came out of the door.

"Jeanie, dear, supper," said her mother giving her a little pat on the shoulder. Her mother's voice sounded sad. Mother always felt bad about it when there was not milk for Jeanie.

Arm in arm they went into the big dining room. They sat down at the table and ate in silence; then Jeanie said:

"When are we going to see Aunt Mary, Mother?"

"Tomorrow, dear."

"Tell me about her house?" Does she live near the big capitol building?"

"Aunt Mary does not live in the city, honey. She lives on a farm a little north of the city."

"Well, anyway I want to go." Jeanie rested her spoon on the edge of the saucer. "Why are we going?" she asked suddenly.

"Have you heard the big noise like thunder twice last week and again yesterday?" her mother asked.

"I heard it yesterday. I don't remember about last week."

"Well, that noise is getting nearer Richmond and I thought we better go somewhere where we couldn't hear it. What do you think?"

"I think it'll be fun to see the capitol," Jeanie answered. She felt happy again. It would be fun to go away. Everything had been so queer at home ever since Daddy went away. It would be fun to go where there was someone besides Mother and Aunt Eliza. Of course she loved Mother very dearly but Mother had not been very much fun for a long time and they never played any more like they used to when Daddy was there.

Aunt Eliza was clearing the table and Jeanie was wondering where Daddy was and why he never came to visit them. She was just about to ask Mother when Mother said: "Time for bed, Jeanie. We'll be rising early for the trip. Come along." And mother went out to turn down her bed and help her with her undressing.

Jeanie followed. She was thinking about the big white buildings and the wide, wide streets in the pictures of Washington and wondering what it would be like to really be there. Automatically she performed the routine tasks of undressing, and washing and brushing her teeth. It was not until mother had kissed her good-night and taken the lamp away that she remembered to ask about Daddy and then it was too late. It would have to wait until tomorrow. Jeanie wondered if Rob would be at Aunt Mary's. Rob was really her uncle but she had never called him *uncle*. He did not seem like an uncle at all. Sometimes he did not even seem like a grown-up. With a smile on her lips and thoughts of Rob running chaotically through her mind, Jeanie fell asleep.

* * * * *

The night she arrived at Aunt Mary's farm, Jeanie was very tired. Mother said it was just the excitement and the long trip. It had been exciting, all the things on the way. And Washington was the most wonderful place Jeanie had ever seen. Richmond was awful big but Washington was a giant's town. Jeanie was almost afraid of giants and giant cities were scary too. Rob said there

weren't any giants and Jeanie always believed anything Rob told her. It was funny how anything Rob wanted her to do or to believe was so easy but then Rob was always right. He never wanted her to do anything mother told her not to and mother loved Rob almost better than anybody. Jeanie would have been a little jealous of Rob if she hadn't loved him just as much as mother did. She remembered hearing mother say once.

"I declare Rob has almost given that child a sense of morals. He is wonderful with children. It's a pity he hasn't any of his own to train."

Aunt Mary had said, "Rob never asks them to live up to anything he does not live up to himself. He is such a wonderful person anyway that it isn't unusual if he impresses Jeanie. Children her age seem to understand something of adult personality. They have a peculiar insight all of their own. It is not so remarkable that they understand what we say, but that they seem to be able to sum us up by our actions."

Jeanie didn't know what they were talking about except the part about Rob. He was grand; there wasn't a grander person anywhere than Rob. She was thinking about him as she lay on the couch in Aunt Mary's strange house. It was strange to Jeanie because she had never seen a house without a porch before. Why Aunt Mary's house didn't have any more porch than the nigger cabins back home. The house looked just like a box and there wasn't a white column in sight. Jeanie must have fallen asleep because when she opened her eyes, bright sunlight was streaming in through the windows and she couldn't remember where she was. She wrinkled her brow and thought, and it all came back to her. She was at Aunt Mary's. Jeanie jumped out of bed and ran to the window and looked out. The house looked different in the daylight but it was still ugly. The road running by it was wide and rutted by the passing of many loaded wagons. Now as she looked down the road, Jeanie saw a cloud of dust. She stood at the win-

dow and watched to see what was coming. It was just soldiers and she had seen so many of them in Richmond that she did not pay any attention to them and she was turning away until something strange about their appearance attracted her. She leaned out of the window to see them better. One of her long golden curls fell across her face and she pushed it back impatiently. One of the soldiers on horseback with a gleaming sword at his side looked up as he passed the window and said:

"Hello, little girl, you're up mighty early!"

But Jeanie didn't answer. She opened her eyes as wide as she could and stared at those soldiers with her mouth open. Why their uniforms were blue! Dark blue! Every last one of them was just as blue as it could be. Jeanie was too frightened to speak. She could still hear Daddy's voice talking about the blue-coats but she couldn't remember what he had said. When the officer spoke to her she suddenly remembered what it was. The man hadn't said, "li'l gi'l" like Daddy did but he had pronounced his *r's*. He had said "little girl" quite distinctly. He was a damyankee! He was an enemy! They would all be killed! Jeanie ran downstairs screaming for her mother.

Mother laughed when she explained about the blue uniforms but she did not sound as though she was happy when she laughed.

"We are in the North, Jeanie," mother said softly. "The soldiers all wear blue uniforms here. They won't harm us, dear. One of them told us we could come."

Jeanie understood but she wasn't satisfied. Rob wore a grey uniform and so did Daddy. It didn't seem right somehow to come and stay with the men wearing blue ones marching all around. Mother was always right though, Jeanie thought. Mother had never done anything that was not all right. Jeanie stopped worrying and went outside to play.

After a while Jeanie was tired of chasing butterflies in the sunshine and looking at the little calf in the barn.

She decided to go into the house to get her ball. As soon as she was inside the door, she could hear voices. They were strange voices and they were men's voices. Jeanie crept to the half-open door of the parlor and looked in. Rob was there! Jeanie's heart missed a beat! Rob was talking to another man. Jeanie wanted to run right into the room and put her arms around Rob's neck and squeeze him and kiss him but Rob was busy and she was shy with strangers so she stayed outside the door and waited. Maybe the man would go in a minute. Rob was smart, she thought proudly. He wrote so fast and was so neat with everything. He had tried to teach Jeanie to be careful with her things and to be neat. Jeanie tried very hard to be what Rob wanted her to but she forgot sometimes. Now Rob was writing something on a little piece of paper with a very tiny pen. He wrote very fast. It must be wonderful to write fast, thought Jeanie. It took her almost ten minutes to make the letters in her name and then she didn't always get them right. She wrote with a pencil too because a pen was too hard to manage and the ink got all over her. She had never seen a little pen like Rob had. Maybe she could write with that one. Rob stopped writing and handed the paper to the other man. The man held it up to the light and there was nothing on the paper at all. Jeanie was astonished and so tickled that she nearly forgot herself and giggled out loud but she remembered in time and put her hands over her mouth. That was a good joke on the man but he didn't seem to think so. He wasn't smiling a single bit. Jeanie guessed he didn't think it was so funny when he was the one to get fooled. Rob wasn't smiling either but he was an awful joker and he never let you know you were being fooled until after it was all over.

"Thanks," he said simply.

Rob took his hand and shook it. "Good luck, Seventeen!" he said.

Jeanie almost laughed again. Seventeen! That was the funniest name

she had ever heard. It was just another one of Rob's jokes. Rob was so funny! The man and Rob were coming right to the door where Jeanie was standing. Suddenly shy at the thought of meeting the stranger, Jeanie ran upstairs to get her ball. When she came down, she looked for Rob but she couldn't find him. She looked all over the house and nobody was there so she went down to the meadow and the barn and all over. She had to see Rob and she was afraid he would run away before she saw him. She looked all around and she was just about to give up in despair when she saw a man in dark clothes running across the field. At first she thought it was Rob because he had not been wearing a uniform and he was dressed in dark clothes. In a rush of happiness, she ran toward him; then she stopped in her tracks, suddenly frightened. The man was a soldier and he was dressed in a blue uniform. Jeanie's first impulse was to run the other way as hard as she could, then she remembered what her mother said about the blue soldiers only this morning.

The man called to her. "Hello, little girl, what are you doing out here all by yourself?"

"I was looking for Rob," answered Jeanie, valiantly struggling against her shyness.

The man came over and took her hand. "Well, you can find your little friend later. You had better come with me now. Your mother wants you."

Jeanie went. She always obeyed her mother. Rob told her that all good little girls obeyed their mothers and did the things they were told without asking questions. Jeanie forgot that sometimes too, but most of the time she remembered it because Rob wanted her to. She went, but she looked at the tall blue-coated soldier with exasperation. "Little friend indeed!" Did he think Rob was little? He was even dumber than she thought! She was too disgusted and she was walking too fast to explain it to him. She followed him to the road where he took her on his horse and

rode with her until they came to a big field with hundreds of big canvas tents all over it. Jeanie's eyes opened wide with surprise. She had never seen anything like that before. They rode right up to one of the biggest tents and the man put Jeanie down and told her to run inside. There was a soldier in front walking up and down with a gun but he did not try to stop her and she went inside. The minute she stepped into the tent, her heart leaped with joy. Rob was there! She ran and jumped into his arms and smothered him with kisses.

"Well, if it isn't my little Jeanie!" he said but it didn't sound quite natural somehow.

Then Jeanie was aware of another sound that wasn't natural at all. Her mother was crying and Aunt Mary was sitting with her arms around her and trying to make her stop. Jeanie started toward them but Rob placed a restraining hand on her arm and motioned for her to sit down on a cot beside him. She wanted to say something that would keep it from being so still and to keep from hearing her mother's sobs. It was awful to hear Mother cry. It was Mother Jeanie went to when she was crying and needed to be comforted. It affected her strangely to see Aunt Mary comforting Mother and worst of all to hear Mother cry. So she tried to get her mind off of it. She remembered the trick Rob had done in the parlor.

"You sure fooled that man this morning, Rob!" she said with admiration written all over her face. "Show me how you made the writing disappear on the paper."

Rob looked pale and very queer when she said that but he smiled down at her just the same. It was Mother who suddenly grasped her by the shoulders so tight that it hurt and she whimpered in pain. Mother relaxed her hold a little without changing the scared expression on her face. Her eyes were red and swollen and she looked so frightened.

She shook Jeanie fiercely. "You
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Death For This Liberty

RUBY FOGEL

Clara thought she was a claustromaniac, and Steve—well, read for yourself.



It was nine-thirty when they pulled away from Clara's house . . . a small white house of white wood, with its low-hung roof of green tiles. Clara was always glad when they left the green tiles and the white board walls.

"They seem to hem me in," she explained to the tall youth at the wheel. "And I can't understand it. If I had been born in the wilds of Africa or a desert in Asia, maybe I'd know why they seem so uncomfortable to me."

They sped fast down the highway through a vast region of forest and dark nocturnal beauty. The wind was hilarious about them, but it beat against the glass. They were warm inside.

She complained about it. But then she always complained about glass

and white houses and being warm inside them. Steve received these complaints with the nonchalance of indifference to endless repetition.

Strange that this conversation inevitably led to the same place: a roadhouse frequented by members of the college set around Smithville. Steve thought it was like saying, "Give me *liberty* or give me death—" and choosing *death* without more ado. Because it was always Clara who suggested *Clementia*, and a small wooden booth where he could hold her hands tightly across the damask tablecloth.

A little knowledge was a dangerous thing, and Clara was dangerous with the little knowledge of the very young. Her father was a professor. At fourteen she had read very mor-

bid, copious volumes of abnormal psychology. Paragraphs written in italicized Latin she had laboriously translated, and for her trouble had been rewarded with sleepless nights and a superior scorn for people who could not analyze their emotions.

She was pretty tonight, Steve thought. She wore a small veil across her eyes, which darkened them mysteriously, and her lips were very red and brilliant against her pale skin. She flicked the ashes off her cigarette with a tinted fingernail, and waved her other hand dramatically aloft as she spoke. He noticed the pert curve of her breasts beneath the white satin blouse she wore and wondered why she insisted on being aesthetic.

Aesthetic! That was funny. She was merely taking herself seriously. And nowadays it was a sin to be serious—even in a college town like Smithville with its host of pseudo-intellectuals.

"Steve," she said in her softly modulated voice, "some day you will take me some place where . . . well, where there aren't walls and roofs and glass."

"Last night . . ." he began carefully.

"Oh, last night!" she said with disgust. "But there were trees. Everywhere there were trees, and they stood around us like frozen phantoms in the enchanted wood."

"Give it up," he said indifferently. She would talk like this for hours. Perhaps she thought it was being poetic. She would be angry if he called it that, though. She would rather gloat over her quaint (and often monotonous) manner of expressing the futility of life. . . .

Meanwhile she surveyed him from the veil's-eye viewpoint across the white foamy top of the beer she was sipping. She hated beer. She drank it

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Berlin Evening

ROGER MAYHEW

William Richter showed me, the other night, a beautiful new treasure which he had just bought for his collection.

"Look at it," he said, "isn't it a lovely thing? A Japanese sword-guard, about three hundred years old. It was made by Umetada Myoju, armorer to the generalissimo Hideyoshi under the Fujiwara *shoguns*."

I took it into my hand—a piece deceptively delicate in appearance—hard, tough, durable enough to defy ages, yet seemingly fragile as an ancient lacquer-work. It was made of iron and bronze; but of bronze chased on the obverse with a terrible, coiling, golden dragon; and on the reverse with fine, golden, falling cherry-blossom petals, the arms of the House of Hideyoshi.

"Leave it," I told him. "Leave it here tonight; I have a friend, a Japanese, who would enjoy looking at it."

As soon as he had gone, I went to the telephone and called Ojiji. "Come over at once—I have a really rare piece to show you, in which you will not fail to be greatly interested. Come, now, since I am allowed to have it for tonight, alone."

Within fifteen minutes I, standing at the window, saw his Maybach roll to the curb; quickly, the elevator brought him to my apartment. Not until after a polite and formal greeting did he allow himself to say, eagerly: "Where is it?"

I opened the case, and proffered him the sword-guard couched on alabaster velvet. He looked at once for the mark; and I fancied that a flush reddened, ever so perceptibly, the calm, oval, ivory countenance. At last, "Myoju," he said, with a strange unrecognizable *timbre* to his voice. "Real Myoju, Anselm, and incomparably the most exquisite example of his work that I have ever seen. The Imperial Museum in Tokyo has not so fine a one." And after a mo-

ment: "Anselm, I must have that piece!"

"Impossible!" I laughed at him. "It belongs to Richter, and you know he will never let it go."

"Of course, money. . . ."

"Money, as you know very well, is worse than useless here. He will only rail at and deride you if you offer it to him."

"Anselm"—cunningly he smiled—"is it not true that you are a friend of Richter?"

"That is what people think; even he thinks so, the fool!"

"Good, good! I had thought as much as this. . . . I have a proposal that will please you. Will you help me murder Richter?"

"For the sake of that bauble? Yes, certainly; it is an excellent idea. I will not kill him; but I will gladly render all possible assistance."

"Call him at once, and have him come here. Tell him . . . that I have taken the Umetada; that will bring him."

It did, indeed, bring him; I had scarcely delivered the words, when he cut off the connection amid a storm of furious curses, and it was less than five minutes later that he hurled himself out of a cab and rushed through my door. The murder was astoundingly simple: A matter of Ojiji's standing behind the door, and stabbing Richter just once in the back with one of my own stilettos. I shall always admire the nicety with which that thrust was placed; the dirk must have directly penetrated a ventricle, letting loose a torrent of blood as soon as it was withdrawn. There was no external bleeding; the stiletto wound closed up and was visible only as a small, blue spot close to the spinal column. I ran forward as he fell, and clapped a wadded handkerchief over his mouth and nose, both to repress any outcry, and to prevent the escape of bloody foam, if a lung should be pierced. We car-

ried the body to the rear door of my flat. "Bring your car around to the service entrance," I said, "and meet me there."

Ojiji went down; I watched him drive off, and as soon as he had turned the corner I rang the bell for the night porter. Then I went back to where the body was, and listened. The service elevator, just across the hall, was rising. I heard the car stop; the porter got out, went down the hall, around a corner, and down the second hall to my front door. As soon as the bell rang I dragged the body out into the elevator, went back to the front door, and opened it. "A *Berliner Tageblatt*," I said. "And when you get back, ring the bell and leave the paper by the door. I shall be busy, and may not want immediately to come out." Quickly, then, as he went away, I ran back through the apartment, got into the lift with the corpse, and went down. Ojiji was waiting for me; together we placed the body in the tonneau of the Maybach, and turned down the street into the Heerstraze. We rode through the Tiergarten, and through Charlottenburg, into the Grunewald, and so to Pichelsberg. Here we turned south along the lake shore as far as the bridge which crosses to Bickelswerder. As this bridge had been recently closed to traffic for repairs, there was no one about to hinder us; getting from the car, we took the body out, midway between the two shores, and pushed it into the Havel.

The splash was soft as a benediction, and softly the expanding circles of rippling water spread over the placid, moonlit lakesurface. All about was very quiet; no sound was here but the muted, hushed lapping of wavelets on the shingle.

Silently we got back into the car. For some minutes we sped along without speaking; then, as we came into the city, I felt overpoweringly relieved and gay, and: "Let's go to a café," I said.

Reminiscences of Pancho Villa

CHARLES W. SHUFF III

When I first met Jim Wood, I was on a little tramp steamer—the *Jennie B.* of New Orleans, I think her name was—on my way to Mexico City, where I was to be assistant-manager in a small Pan-American cigarette factory.

I was only about twenty-four years old, then, and as I had been out of college and making my living for only three years, I was still rather idealistic about everything in general. But I suppose I had a right to be optimistic. I had stepped out of school right into a \$3,000-a-year job under my father; and after three years, Pan-American had offered me \$4,000 if I would work for them at Mexico City for five years.

I didn't hesitate at all in accepting their offer. My older brother, Guy, would carry on under my father, I knew; our mother had died at my birth; my only sister was married; and I had no other connections of any sort. In addition to that, I had always been interested in Mexico.

I suppose all the Richard Harding Davis novels I read as a boy had first aroused that curiosity, and then while I was growing up, several tobaccoists at home who had been to Mexico used to drop in to see my father, at night, and they would sit out on the side porch and talk for hours about tobacco and about Mexico—for my father, too, had been sent to Mexico as a young man—and I would sit on the steps and listen to their conversation. When I was in college, my best friend was a Mexican, and I worried the poor devil almost to death until he taught me a smattering of Spanish. It was only natural, I think, that I should have acquired a rather romantic regard for Mexico.

All that's neither here nor there—it just shows you what sort of ideas I had of Mexico at the time. Because of these fool ideas, I had booked as a passenger on the *Jennie B.* so that

I could have plenty of time to enjoy the tropical nights and all that sort of thing before I went to work.

The *Jennie B.* had only two other passengers besides me. There was a rather taciturn Scotchman—I've forgotten his name—who was going down to work for some agricultural-implement company, and there was Jim Wood.

Jim Wood was a ne'er-do-well sort of man who had wandered over practically all of the face of the earth during his life. As a boy, he had run away from his father's farm in Virginia and had gone to Wyoming, where he had punched cattle for a while. After that, he had drifted to the Pacific Coast, where he got a job on a boat going to Shanghai. He had stayed in Shanghai several years as a bartender in some pub. Then he had gone to Mexico and had become mixed up, somehow or other, with Pancho Villa, in 1914. That was the great spot in his life, I think, for he talked to me about Villa for hours on end, during that voyage.

It seems that Wood went to Mexico in 1913 and knocked around the country for about a year until he and Villa met each other in a *cantina* somewhere in Durango one night, when they were both drunk. If I am to believe Wood's story, he and Villa took a liking to each other from the first. At that time, incidentally, Villa had just come back from the States and was beginning to raise an army to help General Carranza oust Huerta from the presidency which he had taken from Madero by force.

At any rate, Wood stayed close to Villa for the next two years during the bandit-general's terrible ravaging of northern Mexico and saw everything there was to see. Naturally, I believed few of his stories, but, true or false, they were wonderful tales. He told me all about the captures of Santa Rosalia, Jiménez, Ciudad

Guerrero, and a dozen other towns.

The accounts of the captures of these towns were particularly lurid: Villa and his outlaws would sweep down upon a village, overpower the *centinelas*, shoot up the town, kill most of its well-to-do inhabitants, sack the houses and the churches, and ravage the women. Upon this last point, Villa required only one thing of his men—that they save the most handsome and the highest-born of the women for him. According to Jim Wood, a sister of Pancho Villa had once been raped by the son of a *ranchero*, and since that event he had taken peculiar delight in humiliating high-born women.

One of Wood's stories on this subject has stuck in the back of my head all these years: It seems that Villa and his army had captured and ransacked Escalon, in southern Chihuahua, and, as usual, some half-dozen young women were brought to his quarters. All of them were crying and sobbing and all that sort of thing except for one girl. She, instead, raised all manner of hell with the "revolutionaries." She cursed Villa up one side and down the other for killing her father, for burning her house, for attacking the town, and for being such an *hijo de puta*.

The bandit, however, just sat there in his chair and laughed at her as she raved. Finally, he told her she was probably right in everything she had said, and he released her and paid for the damage done her house.

Wood's stories, rough and uncouth as they sometimes were, seemed perfectly suitable to the atmosphere. They were stories of Mexico, and—due to my imagination, I suppose—the nights spent on the sea were a foretaste of Mexico. It's hard to explain, but at times during that trip I felt as if I were an *hidalgo* returning to the Fatherland—I felt as if I were going home to a land of romance

and mountains and plains and dark people and *serapes*.

I remember one night, in particular, which seemed to be the essence of my Gulf trip. It was frightfully hot in my stateroom, so I took a shower, put on pajamas, and went up on deck. I strolled aft and lay down on one of the big mats which Captain Beal had had the cabin-boy spread out on the deck for the use of the passengers and the officers. I stretched out and lay still for a moment. A little breeze ruffled my clothing. I sat up, hugged my knees, and looked up at the sky. The stars seemed clearer than I had ever seen them before, and the sky was a luminous sort of blue—a deep blue mixed with the white light of the stars. I could see Orion and Taurus above me, but not the Big Dipper. I arose and went to the rail; low upon the northern horizon hung Ursa Major. For a moment, I gazed at the sparkling wake of the vessel. The sulphurous brilliance of the waves was accentuated by the dark sheen of the water—and the wake stretched far out behind the ship.

"Pretty, isn't it?"

I turned, startled. It was Jim Wood.

"Yes, it is."

For a while we gazed upon the scene. Then Wood left, but came back in a few minutes with a couple of Scotch-and-sodas. We went over to a mat and sprawled out. The drinks were half gone before either of us spoke.

"You know, this is one of the reasons I've spent so much time down here—I still ain't used to nights like this. Look at those stars and that water! Christ!

"This night reminds me of one time back in '14, soon after I first ran into Pancho. He was trying to raise an army at the time, so he was dickering in Rosario with a *mestizo*, named Gonzales, for some men. This chap Gonzales was pretty much of a bigwig in his district, so Pancho was trying to get him to join up with us.

"Well, we got to Rosario at about eight o'clock at night and met Gonzales in the back-room of his *cantina*. After he and Pancho had been talking for a couple hours, I figured we would be there almost all night, so I went out to take a breath of air. It was about ten-thirty or eleven, then, and most of the people had gone to bed, but I kept walking around town. About three blocks from the plaza, I busted in on a party. Out in the street were four kids—they were boys about eighteen or nineteen years old, I reckon—all drunk as lords, and five *trovadores*, singing like hell. You see, these kids—they looked as if they came from good families—had hired the *trovadores* to play their guitars and sing to some girl living in the house on the corner, there, and they had all come along to help the musicians make more noise.

"I stopped under a street-lamp and leaned against the post and watched them for a while. One of the *trovadores* was a hunchback, and he was singing at the top of his voice, with the other men playing their guitars. The music was awful, because they were all drunk.

"It wasn't long before I got tired of listening to 'em, and started off down the street. I hadn't taken but a few steps when one of the kids hollered at me and came running up. He was a nice-looking young chap except for a nasty scar on his forehead. He wanted a light, he said, so I give him one, and he kind of staggered back to his crowd.

"After that, I went on down the street and wandered around town awhile. There wasn't much going on—most everybody had gone to bed except a few *charros* and *putas* hanging around the pubs—so I went on back to Gonzales' *cantina*.

"When I saw Pancho, he was drunk as hell, and Pancho was a tough *hombre* when he had some *tequila* in him. He was sitting over in a corner of the barroom, all by himself, drinking pretty fast. I went over and tried to get him to leave, but he

was so dam' mean and contrary that he wouldn't budge for half an hour. I finally got him up, though, and steered him out and helped him on his horse.

"We started out of town, and came upon the kids and their *trovadores*. They were still in the middle of the street, only they were all sitting down in the dust, picking guitars and drinking, except one kid who was standing in the middle of 'em, singing. I remember he was singing *Estrellita*, because I've always thought that piece was mighty pretty, and because the stars were just as bright then as they are tonight. It really was a beautiful sight—those chaps in their white clothes, standing out against the night—but Pancho wasn't the kind to notice things like that.

"Just after we passed them, one of 'em yelled at us and came hurrying up to us. We looked around just as he came up; it was the boy with the scarred forehead. Before I knew what had happened, Pancho had drawn and shot twice. The kid kind of spun around and sat down; and I noticed that the music stopped, just then.

"Pancho's horse shot ahead so fast that I had to rake mine in order to keep up. That drunk Mex made his horse gallop until we were four miles outside Rosario! By that time the night air had sobered him up a little, so he slowed down.

"I gave him sell, of course, for shooting the kid, but he swore up and down that the boy had had a gun in his hand. But I hadn't seen anything of the sort; Pancho had just been too God dam' drunk to see anything straight."

There was the jiggle of ice as he drained the glass.

"Think I'll go back and get another. Want one?"

"Thanks, yes."

The sound of his footsteps had died away when I looked up at the sky again. There was the North Star . . . we should reach Vera Cruz, tomorrow night . . . Mexico City by Thursday. . .

Spring Rain

Not a fierce and biting rain
Born on bitter winds of pain
To chill and pierce the swelling bud
Or freeze to hardness soft spring mud,
But a warm and friendly shower
Spattering through leafy bower
Bringing life and color riot!
What strength is thine, what modest quiet,
No driving sleet or tempest wild,
The touch of love, the voice of child.
To every plant and groping vine
Each drop a taste of sweetest wine.
And to my dormant, frozen heart
Each silvery drop and aerial dart
Whispering of life and wing
And of love and new born spring.

SHELDON
ROBERT
HARTE

It always has stopped raining

Life begins at sixty

They Satisfy



To Every Man—

(Continued from page 8)

no more peace. Jan definitely did not want a woman.

Just then he heard the click of the latch on the great wooden gate to his fence that was just over the hill. Then he heard the gate itself creak as it swung out on its hinges, then back again. Another click, this time of the latch being replaced, and there came the grating of heavy, methodical steps. In a few minutes Martha Joe Allen's head appeared over the hill, and she swung into sight carrying a milk pail frothing to the brim. Jan did not move. When Martha Joe had drawn nearer his hand went up in a casual salute. "Hi," he called. "Howdy," answered Martha Joe, and he knew she must be reddening again. "I'm bringing the milk over to Mrs. Kostowski. She won't be havin' enough, what with her visitors and all!" Her explanation tumbled out too eagerly. Jan snorted to himself. And since when had the shortest way from the Allen's to the Kowstowskis' farm been through *his* property? He watched Martha Joe's lagging steps as she passed. She even dropped her bonnet once, and made a great show of searching for it. Several times she glanced covertly back over her shoulder at him. Jan abruptly got to his feet and strode down the path to where she was.

"How are ya, Martha Joe?" he said.

Martha Joe was crimson. She looked up at him shyly, then quickly away again. She giggled. "Mamma wants I should ask you to dinner Friday the next," she stammered, and pulled at the pocket of her dress with her free hand.

Jan turned the matter in his mind. "Tell her I'll be comin'," he said.

Martha beamed. "She wants to know too how your chickens are layin'."

"Purty well. Just middlin'."

"An' Daddy says how are your pigs?"

"Tell him they'll be ready for sticking in a month, or month and a half anyhow."

"An'," Martha Joe looked shyly up at him again, "an' how is it with yourself, Jan?"

"Oh, I'm gettin' along pretty good, Martha Joe," said Jan gruffly.

"Well, now, a body never would know it, the pitiful way you men do things!" she chided gently. "Look, couldn't I be a-mendin' this hole for you, Jan? It needs it bad!" And Martha Joe fingered with troubled intentness a large hole in the collar of his shirt.

Jan stared at her. He thought of her chattering and her giggling, and

her strange, stupid woman's ways. And he thought of many other things. . . .

"Martha Joe," he said abruptly, "will you marry me?"

Back on the porch after she had left, Jan felt queerly bashful before his old companions. Snap looked at him out of long, reproachful eyes—Jan put down his hand and apologetically rubbed his dog's ears. He looked out into his yard, where evening, long cradled in twilight, was settling. The shadows of the trees had melted into the darkness. The moon was gloriously rising to her reign, and flung, as from an unloosened prodigal purse, streaming silver over the world. The far owl's melancholy cry, the low drum of insects, and the soft, occasional rustling of leaves in the wind formed a crust of sound that only overlaid the deeper stillness of things. Soon, Jan knew, that stillness would be broken by a woman's shrill, inevitable, unending chatter. There would be no more lingering quietness. There would be no more peace. But there would be steaming golden biscuits in the oven. There would be spotlessly clean rooms and neatly mended clothes. There would be, too, male and female once more in that lonely house. A man had to have a woman. . . .

Moon Island and Beyond

(Continued from page 7)

have been known to leap into intelligent action in an effort to answer it.

When the recall echoed back, it shook Jiro as would an earthquake. His knees loosened, and he became hysterical. He sank to the ground and sobbed pitifully. At length, he got up in a daze. The *Namikaze* was gone. He had had his chance to go back and tell the truth and trust to the Good Spirits of Mercy. Night was coming on rapidly. Kobayashi feebly made his way to the beach.

When he arrived at the old position on the sand, he found that the two cocoanuts and his gaiters were gone. The men had found the leggings and taken them back as evidence that Kobayashi had been there.

In the middle of the night Jiro woke with a horrible start. Those terrible vermin, and those beetles, were crawling over him again. He was too terrified to move at first. The salt-water bath had afforded him no protection. In a horror of despair, he

wished they had eaten him before he had a chance to awaken. But the beetles were not biting him. Possibly they loved the oil in his skin. The frightful expectancy that they would love it too much made him jump up and shake himself violently and brush himself all over. To his surprise he found that he had rid himself of them.

He walked a few paces down the beach and covered himself up with

(Continued on page 22)

Rob Was So Funny

(Continued from page 13)

mustn't tell anyone about that, Jeanie! Do you hear me? *You must not tell that to anyone!*" She looked at Rob from where she was kneeling in front of Jeanie and there was a loving sad light in her eyes as if she felt awfully sorry for someone she loved. "Promise me, Jeanie! Promise me that you will not tell anyone what you saw this morning!"

She shook Jeanie again and Jeanie was scared. She had never been scared of Mother before. She felt suddenly alone. Why was Mother was asking was silly! Why shouldn't she tell them about the trick? It was such a good joke!

"If any of the soldiers or anyone else asks you any questions about it, you must tell them that you didn't see anything and that you weren't in the house this morning at all after you finished your breakfast. Do you understand me? *Do you understand?*"

Jeanie looked at Rob. She didn't know what to do. Mother, her mother, was asking her to tell a lie. Something seemed to turn over inside of her. She was dreadfully afraid all of a sudden.

"Please!" she begged. "Please, let me go!" She burst into tears and her mother let her go. Jeanie rubbed her shoulder where her mother's nails had pressed into her flesh. She was still looking at Rob with tears running down her cheeks. Her mother wanted her to tell a lie. Did Rob want her to? Could Rob let her do that after he told her it was bad and wicked and that little girls who told lies did not go to Heaven? She looked at Rob and she was hoping all the time that he wouldn't fail her. Mother, her very own mother, whom she had always trusted, had failed her. Her world was tottering! Everything was about

to tumble about her! She kept looking at Rob. "Rob wouldn't want me to tell a lie!" she kept repeating to herself until Rob's voice suddenly broke in on her thoughts, on her prayers!

He was speaking to mother. "Get up, Jane," he said just a little sternly. "I want to talk to Jeanie."

Jeanie looked at him and waited, still crying softly, but she was calmer now that he had spoken. He turned and lifted Jeanie down from the cot and stood her on her feet directly in front of him so that her eyes were on a level with his. His eyes looked troubled but when he spoke, he spoke very gently.

"Jeanie, tell Rob all about the trick you saw in the parlor this morning!"

She told Rob about the disappearing ink and the funny name, Seventeen, that Rob had called the man; and in concluding she burst into tears again. "Must I tell them a lie, Rob? Must I tell them a lie?"

Her mother groaned but Rob looked straight into her eyes. "It's all right, Jeanie. It's all right! I don't want you to tell a lie now or ever. No matter what you are asked, you must answer truthfully. You must never tell a lie, Jeanie. Promise me that as long as you live you will never tell a lie."

Jeanie felt all right again. She knew now that it was all right. She hugged Rob as tight as she could and pressed little kisses all over his chin and neck. Rob never failed her. She felt that she couldn't live without Rob. She could laugh at the trick now. She didn't see why mother should cry about it. It was a good joke on Mr. Seventeen. She kissed Rob again and laughed a little laugh with her hand resting on his shoulder. Rob was so funny!

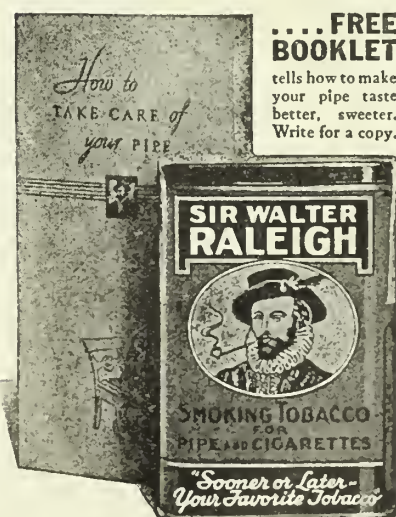
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Moon Island and Beyond

(Continued from page 20)

sand, all but his face, over which he pulled a large bandanna. He wondered at the fact that there was no moon. How very strange! No moon on Moon Island! He dozed off wishing there was a full moon, anything to banish the darkness and the vermin and the terror of the unknown.

Jiro was half through his third day on the island before he decided to do something constructive about his new life. The nights of horrible fear of the crawling *chikusho* finally led him to build a place to shelter him. With a mixture of Sisal hemp and young bamboo shoots he had woven a large hammock, which he swung high between two trees. Over all he made a framework of bamboo poles and covered it with ramie grass, waterproofing the outside with *shuro*, a large fan palm. He had it completed by the fourth day.

Jiro surveyed his kingdom. His canteen hung on an inner limb, and his portion of the machine gun with the belts of blank cartridges stacked up very importantly. It was an ironic joke, but no laughing joke to him. One corner of the hut was filled with fruit—bananas, papayas, avocados, *takonoki*, coconuts, a few wild grapes, litchi nuts, tamarind, and mangos.

The only thing wanting about his outlay was a well-rounded diet. He was tired of eating tropical fruit. His longing for a little simple rice grew to fantastic proportions. There could be no tastier dish in all the world when he thought of how sweet rice could be after being deprived of it. Oh, for just one little *mochi*!

Kobayashi stopped his reverie, took the canteen down, and started for the spring. A skink darted across his path, making him jump. Imagine jumping from a little lizard! He should be getting used to geckos and other animals instead of more jumpy. Sometimes he would jump at the sound of his own footfalls, or at the sound of his own voice, as much as

he liked to talk to himself aloud; it gave him self-assurance.

The warbling note of a strange bird floated through the foliage. Jiro sat down. The melodious trill came again. He tried an imitative answer through his teeth. The answer came again, strange and inviting, a little nearer. He repeated. The next trill was nearer, more excited. Jiro's answering warble was a little too eager. The next response was fainter. The bird had discovered the deception. The last note could hardly be heard in the distance. Kobayashi got up and continued through the underbrush, feeling confident he would catch sight of the bird in another day's practice.

His loneliness was becoming terrific. He felt that he must win the companionship of beast or bird somehow, or he would go *baka*. Yuki-ko was less than a warming dream now; he must shut out her image, or she would haunt him to distraction.

Now and then an *iwi*, beautiful in its vermilion plumage, would jump down to a limb near him; but when his hand darted out to catch it, its eye proved to be quicker, and it would jump just out of reach, making an end to the matter. Now and then he would discover a parrot or *amakihi* on a branch nearby. With head cocked to one side the *amakihi*, feathered in green and yellow, would ogle at him with its pink and brown-centered eye. He would not have such a bird around him, for he would not have a bird ogling at him all the time; particularly an *amakihi*, as its ogling bore a faint contempt, whereas a parrot's ogling was just dumb wonder, *manuke*! When he shouted "*Baka-yara!*" at them, the parrot would squawk and flutter off, but the *amakihi* would only wink its weathered eye and ogle all the more.

Kobayashi came to the spring, and began refilling the canteen. He liked this clear, sweet spring water; it was an elixir of paradise compared with

the saline-tasting distilled water aboard a man-of-war.

The sun was nearly overhead when Jiro capped his canteen. On his way back to the beach he passed several of his Tsuki flowers and the ones with the little purple pagodas. Flowers meant a lot to Jiro now. He could hardly keep away from them, try as he might. His first impulse was to reach out and caress them, as if they were able to return a little affection. As Jiro crossed over the hillside, he discovered near a shaded patch of moss a little clump of white violets. The discovery affected him strangely as he knelt down to discover their sweet odor. "Little *sumire*," he murmured, "white as snow, white as *yuki*—*yuki*! Yuki-ko! Yuki-ko!" His excitement grew; tears formed in his eyes. "My Yuki-ko!" he cried and buried his face in the cluster.

Kobayashi suddenly sprang to his feet, bending back to stare up at the top of the mountain range in the distance. As though the thought had entered his mind for the first time he screamed "*Kami-yo! Sukui-tamae!* if I don't cross every mountain between here and Tsuki-Wan! I shall do it! I shall go home! I shall do it now!" He rapidly calculated that he would have to cross the first range, get over the pass, and down the second range and across the plateau. It would take him two weeks at the least, but he would take a chance!

There was nothing in the hut that he wanted or could use. He started off on a run towards the foothills—after fifteen seconds of clear thinking for the first time!

He was descending the western side of the foothills in a very short time, but he had done all the running he could expect of himself for the time being. By the time he was on the up-grade climb again he was singing. Jiro was happy. He was the happiest Japanese this side of Tsuki-Wan. He felt like the happiest in all Tsukishima. Lustily he sang:

"O-ji-san sa-kei-non-dei yo-pa-ra-tei
sin-ja-ta!"

And his happiness made him nearly as drunk as the old man who drank rice wine and died. As he ascended the mountainside the herbage became different. He started the song again: "*Suihei, suihei*—" but he stopped again. Too wicked. *Chikusho* might spoil his good luck should he get too gay with *suihei* ditties!

If anything could aid his good fortune it would be one of the old songs in the festival of *Tanabata-Sama*. Accordingly he burst forth:

*Tanabata no
Funanori surashi,
Maso-kagami,
Kiyoki tsuki-yo ni
kumo tachi-wataru!*

Which was more or less to the effect that Tanabata, the Weaving Lady in the Milky Way, is coming in her boat, as a cloud is now passing across the face of the moon. The lilting notes of the song tickled Jiro,

and he sang it again with all the heartiness of festival season, putting all the beautiful baritone qualities he possessed into each syllable, as he plodded on up the mountainside.

He liked the name Tanabata, and he repeatedly sang it, "Ta-na-ba-ta! Ta-na-ba-ta!" That was really beautiful. He would make up a still more beautiful song to it some day.

The shrubbery soon began to attract Jiro's attention. He found several wild plum bushes in bloom. Farther up he found several lotus flowers and peony blossoms—large gorgeous ones. Later several trailing vines of wistaria. He exclaimed: "*Ak-haya-oya-oya!*" They were lavender blossoms. His sister only had the white wistaria. Haru-ko must have some. The lovely odor made his hand tremble as he uprooted it. Haru-ko would be wild about it. Then he found some *sumire*—but these violets were pink; Haru-ko must have them. Why, his *Nee-San* would soon be able to rival Shiba Park! if he kept up these steady discoveries.

The happy memories of all his friends and relatives in Tokyo now flooded back. He would not leave them with the unbearable alternative of believing him either a deserter or dead. At that moment his eye fell on a large blood-red lotus bloom. "*Ara-ma!*" he exclaimed in disgust; there will be no funeral for me! What strange bit of irony made him sight it at that moment? "*Manuka*, forget it!"

He must stop paying too much attention to the flowers; he must get as far as he was able by nightfall, for it was beginning to grow dark. Funny how he loved Yuki-ko so much—still funnier why she loved him at all! She was a talented girl; she could play the koto and the samisen beautifully. He could close his eyes and hear the lovely tinkle of Yuki-ko's samisen. Her notes were exquisitely executed compared to anybody's! Of course, Yuki-ko's samisen was not the only one he had listened to—there were Kiku-e's, Ogita's, and Yuri-ko's—ah, but Yuri-

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ko was wicked. Jiro's *Oka-San* told him he must never have anything to do with women like Lily again! Nor did he!

Kobayashi came upon a gnarled and stubby pine tree on a short natural terrace in the slope. Among the short ferns under the tree there was a moss bank of good size. He lay down. It was the best bed he had found so far. The loveliness of Yuki-ko, and Haru-ko, and Kiku-e paraded before his mind. It would be wonderful to get back to them all. The Shinto shrines about the city would see much of him when he got back. It was such an odd sensation to come home after months and months on the sea. The soft voices of women like Yuki-ko, Haru-ko, and Kiku-e had delicate musical tones that nobody who stayed ashore ever noticed. They set him soaring in the clouds; the tone-colors were exquisite like the call of the tropical bird he could never catch sight of. But, *Ara-ma*, it was all lost to him after he stayed ashore a month. Anyway, he would have the opportunity of enjoying the quality once more.

Jiro arose early and climbed on his way. To the south Mt. Yashikoko seemed to lose some of its height, but not its vastness. What a shame not to have with him his *obon* tools! By noon he was reaching the summit of the higher range. The rarified air was quite chilly in spite of the midday sun, making him fully aware of his tropical uniform. The wild flowers were now becoming scarce. There was a primrose and a wild camomile now and then, but nothing else. He would soon be able to see over the world and all Tsukishima.

At last he was there. What he saw took his breath for a moment. Jiro was not sure whether he felt like crying or kicking his heels with joy. He simply feasted his eyes dumbly. A mile or so below him to the south was the pass leading over across the second range, a sort of natural saddle that connected both summits. Jiro shaded his eyes. Beyond the second range lay the vast area of cultivated farmland in the valley, and

far over to the left was that gorgeous city of Tsuki-Wan, which he would give an arm to be in at the moment. He could see the diminutive outlines of the skyscrapers and factories; beyond was the sea. A silvery ocean glittering in the distant sunlight; beyond that, to the northwest, was Tokyo! Home! Jiro's heart pounded wildly. He followed the silvery ocean around to the right until the iridescent light reached the shadows. There was the naval base, *Tenno's* most prized coaling and oiling zone. He could see the dark outlines of the battle cruisers and dreadnoughts—the *Amagi*, the *Nagato*, the *Settsu*, and others. Jiro's heart slowed down like a feeble pump working with a mighty strain.

He could not do it! They would be sure to catch him! Then he would be ruined. Far better to kill himself than to kill his poor *Oka-San* and *Otô-San*. If the naval authorities did not catch him in Tsuki-Wan, they would be sure to get him in Tokyo! No, no, no! he must never face a court-martial! His family was as sacred as the Shinto, and he could not forget it.

After a visible struggle Kobayashi screamed: "*Kusotare! Baka!* I will go to America!" He started down towards the pass on the run. He would go to America—where he had some distant relatives in the export business in San Francisco. They would help him to start his art trade again! *Baka!* Jiro, you cannot run away from yourself like this. Fool! you are no more out of Tsuki-Wan than you were a moment ago! You are really a deserter now! Didn't they find your gaiters you left behind? Did you not refuse to go to the destroyer when they came for you? Did you not ignore their every effort? Kobayashi, you are a criminal guilty of desertion!

Running downhill as Jiro was, he stumbled on a stone and fell on his face, crying aloud "*Kami-yo! Sukui-tamae!* God!—please help me!—please help me just this once!" was his pitiable wail as he became hysterical again and blubbered like a

child. In his mental chaos, his affliction of the soul, Kobayashi got up and went back down the mountain-side to the east. On the brink between civilization and primitivity, Jiro was of neither—more than an animal and less than a man; his abject figure struggled on down into the shadows from whence he came; his morbidity darkening with the twilight and his descent.

The next morning he was forging on towards his hut near the beach, down through ravines and terraces, with no relief from his remorse, but dulled, sadly dulled to everything.

Jiro's anger had arisen in a new direction. Why must a man have parents and other relatives if they are to be his ruin? If he had not had such an overpowering respect for his mother and father and sister he could have been free in the first place to do as he wished and take his own chances. *Ima-ima-shiina!* He hated them! They had been his utter undoing. "To the *chikusho* with them all!" They were the cause of every bit of it!

Later in the afternoon as he passed beautiful flowers, he ignored them; still later, he kicked them out of his path in fury "*Baka-yara* to all flowers!" He was now little more than half a day's journey from the beach. If he could only go to his relative in America. Perhaps a ship would pass near the beach.

His dejection was becoming more dulled by the mortal weariness of it all. He found a large spring in the mountainside with a small pool in the terrace just below it. He refilled his canteen with the stream of water pouring over the ledge. When he had capped the container, he dropped to a prone position to drink from the pool.

When he lowered his face to drink, he saw his reflection in the water; he uttered a hoarse scream of horror and jumped back, rolling over to the opposite side, and cupped his hand over his eyes to shut out the image. "*Kami-yo! Sukui-tamae!*" The image he saw was unbelievably ghastly!

(Continued on page 26)

Death For This Liberty

(Continued from page 14)

because Steve did. The smoke from her cigarette made her eyes water.

And all around them was the wooden booth, holding them there. She liked the little booth because it emphasized the utter smallness of walls of glass and the whole world finally. She gloated over his hands clutching hers with a possessiveness which she particularly abhorred. It was a sort of masochistic delight which fascinated her.

"Some day, perhaps," she said again, "I shall find it—this whatever it is I am looking for."

"Of course, you might find it in a glass of beer," he said sarcastically. He was tired of trying to pretend to understand her search for freedom.

"Yes," she returned flippantly. "Or I may find it in a small wooden booth where you can touch my hands and admire the rest of me," reproachfully.

He loosened his hold on her slender fingers immediately.

"Oh, no," she protested, tightening the fingers quickly. "I—I don't mind."

"Yes, I know. I wish you wouldn't pretend. I wish you'd quit this eternal nonsense about being imprisoned under green tile roofs and the glass windows of cars."

"Do you remember when you were a freshman . . . and, well, I finally let you kiss me?" she asked him seriously. She knew he remembered. They both remembered . . . fiercely and poignantly, and yet they had never spoken of it. It was like talking about the recipe of manna dropped from heaven. Their love had been something to receive gratefully, without question . . . the pure angel child of a bastard kiss in the corner of a dusty study.

She continued, "Well, ever since that night . . . that is, I mean, that night," she fumbled for words . . . "I thought you would smother me when you kissed me, but I didn't dare say a word about it. I thought if I died

right then and there it would serve me right, and besides . . . death at that moment would not have been too unpleasant."

"Thank you," he said ungratefully. "Are you blaming your imprisoned soul on me?" sarcastically.

"Please," she said, looking up at him imploringly from beneath the short black veil. "You know it is Smithville which bores me."

"And green tile roofs and glass windows."

"Don't be sarcastic."

"Merely being truthful. I'm sorry."

They sat silently for a few minutes, and finally Clara smiled and her lips were very wet and red.

"I've had enough of this," she said. "This smoke is killing me. And there is John Engram over there who will insist on talking psychology with me. And I don't feel psychological tonight."

"I wish you never would. How do you think I feel, when all the time I'm kissing you I know you're analyzing the sensation reflex of an erogenous zone. . . ."

"I said I didn't feel psychological tonight."

"You mean, if we went and sat out under the stars on a high hill-top you actually wouldn't look sorrowfully up at me and ask me why the sky had to close you in?" he asked, with a faint humorous tone in his voice.

"I mean I wouldn't."

So they went and sat in a field of grass on a high hill-top, and Clara bit her lips to keep from pointing out how close the stars were against the back of the hill. There weren't any people, and there were no glass windows or white board walls.

And suddenly she looked down and became aware of Steve's hands clutching hers. And she knew then that it was he who had imprisoned her, and she ran far down the hill. But the hills were cold, and the barren grass across the mountain was a well of solitude and desolation.

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Moon Island and Beyond

(Continued from page 24)

"Jiro Kobayashi!" he cried, "surely, you have not degenerated like that! *Kami-yo! Sukui-tamae!*"

Ten days later, Jiro woke up around midday in his hammock. "*Kami-yo!* such a savage life as this was dull—nothing to live for, but enough self-respect not to kill himself. America would be more beautiful than this. Why didn't a ship pass? He must find a way.

All his fruit stored in the corner of the hut was rotting. He had not attended to anything properly. He cared less than an *ima-ima-shiina* about anything—why, he hadn't had a bath in six days! Slowly he said aloud, "Jiro Kobayashi, *kiyo-hen da! Baka-yara!* you are crazier than that!"

What is the matter? A lucid thought popped into his mind. *Kami-yo!* It's the food! It's that restricted diet of nothing but tropical fruit—that's what is wrong with you, Jiro Kobayashi! The idea seemed to put strength into his emaciated body. He go up. He would change his diet to sea-food; fish was always good for one.

Kobayashi walked down the beach; whenever he found eggs or shell-fish, he ate them ravenously; they were excellent for gaining weight. He wandered on farther than he had ever been before. The beetles and insects had come back to him at night, but he didn't mind them anymore; for a fact, he rather liked them. They didn't bite one! They just liked to be near one on dark nights. He didn't go into the hills anymore; those detestable flowers annoyed him; damn them all; those flowers had really plotted against him, but he would punish them; he would persuade the beetles to attack them.

Where was he? He must be about two miles farther down than he had ever been. He walked on. Suddenly Jiro stopped and rubbed his eyes. There behind the palms was an out-

rigger canoe! It was full of dead grass and dried leaves; must not have been used for more than a year. Feverishly he picked up the paddle and kicked the dead grass out and dragged the outrigger down the beach, washed it out, and pushed off,

CONTENTMENT

To wander
In the shadow of the trees
To hear
The murmur of the brook
The rustling of the leaves
Wondering how the sky got blue—
But not caring much.
Listening
To the chatter of the birds,
The ants and the bees
Lying
Beneath the coolness of the trees
Bareheaded,
Dreaming,
Scheming,
Yearning
For life,—
Surrendering
To the softness of the breeze
Finally,
Returning home with the air of
Contentment—
And believing
That you, alone
Are free.

—J. STUART GILLESPIE, JR.

rapidly paddling north, dodging little reefs as he canoed along. He sang and laughed all at once now. "*Ah-haya-oya-oya! Oya-oya-haha-ya!*" His voice had lost all of its fine baritone qualities. It was harsh and squeaky now like an old woman's. What a life for a sailor! He laughed with his words half crazily: "*Oya-oya-haha-ya!*" That's beautiful! "*Oya-oya-haha-ya!*"

When Jiro got back to his part of the beach he pushed the canoe partly

up on the sand. He paid no attention to the dark clouds gathering in the east. On his way to the hut he passed some flowers that had recently dared to bloom near him. He spat at them in anger, but they ignored him. He was going to get away from Moon Island; too many flowers would not mind their own business. Everything was lunny; everything was getting to be like a dream. Perhaps the whole universe was a dream world; nobody could prove it otherwise! By *Kami-yo!* he'd prove it, or not! Jiro ran into the hut, put a belt of cartridges into the machine gun, and came out. He'd prove it; he'd attack the flower world. He'd kill ever fool bloom on Tsukishima. He screamed aloud: "I'll slaughter them! I'll mow them down like Chinamen!" he added, and advanced on some flowers in the shrubbery across the short clearing. He pressed the trigger as he aimed at them; the blanks spat fire murderously as the harsh tuk-tuk-tuk again frightened the birds into outcries.

But the blooms neither folded up nor mowed down. The smoke cleared and he screamed: "I knew it! I knew it! God, help me! It's not a real world after all! It's a fantasy! It's an island on the moon!" He sighted on another cluster of blossoms, took steady aim, and fired until the belt ran itself out. The blossoms were unharmed. He threw the gun down in distress. "Moon World! God!" He dashed over and demolished the cluster with his hands. Dream or no dream, he could do something about the situation. He glared wildly for a moment; an idea seeped into his mind. He'd go to America! He'd do it that afternoon and bring back his countrymen! "*Oya-oya-haha-ya!*" he laughed insanelly. With his own army he would make war on the flowers! He would slaughter them to a bud!

Kobayashi ran down to the outrigger. In a dream-world he would
(Continued on page 28)

Heine To Camille

(Continued from page 10)

I've come to Christ so suddenly that I
Can fancy even God's astonishment!
Yet, for a long-nosed heathen with the scar
Of *Juden-schmerz* upon his heart, what's left,
When health's used up and money's gone along
And human senses crushed and joy worn thin,
But Christianity. —*Ja*, so it goes
It is a very good religion for
A sick Jew. (The schrug is pure Hebraic.)
And for what has been I am past a fear
Dieu me pardonerra. —C'est son metier.

. . . And what have I to do with pagan gods,
The marbled limbs and unconsuming fire
Of Grecian calm. When I've spun in the gyre
Of self-devouring flame, and flung the sparks,
Into the basin of the night that lay
Nigrescent over Germany! Ah so—
It used to be. But even then there came
Across the gleam of Paphian shrine a dream
Of dark Herodias, and between her breasts
The fragrance of the Orient: —And it used
To anger Hegel so: —remember once,
I stood beside the man "none" understood
Before a window opening on a starlit night,
I, being young and full of pretty dreams
—And coffee, spoke in parabolic tropes:
Something I said of stars, "the high abodes
Of all the blest," turned Hegel on me with,
"A mere eruption in the firmament."
"But what of everlasting blessedness!"
I cried, and Hegel mocked, "So you demand
A bonus, that you did not let an old
Sick mother starve, refrained from poisoning
A brother!" —But yet the old dream clings;
And though, I've worn sardonian laughter through
The fauces of mortality, I dream
Unto the artifice of eternity.

. . . Can that be dusk so soon? Or but morphine
—And yet I'd none these four slow hours, and so,
Perhaps the paler brother drops his torch.
For I grow drowsy, curiously, —Am I
Now for the last delusion of this world?
—I once half thought that I'd survived my death,
It's good to know I'm not past cure. For I
Have scarcely jests enough to last the time,
However brief. —And it is well to have
A few for God. —Was that the nightingale?
For, *over my bed a strange tree gleams—*
Which;—is the dream? Ah do not mind me Mouche,
My brain grows heavy, and I would let my thoughts
Out for one last long rambling stroll, before—.
Did you not call, "Amalie," I heard the name,
And an old dream wakes that will not die.
How surely we are mocked at every turn;
We dream forever of the woman lost
—Regret the woman won. *Ja*, I could weep
To think of it. —But I will sing instead,
For there's a song of love and nightingales,
Sh'ma Yisroel Adonai Eloheinu
Adonai Echod —No that's not the one,
For Friday's yet to come—so snuff them out
—The candles there. —Why it is but the lamp,
So let it burn —The night is long and chill
And there comes something more than space and flesh
Between our eyes and hearts: —And still a song
So paper, pencil, quickly! lest it slip
With me into the grave. Ah Mouche—so tired—
I am—
—With sword unbroken, and with broken heart.
The chords slip from my feeble hand, and I
—*Ich bin das Schwert, ich bin die Flamme! And so!*
I was—once—

Write! I said—.

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Moon Island and Beyond

(Continued from page 26)

paddle it in an afternoon! What a magnificent idea! No use to take food along. He was sick of papayas, screw-pines, and bananas. Supper in San Francisco. He would have bowls and bowls of lovely rice—the sweetest food ever grown. He would eat thousands of bowls; he would eat mil-

lions of bowls—billions of bowls of lovely rice! "Oya-oya-haha-ya!"

Jiro pushed off in the outrigger and paddled furiously to the east. He would be back tomorrow to slaughter every hateful flower on Tsukishima; he would not rest until every horrible blossom was dead.

Then he and all the lovely beetles and skinks and geckos would rule the world! "Oya-oya-haha-ya! Oya-oya-haha-ya!"

Kobayashi in the outrigger dwindled slowly and finally disappeared under the black clouds of the approaching storm.



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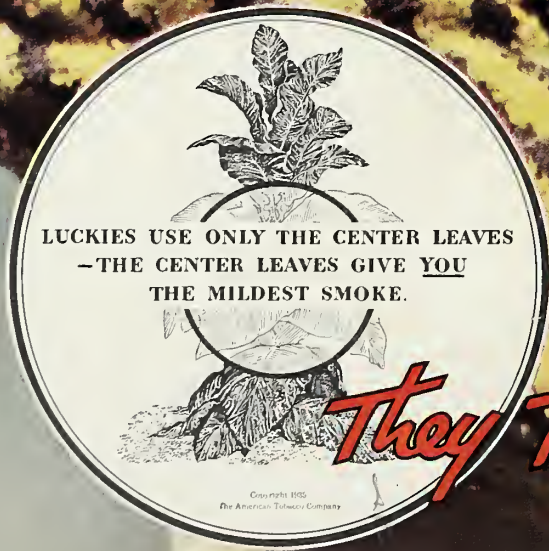
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